

1935

September

CHINA CALLS THE WHITE MAN'S BLUFF

by THOMAS STEEP

The American
Mercury
13113

LOVE LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV

by ALEXANDER BAKSHY

FAREWELL TO MATERIALISM

MARK TWAIN: SON OF THE FRONTIER

CONFESSIONS OF A CLERGYMAN

THE VERY PICTURE OF GRIEF. *A STORY*

EUROPE IS AT IT AGAIN

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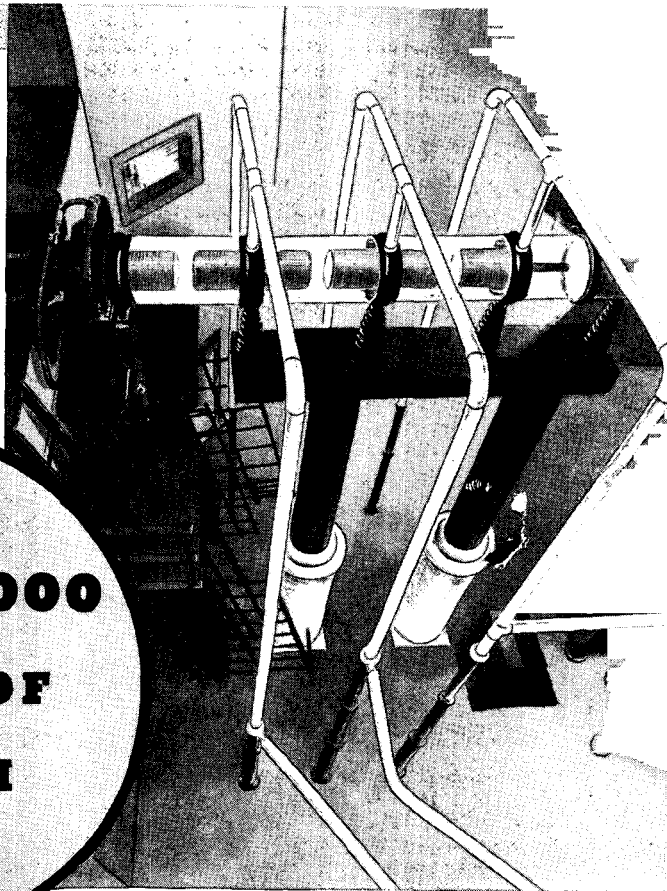
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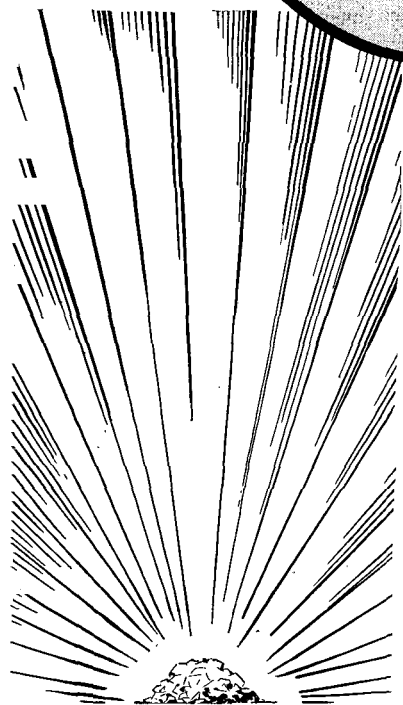
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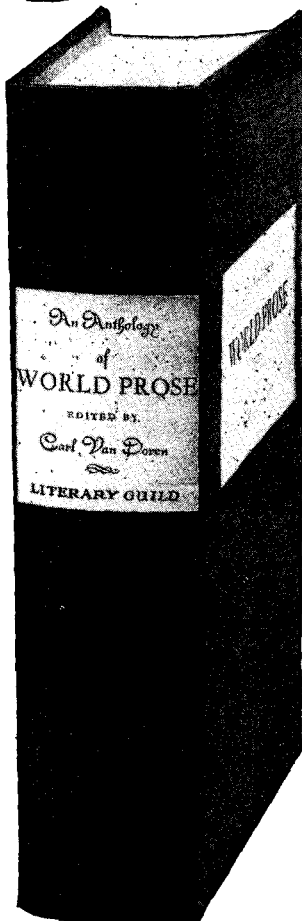
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XXXVI

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Laurence Stallings, *Literary Editor* Gordon Carroll, *Managing Editor* Louis Untermeyer, *Poetry Editor*

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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

SECTION I

BIOGRAPHY

PRESIDENT MASARYK TELLS HIS STORY.

Recorded by Karel Čapek. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 302 pp. New York

In a series of intimate conversations, President Masaryk related the story of his colorful life to the celebrated Czech author, Karel Čapek, who has been his friend over a long period of years. Čapek thereupon reshaped the material into its present form—providing merely the frame, as it were, for a fascinating self-portrait of a great statesman. Masaryk, the son of an imperial serf, worked as a youth in a blacksmith shop. When he had saved enough money, he entered the university and later received his doctor's degree. In 1878 he married an American girl who taught him much about the principles of democratic government. Finally, in 1917, he secured recognition of the Czech National Council, and the following year was proclaimed first President of Czechoslovakia. He has been reelected to that office, at regular intervals, ever since. Masaryk is an ultra-conservative in religion, politics and morals. To many, his views on sex and theology will seem old-fashioned and naïve. But to none can they seem insincere. In this age of blatant demagogues, one has come to distrust the political champion of God and Humanity. President Masaryk, however, is a simple man; in his case an allowance must be made.



CICERO: THE FALL OF A REPUBLIC.

By G. C. Richards. Houghton Mifflin Company
\$3 8¼ x 5½; 298 pp. Boston

Everyone who is tremendously interested in Marcus Tullius Cicero will welcome his biography by G. C. Richards. It does not bring the man into being as does the life by Anthony Trollope, nor does it present as much detail as the work by Torsten Petersson. It does, however, discuss and compare data upon the crises in Cicero's career in an authoritative manner,

and indicates that he was as great a patriot as he was a rhetorician. Froude and Mommsen are quietly but firmly put in their places as special pleaders for the greatness of Julius Caesar, and the criticism of their views is neatly documented. Concerning Caesar there is this remark also: "Mussolini's power is more assured than that of Caesar, because it commends itself to a greater proportion of the people, and the same may possibly be the case with Hitler." The book is not in any sense a reading of present problems into ancient history, or the reverse. It is a scholarly performance, albeit frequently spirited, but is not recommended to those readers who are not well acquainted with the period of the Cataline conspiracies and the rise and fall of Caesar. Anyone wanting to know Cicero intimately should read Trollope and Richards both.



SHE STANDS ACCUSED.

By Victor MacClure. J. B. Lippincott
\$2.50 5¾ x 9; 240 pp. Philadelphia

This book is a portrait-gallery of celebrated women criminals. Jean Livingstone, who had her husband poisoned and was executed for the crime; Anne Turner, known all over England for her shady deeds, and who was finally executed for her part in the conspiracy to kill Thomas Overbury; Sarah Malcolm, a charwoman who did away with three people in one night; Sophie Dawes, suspected of killing her lover, the Duc de Bourbon; Helene Jegado, the woman who murdered more than two dozen people over a period of twenty years, but who betrayed herself in the end by a careless slip of the tongue; and the merry widows—Mmes. Boursier and Lacoste—who also had husbands who died mysteriously of poisoning—these are the ladies whom the author has chosen for his subjects. Unfortunately, the book, as a whole, is

(Continued on page vi)

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page iv)

disappointing. From such an array of criminal notables as these, more, certainly, should have been made. Mr. MacClure, one feels, has approached his material much too seriously; he informs but he does not entertain.

SCIENCE

SCIENCE AND THE HUMAN TEMPERAMENT.

By Erwin Schrödinger. W. W. Norton
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 192 pp. New York

In this volume are collected a series of essays by the Nobel Prize Winner in Physics in 1933, which deal with a variety of subjects from the relation of science, art and play, to a discussion of wave mechanics and the problem of indeterminism in physics. The title is simply a broad indication of the wide scope of the writer's interests and is developed in a chapter entitled "Is Science a Fashion of the Times?" The author brings out the influence—usually not appreciated by scientists as well as laymen—which the economic, social and political attitudes of a given period have on the scientific habits and thoughts of that period. This book combines to a gratifying degree charming causerie and sound factual data. It may be recommended as one of the most readable books on modern science.



THE DILEMMA OF MODERN PHYSICS.

By Donald E. Richmond. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2 5½ x 8¼; 120 pp. New York

The dilemma of modern physics is the choice between the wave theory and the particle theory of matter. Actually the dilemma remains unsolved—a state of affairs which the modern physicist accepts without great stress of soul. In this placid acceptance of the fact that certain natural phenomena are at present without solution, and may indeed never be solved, lies a fundamental change in the philosophy of science. This book, by a mathematician and physicist, presents a systematic account of modern physics including the quantum theory and the uncertainty principle. For non-technical readers, it will serve as a valuable introduction to the higher physics.

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MISCELLANEOUS

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By *Albert C. Baugh.* D. Appleton-Century Co.
\$3 5¼ x 8¾; 493 pp. New York

Of all languages, English has the richest vocabulary and the most flexible syntax because it has borrowed from a greater number of sources than any other tongue. Celt, Roman, Scandinavian, Teuton and Norman united to make the Englishman, and his speech was naturally flavored with all these linguistic condiments. This new history of the English language sets forth these familiar facts in a manner which will be interesting to the lay reader, while sacrificing nothing of philological soundness. It is done in text book form, for the subject is one which, possibly, appeals only to students and academicians in general. Yet anyone who has an instinct for word values will find it absorbing.



THE STORY OF MAGIC.

By *John Mulholland.* Loring and Mussey
\$2 8¾ x 9¾; 79 pp. New York

An excellent study of the history of magic, written by one of the most competent magicians of the day. Magic, as an art, emerged from priestcraft and the work of the medicine men. For at least a thousand years it has existed as a form of entertainment, although little actually is known about the men who first made it their profession. Mr. Mulholland mentions briefly the contributions made to the field by certain outstanding practitioners—including Anderson, Houdin, Heller, Herrmann, Keller and Houdini. It was during the nineteenth century, he says, that the art developed most rapidly, with one man adding psychological principles and another improving mechanics. "To the magician who will take the trouble to delve into it, magic today offers a well-rounded whole built from crude beginnings by many hands. To be a good magician you have only to apply that knowledge." The book closes with a brief account of the author's own career, written by a fellow artist. Besides the numerous photographic illustrations, there are copies of old prints selected from Mr. Mulholland's own collection.



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LOVE LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV

BY ALEXANDER BAKSHY

IN THE spring of 1901 Anton Chekhov married Olga Knipper, a young actress and one of the shining lights of the Moscow Art Theater. Their friendship had been generally known, but there was an element of surprise in the marriage, for the wedding ceremony was performed secretly in Moscow and bride and bridegroom left for a honeymoon trip on the Volga before families and friends had heard the news. There followed three years of married life, terminated by Chekhov's death from consumption in 1904. Most of these three years Chekhov and his wife were compelled to live apart; he, because of his illness, being confined to the warm Crimea; she, because of her stage work, living the better part of each year in Moscow. Ever since Chekhov's death this unfortunate separation has given rise to a widely-spread legend that the author was unhappy in his married life.

The publication in 1924 of Chekhov's letters to his wife demolished that legend: for the letters revealed that no matrimonial discord marred Chekhov's life; he was neither neglected by his wife, nor made to suffer mentally through being

separated from her. This much was definitely established. Yet there remained a certain vagueness about the precise nature of his romance. How did he come to marry Olga Knipper? And what place did she occupy in his inner life? Chekhov's laconic letters threw little light on these questions, and his wife's letters, which might have supplied the answers, remained unpublished.

Now this gap can at last be filled. A few months ago there appeared in Moscow the first of the three volumes of Chekhov's correspondence with his wife: Mme. Knipper's understandable reluctance to expose her intimate life to public gaze has finally yielded to considerations of duty to the memory of her husband. And now that the first instalment of her letters has been published, (and here for the first time translated* into English), there can be little hesitation in saying that documentary evidence of exceptional interest has been added to our knowledge of one of the most fascinating personalities in the Russian literary world.

* From *Perepiska A. P. Chekhova i O. L. Knipper*. Redaktsia i Primechania A. B. Dermana. Tomperviy. Moscow, "Mir."

II

It was an auspicious moment in the lives both of Chekhov and of Olga Knipper when the two met for the first time in the autumn of 1898. The meeting occurred at a rehearsal of Chekhov's play, *The Seagull*, which was the fourth venture in the repertoire of a company of young actors soon to be known to fame as the Moscow Art Theater. Their season had already been marked by two failures and they were finally staking everything on the success of a play which had failed disastrously in St. Petersburg. Indeed it was only their faith in the play that enabled them to exact permission for its revival from the sceptical author, who had not yet recovered from the shock of his earlier experience. Nevertheless, it was this company of amateurs that rescued *The Seagull* from the limbo of theatrical failures and brought Chekhov himself back to playwrighting. The success of the play instantly established the company and also marked the turning point in the career of Olga Knipper.

At the time of this first meeting with Knipper, Chekhov was but an infrequent visitor in Moscow, his permanent home being a small country estate fifty miles from the old capital. The next spring, at the invitation of Chekhov's sister, Olga spent a few days with the Chekhov family. There the young actress was finally captivated by Chekhov's thoughtful simplicity and jovial spirits, and made her own charm known to the sensitive if reticent author.

Later they met at a Caucasian port and proceeded by boat to Yalta, a seaside resort in the Crimea, returning together to Moscow. This companionship, which lasted nearly seven weeks, was the real beginning of their friendship, and, on Knipper's side,

of something bigger than friendship, for she writes to him after he leaves Moscow:

It is only the fourth day since you went away, and I already want to write to you — soon, isn't it? Yesterday in particular I felt an urge to chat with you in a letter — I was in such a fine mood; it was my favorite Saturday evening with chiming church bells which have such a soothing effect on me. ("Pah! a sentimental German," you will say, won't you?) I listened to the ringing of changes at the Strastnoy convent. . . . thought of you. . . . I had felt so sad when you left, so depressed that but for Vishnevsky, who saw me home, I should have sobbed all the way. Until I fell asleep I traveled with you in thought. Were you comfortable? Were you cold? Were your fellow travelers boring, or tolerable, or nice? There is a heap of questions for you — will you answer them? And did the cosy food hamper come handy? And was the candy eaten? Well, no more. I must have bored you.

Chekhov's answer* to this is in his characteristic jesting vein, but here and there the sentiment breaks out:

. . . Dear, marvelous actress, wonderful woman, if only you knew how delighted I was with your letter. I bow down very low to you, so low that my forehead touches the bottom of my well, which is forty feet deep now. I have grown used to being with you, and now I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that I shall not see you again till the spring; I am raging. . . .

Before receiving this letter Knipper impatiently writes again:

Greetings, author. How are you? I am cross and offended with you. You don't care to write to me — you've forgotten the actress. Well, be it as you wish. In

* In this article Chekhov's own letters are quoted from the translation made by Constance Garnett: *The Letters of Anton Pavlovich Tchekov to Olga Leonardovna Knipper*. George H. Doran Co., New York.

spite of this I send you some nice scent — perhaps it will make you remember me. It is a marvelous moonlight night. I feel drawn to go into the country, into the open spaces. Will you come along?

The call must have been heard, for there is more undisguised sentiment in Chekhov's reply:

I have received the note, the scent and the sweets. Greetings, dear, splendid, precious actress. Greetings, my faithful fellow-traveler to Ai-Petri and to Bakhchisaray. Greetings, my joy. . . . How are you? How is your work? How are the rehearsals going? Is there no news?

. . . I am so bored that I telephone somebody every hour. Bored without Moscow, bored without you, dear actress. When shall we meet again? . . . I am just off to town and the bazaar. Be well, happy, joyous. Don't forget your author, don't forget me, or I'll drown myself here or marry a centipede.

During this winter of 1899-1900 — the second season of the Moscow Art Theater — the correspondence went on. Knipper's long and chatty reports on the work of the company, which was then producing *Uncle Vanya*, were interspersed with avowals of growing sentimental attachment, while Chekhov's shorter notes were couched in paternal accents with the usual admixture of jest and with frequent complaints about the boredom of his existence in Yalta. There was still no frank confession of love on either side, with Knipper somewhat more outspoken, and Chekhov consistently taking refuge in whimsical humor. A particularly delightful example of the latter is contained in Chekhov's reply to one of Knipper's letters, in which she wrote:

I've just returned from Maria Pavlovna [Chekhov's sister]. She told me that you are marrying a parson's daughter. My congratulations, dear author. So you could not hold out any longer? . . .

I suppose I may come down to take an admiring look at the family bliss and while at it to cut it up a little? We had agreed on that, hadn't we? You remember the valley of Kokkoz?

To this Chekhov replies in a postscript to more pedestrian matters:

. . . Thank you for your good wishes in regard to my marriage. I have informed my fiancée of your design of coming to Yalta in order to cut her out a little. She said that if "that horrid woman" comes to Yalta, she will hold me tight in her embrace. I observed that to be embraced for so long in hot weather was not hygienic. She was offended and grew thoughtful as though she were trying to guess in what surroundings I had picked up this *façon de parler*, and after a little while said that the theater was an evil and that my intention of writing no more plays was extremely laudable, and asked me to kiss her. To this I replied that it was not proper for me to be so free with my kisses now that I am an academician. She burst into tears and I went away.

III

That spring of 1901 the Art Theater company paid a visit to Yalta to show the ailing author his own plays. Knipper left ahead of the company. What with meetings with Chekhov and the rapturous reception given the company by the residents, a month in Yalta "flashed by like a dream," she wrote afterwards on her return to Moscow. Within a week she was seeing Chekhov again, this time in Moscow whither he soon followed her. But the weather proved too cold for him; he began to develop a temperature and hastened back to the Crimea. Later in the summer Knipper herself went to Yalta. She stayed with Chekhov and his family for several weeks, and on this occasion their relations definitely assumed a new intimacy. Her

letter to him, written on the return journey home, reflects the stirring experience through which she had passed. She writes:

. . . Last night as I parted from you, I gazed into the darkness for a long time, and my heart was full of many things. Of course, I cried a little. I had lived through so much in your house during that brief time. Now I can't even write sensibly—I only think incoherently of everything. Yesterday it gave me a creepy feeling to find myself alone with the thoughts that swept over me all at once. All the time I thought of you: there he is going in a street car; there he is at the hotel; there he has brushed up and has gone to wander about the town.

And what a lovely drive we had yesterday, hadn't we? I recall it with delight, do you? My dear, dear one. I write and look out the window—a limitless flat expanse, and it gladdens me after the saccharine beauty of the South. Next summer you and I will try to live in the North—all right? If we can't—it can't be helped. Meantime we can dream of it. . .

Be well, live, cheer up, write for all and for me especially. I kiss your thought-burdened head. Feel my warm kiss. Addio, my academician. Love me and write.

That Chekhov, too, was shaken out of his placid admiration and profoundly stirred by his recent experience, is evidenced by his reply:

My dear Olga, my joy, greetings, I received a letter from you today, the first since you went away. I read it through, then read it over again and here I am writing to you, my actress. . . I keep fancying that in a minute the door will open and you will come in. But you will not come in, you are now at rehearsals, far from Yalta and from me.

Farewell, and may the heavenly powers and guardian angels keep you. Farewell, good little girl.

Yet even at this early stage there is a marked difference between the sedate author and the highly-strung actress. Knipper is completely carried off her feet by her feeling. She writes in reply to the letter just quoted:

At last I have received a letter from you, my dear one, my Anton. I didn't know what to think—I was so worn out, so terribly worried. Yesterday I dashed off a desperate letter to Masha [Chekhov's sister]. This morning I ran down to the letter-box myself and found your letter. I was so glad I nearly cried. You laugh? You may. I love to see you laugh and then suddenly turn glum again. . .

Write me how your play [*Three Sisters*] is getting on, how you are working—with energy, with ease? Don't get annoyed, bored and wearied. When we meet, we'll forget everything. I want you to feel fresh and cheerful now. When shall we meet? . . .

Anton, dear, let us spend next summer somewhere in the country in these parts—would you care to? I have been thinking all the time how extraordinarily you fit in with this purely Russian scenery, this expanse, these fields, meadows and gullies, these cosy, shady streams. You are not laughing at my silly thoughts? You, my dear!

Then two days later she writes again:

. . . How I should love to sit in your study, in the niche, and it is so quiet, quiet—and I rest by your side, then I pull you about, talk of silly things, fool around. You remember how you saw me to the staircase, and the staircase creaked so treacherously? I loved it awfully. God, I'm writing like a school girl.

Just now I stopped writing, crossed my arms and, gazing at your photograph, thought and thought—about you, about myself, about the future. Do you think about that? We talked things over so little and so vaguely—don't you think so? Oh, you, my man of the future!

I wonder if you have forgotten what I look like. You do love me? And trust me? And miss me? And eat your dinner? And do not quarrel with your mother? And are nice to Masha? And have climbed down from your Olympian heights? Well, you may try to answer all this. Write me more about yourself, write all. And now let me press your head close to me and wish you good night.

From this point on Knipper's letters give vent to anxious longing for Chekhov's company and to growing inquietude about the ambiguity of their relations. Hardly two weeks after her return to Moscow she writes:

It's miserable and raining, Anton. I've just run home from a rehearsal with my feet wet, since I didn't wear galoshes and there was a hole in my boot. Vishnevsky, for some reason, keeps calling me 'a poor bride' and laughs loudly and meaningfully—i.e., when he sees me wearing torn boots or an old dress. Sanin permits me to make smaller contributions to subscription lists, for "this girl needs money now," he says. Do you understand what they are all hinting at?

Chekhov, doubtlessly, understood, but preoccupied with the play he was writing and constantly disturbed in his work by friends and strangers who kept calling on him at all hours of the day, he seemed to withdraw into himself, refusing to take notice of the repeated hints from his "marvelous actress." He writes in one of his letters of this period:

You write: "Oh, to me everything seems so bewildering." It is a good thing it does, my dear little actress, it is a very good thing. It shows that you are a philosopher, an intellectual woman. . .

I am fearfully depressed. Do you understand? Fearfully. I live on nothing but soup. In the evenings it's cold, I stay at home. There are no beautiful

young ladies. My money is growing less and less, my beard is turning grey. My darling, I kiss your little hand, the right one and the left one, too. Keep well and don't be depressed, don't think that everything seems bewildering to you.

Goodby, my splendid Olga, crocodile of my soul.

This was hardly enough for Knipper. She was impatient to see him and she fretted at his evasions. In some of his letters he mentioned his plans for paying a visit to Moscow, but he kept changing his mind, and there was still no certainty that he would come. At last, in exasperation, Knipper wrote:

Why aren't you coming here, Anton? I can't understand anything. . . What's keeping you back? What's worrying you? I don't know what to think—I am so distraught. Perhaps you feel no need of seeing me. It hurts me terribly that you are so lacking in frankness with me. Every day I feel like crying. I hear from everybody that you are going abroad. Can it be that you do not realize how it pains me to hear that and to answer millions of questions of this sort? I know nothing. You write so indefinitely: "I'll come later." What does it mean?

It has been warm and fine here all this time. You could live here excellently, could write here; we could love one another, be close to one another. It would then make it easier to bear the separation of several months. I shall not be able to go through this winter if I don't see you. You have a loving, tender heart, you know, why do you make it hard? . . . Anton, my dearest, my beloved. Come. Either you do not care to know me, or you are oppressed by the thought that you want to join your future to mine. Write me everything candidly. Everything must be honest and clear between us. We are not children. Say all you have in your heart, ask me all—I'll answer it. You love me, don't you? Then let us make it so

that this feeling comforts you, and that I, too, feel warmth and not something like incomprehension. . .

Knipper's questions were too pointed to be left unanswered. But Chekhov would not be rushed. He replied:

You write: "You have a loving, tender heart, you know, why do you make it hard?" And when did I make it hard? In what precisely did I show that hardness? My heart has always loved you and been tender to you, and I have never hidden that from you, never, never, and you accuse me of hardness for no reason at all, just to say something.

Judging from your letter in general, you want and expect some sort of explanation, some sort of long conversation — with grave faces, with grave consequences; and I don't know what to say to you except one thing, which I have told you ten thousand times already and shall probably go on telling you for years, that is that I love you and nothing more. That we are not together now is not my fault or yours, it's the devil's who has put the bacillus in me and the love of art in you. . . .

IV

A month later, in the last week of October, 1900, Chekhov arrived in Moscow. He was making a prolonged stop there on his way to Nice where he planned to spend the winter. There is no record of a "long conversation — with grave faces and grave consequences" between the two lovers, but apparently the seven weeks of Chekhov's irresistible charm had their soothing effect on the "crocodile of his soul." Knipper's first letter to him after he left Moscow is buoyantly hopeful of the bliss that was in store for them in their love, but no mention is made in it again of clarifying their relations as far as society is concerned. Chekhov himself continued to regard the

situation without further thought about the future. He was unquestionably in love with Knipper, admiring her as an accomplished artist and as a woman, but he was not in a hurry to tie himself down to marital existence. Not given to lyrical effusions, not being a man of strong passions, he was content to express his affection for Knipper with a sincerity, a directness, an open-eyed honesty, and a delicate respect for a fellow-human, which were an integral part of his nature and which to him were the main attractions of love.

The two months of Chekhov's stay abroad, first in Nice and then for a few weeks in Italy, introduced no change in his relations with Knipper. Their letters continued to be warmly affectionate on her part, reticently tender on his. In the middle of February, 1901, Chekhov returned to Yalta. Spring was near, the season of the Art Theater was drawing to a close, and looming up before them was the question of their next meeting. To Chekhov the situation involved no problem. He had a home in Yalta, his health was worse than indifferent, and he felt that he needed a rest after his trip abroad. In the circumstances it seemed to him that the simplest thing to do was for Knipper to come and stay in Yalta. It did not seem so simple to Knipper:

. . . You must understand, dear, that I cannot come to Yalta now. To whom shall I come? Again secrecy, again your mother's sufferings, playing hide and seek — this is really too big a strain for me, believe me. Somehow you don't seem to understand this point, or perhaps do not want to understand it. Yet it is hard for me to speak about it. You surely remember how painful, how agonizing it was last summer. How long shall we have to lead this secret life? And what for? For the sake of other people? People will stop talking and will leave us in peace sooner if they see

it is an accomplished fact. It will be easier for both of us, too. I can't bear this ambiguous situation. Why make life more burdensome? Well, do you understand me now—do you agree? . . .

Knipper's qualms were easy to understand. But Chekhov was not yet ready to remove their cause in the one way that was expected of him—by marriage. Instead he wrote evasively:

Greetings, my little sweet. I am certainly coming to Moscow, but whether I shall go to Sweden this year I don't know. I am so sick of gadding about and it seems I am growing quite an old man in my health, so that you will acquire in my person, by the way, a grandfather, not a husband. I dig in my garden now for whole days together, the weather is warm and exquisite, everything's in flower, the birds are singing, there are no visitors, in fact it is not life but raspberries and cream. I have quite given up literature. And when I marry you, I shall order you to give up the stage and we'll live together like planters. You don't want to? Oh, very well, act another five years and then we shall see. . . Write to me, my good darling. Your letters give me joy. You are false to me, because you are a human being as well as a woman—you write. Oh, very well, be faithless, only be the good, splendid creature that you are. I am an old gentleman, it is impossible not to be false to me, I understand that very well, and if I am false to you myself by some accident you must excuse it. As you will understand, though my beard is grey my heart is gay. That is right, isn't it? . . . I embrace you, traitress, a hundred times. I kiss you warmly. Write, write, my joy, or when we are married I'll beat you.

In her longing to see Chekhov, Knipper was glad that she was at least spared the embarrassment of having to stay with his family. On second thought, however, she did not think so well of the prospect of meeting him in Moscow:

What is this you write me about your health? Don't you feel well? It worries me, Anton. I am tormented by the thought that you intend to go to Moscow. Who knows what sort of weather it will be there? Yet I want to see you. I would go to you, but we cannot live now as if we were just good friends—you understand this yourself. I've grown tired of this secrecy, it's very hard for me to bear it, believe me. To see, once again, the sufferings of your mother, the perplexed face of Masha, is something that fills me with horror. Don't you see—I am between two fires in your house. . . I forbid you to come to Moscow if you are not well. If not in Yalta we shall meet somewhere else in the South—I'll come down.

Writing again next day Knipper made the final surrender. Repeating her injunction to Chekhov that under no circumstances must he come to Moscow, she added:

I shall come to you and I shall look after you and love you, and we'll arrange everything so that everybody feels well, and happy, and comfortable. . .

A week later she took a train to Yalta. She was free for the summer and hoped to spend the whole of it with Chekhov, but after two weeks in his home, she was back in Moscow with her position as indefinite and uncertain as before.

Here I am in Moscow, my dear Anton. I cannot suppress the thought that there was no sense in our parting, seeing that I am free. This was done for propriety's sake, wasn't it? What do you think? When I said that I was leaving with Masha, you never uttered a word to suggest that I stay on, or that you did not want to part with me. You kept silent. I concluded that you did not wish me to stay with you once Masha was gone. *Que dira le monde?* Can this possibly have been the reason? No, I don't think so. I've racked my brain thinking of all possible explanations.

Nevertheless I am clearly conscious of all that is going on in you, and this is probably the reason why I found it so hard to talk to you about the things I was so anxious to talk about. Do you remember how disagreeable I was the last day? You thought I was cross. . .

It hurts me terribly to think of my last stay in Yalta, in spite of the fact that there was a lot of horseplay. It has left me with a queer feeling, with a sensation of something undetermined, vague. Perhaps my writing about this annoys you? Tell me, frankly. I have no wish of irking you with anything. I had looked forward to the spring so much, had hoped so much that we should be together somewhere—live for one another if only a few months—draw closer to one another, and now I have again been a “guest” in Yalta and have again left it. Doesn’t it all seem strange to you? I have written all this and now I am sorry. I believe you feel and understand it perfectly well yourself. Answer this letter without delay, if you feel like writing candidly. Write me all you have on your mind, scold me, if needs be, only don’t keep silent. . .

What was on Knipper’s mind, however, she ventured to say only in the postscript:

Come early next month, and we shall get married and shall live together. Shall we, my dear Antosha?

The following day she returns to the same subject:

. . . I can’t put you out of my thoughts. I think of you every minute. Suddenly the feeling comes over me that you have cooled towards me—that you do not love me as formerly—that you just like my paying visits to you, my pottering around you, but nothing more—that you do not regard me as one intimately close to you. And I cannot picture my life without you. . .

There was also a practical reason for Knipper’s anxiety to clear up the uncertainty of her position. Her mother was

compelled to look for a new house, and the question arose whether Knipper would continue to stay with her. That sooner or later there was to be a marriage was apparently, though tacitly understood between them. It was the delay, incomprehensible and embarrassing to Knipper, that worried her, and more and more determinedly she took the bull by the horns—in postscripts. The letter just quoted ended with:

Be well, dear, brush your coat. Where shall we go after the wedding? I want to be alone with you, not go straight to Yalta to face a crowd. Do you agree? . .

And again, next day:

Bring your documents with you so that we can get married without delay—it’s done simply and quickly. . .

Chekhov’s and Knipper’s letters often crossed. In his letters after she had left Yalta and before he heard from her, Chekhov talked merely about coming to Moscow and then going on some trip together. But her letters made further evasion impossible. He finally wrote:

. . . If you give me your word that not a single soul in Moscow shall know of our marriage until it is over, I will marry you on the very day of my arrival if you like. For some reason I have a fearful dread of a wedding and congratulations and champagne, which one has to hold in one’s hand while smiling vaguely. . .

Thus Chekhov signed his capitulation. A month later, in the last week of May, 1901, he and Olga Knipper were married with all the secrecy that he had insisted upon, and thereupon went on a honeymoon trip down the Volga. Later in the summer they both came to Yalta and after some two months in the South parted again to continue to live semi-independent lives until their last summer together in a

sanitarium in Switzerland where Chekhov died, still a comparatively young man of forty-four, on July 15, 1904.

V

There is abundant evidence in what we know of Chekhov's life that his romance with Olga Knipper was his only serious affair of the heart. We also know that conventional married life made little appeal to him. In 1895, three years before he met Knipper, he wrote to a friend:

... By all means I will be married if you wish it. But on these conditions: everything must be as it has been hitherto — that is, she must live in Moscow while I live in the country, and I will come and see her. Happiness continued from day to day, from morning to morning, I cannot stand. When every day I am told the same thing, in the same tone of voice, I become furious . . . I promise you to be a splendid husband, but give me a wife who, like the moon, won't appear in my sky every day. I shan't write any better for being married. . .

Thus Knipper was probably nearer the truth than she suspected when she suggested in one of her letters that all Chekhov seemed to need was a lovable woman, visiting him now and again, cheering him up by her presence, and giving him an occasional thrill of exaltation. The very quality of his love was such that it precluded complete immersion in the adoration of another person.

In his letters to Knipper, particularly of the later period, Chekhov uses many tender and endearing words, but his

favorite one is *dog*, and Knipper herself, as if accepting the implications of the word, signed her letters, *Your dog*. The use of this word to express a most delicate feeling is significant in a writer as precise in his choice of words as was Chekhov. And it is to be noted that *dog*, and not *little dog* or *doggie*, was the form he invariably used. To him the most characteristic quality of his affection for Knipper was expressed in suggesting the attitude towards man's best friend — an attitude of tender sympathy and understanding, one part paternal, one part friendly, reciprocated by mute worship and everlasting loyalty.

It is a far cry from this attitude to the ardor of a lover who sees his happiness in breaking down all barriers separating him from the object of his affection. Chekhov's love, free of possessive instinct and emotional fervor, demanded distance. It filled his heart fully enough, but it stopped outside the sacred recesses of his contemplative and creative ego. It is for this reason, too, that as a writer he never showed interest in passion as an emotional experience. He treated the subject of love more from outside than from inside, refraining from such case histories of the emotion as Tolstoy's account of Anna Karenina or Dostoevsky's of Dmitry Karamazov. And this, it seems, must also be the explanation of a certain lack of sensitiveness which he, the most sensitive of men, showed in his disregard of Olga Knipper's predicament.

Chekhov was human, after all, which, to his admirers, seasons his extraordinary charm with a pinch of salt that makes it all the more captivating.

ALMOST AN AMERICAN

BY H. W. SEAMAN

THE first American I ever clapped eyes on was my Uncle Bill, whose brief return to our English household after five years in Illinois tinged my whole boyhood. From the moment of his arrival it was written that I should in due course proceed to America and become a cowboy. I must have been about 12 and he about 28. He came with knob-toed shoes, cerise socks, and a sack suit with voluminous peg-top trousers and a jacket sprinkled with fancy buttons. His Western speech deeply impressed a boy who had never before realized that the letter R was a consonant. His hair was cut in a straight horizontal line at the back, and his neck was shaved. So much had five years in the Great Republic done for Uncle Bill. I vowed they should do as much for me when my time came.

Uncle Bill brought home to England new and strange words, and new tunes, which he played on a cornet. I was moved profoundly by a cake-walk called "Silver Bell" and by my uncle's talk of something new called ragtime. But my father, who played trombone in a band, would have none of it; "Pilgrim of Love" was his reply to "Bill Bailey"; and I remember the triumph in his eye as he moved the mouth-piece from his lips and tapped the spit-valve on the strip of linoleum which was placed beside his music stand to protect our front room carpet. "That's music," said he, and to prove he was as fly as my uncle, he added, wagging his head, "I guess *and* calculate."

My uncle would wisecrack, "Tie crepe on your nose; your brains are dead," or "If brains were ink you couldn't dot an I"—to which my father would reply, in the snappy catchphrase of the moment, "My word, if you're not off!" They were a pair of cut-ups. As I listened to their exchanges I was torn between the loyalty due to father and fatherland and admiration of this adopted son of the West. Asked to tell me of the bounding prairie, he obliged, and vividly, in spite of the fact that he had worked in a store and had never seen a cowboy. And even a store, as he described it in those ante-Hollywood days, before English people had seen America with their own eyes, was glamorous.

My grandmother kept a little shop, and my uncle would say, looking round it: "Now if this was America all the boys would gather here in the evening. There would be a big stove in the middle, and a cracker barrel, and I would play my cornet, and we would tell yarns and sing songs, and drink cider. Not the damn mineral water you call cider here, but real apple juice. Anybody would come in—the doctor, the lawyer. Why, I've known a millionaire to come in. There is no swank in America; everybody's alike."

I tried to imagine our local doctor, with his silk hat and black bag, coming into my grandmother's shop, but could not conjure the picture. I had never spoken to a lawyer, and had never seen a millionaire. The American woods, my uncle hinted,

teemed with millionaires. "Ha!" my father would say, "Dollar millionaires."

"Show me a store clurk in this one-eyed town," my uncle would reply, "who can save enough money to go to America for a vacation."

His talk began to undermine my patriotic beliefs and cast doubt on what I was taught in school about the superiority of British institutions and the inestimable felicity to which I, as a subject of Edward VII, was heir. The sun never set on the British Empire. Wherever an Englishman went, he commanded respect. If a finger were laid on him, anywhere on the rind of Major Planet Number Three, a gunboat manned by British tars would at once wipe out the affront.

But had my preceptors been misinformed? After all, they had never been to America. Were Americans and foreigners (there was always that distinction) truly so envious of our Police Force, our Army, our Navy, and of the Rights and Privileges of the British citizen as I had been led to believe? My father assured me that they were.

"Look at the British Post Office," he would say. "A model to the world. It never loses a letter." Once he took a gold sovereign from his pocket and let me hold it. "That," he said, "is sterling, and sterling means genuine. Wherever you go, if you have a British pound in your pocket, you can get twenty-shillings' worth for it." It was the same with English food, English clothes, and, above all, the English home. The meaning of the word home was unknown elsewhere; Americans and foreigners lived in houses that were not homes in the English and only true sense of the word.

"Hell!" said my uncle. "'Home, Sweet Home' was written by an American."

"That's a lie," said my father.

"Do you call it home," demanded my uncle, "when you have to sit with your head up the chimney to get a little warmth?"

"Home isn't home," my father retorted, "without a fireplace. The American heat you brag about isn't healthy. Your blood has got thin; that's what's the matter with you. It happens to everybody who goes to America. What they want is a lot of solid English food inside them — dumplings and greens, potatoes and beef. There's nothing like a good lump of English steak."

I visualized a steak as most English working people knew it — five square inches of rump, cut thin and fried, not grilled or broiled; "half a pound of beef to fry" was the order at the butcher's — and I pitied the Americans whom the accident of geography deprived of such fare. Then: "Steak!" snorted my uncle. "Did you ever see a steak an inch thick, charred on the outside and red in the middle! That's what we call a steak in America."

"Yankee blow," said my father.

At school I learned that democracy, like the steam locomotive and the electric light (Swan, not Edison) was a British invention. Other nations could follow us, but only at a distance. America called itself the Land of the Free, but was less free than England because foreigners had largely diluted the Anglo-Saxon stock. The Statue of Liberty turned her face to England. Our schoolbooks, however, were handsomely fair, if a trifle patronizing, to the Colonists in the matter of the War of Independence, freely admitting that Lord North was a scoundrel and George III a crazy, German tyrant, and that we lost the war. Our defeat was due to our being busy elsewhere and to our employment of Hessian mercenaries against the Colonists, who, after all, were Englishmen fighting for English rights and institutions. George Washing-

ton was the perfect type of English gentleman, and he never told a lie. The whole affair was extremely regrettable.

II

So I learned about America from school books, schoolmasters, Uncle Remus (but what was a terrapin?), Huckleberry Finn (but what was a corn shock?), Nick Carter, my father, and my Uncle Bill. I seized every opportunity to make American contacts. Dime novels swelled the hidden hoard of penny-dreadfuls between the mattresses of my bed even though *Old Cap Collier*, *Old Sleuth*, and *Frank Merriwell* were not traded in our reading circle for *Union Jack*, *Pluck* and the *Aldine Library*, wherein heroic British schoolboys foiled villainous schoolmasters, scored centuries at cricket, and went in rockets to the moon. American movies came now and then to our local fleapit; they were all about Indians, and I rejoiced in them. I read every word of the Thaw trial that the *News of the World* printed—and that was plenty. The Sunday supplements of the *Minneapolis Journal*, sent home by my uncle, introduced me to Buster Brown and Fluffy Ruffles. I began to say “I guess” and to add “anyhow” to every other sentence. As I smoked the herb we called wild chrysanthemum, I envied American youth its cornsilk and cane stalks and wondered what they were. Was it true, I asked as I baked potatoes in the stokehole of my grandfather’s greenhouse and wondered what sweet potatoes could be, that American schoolboys, and schoolgirls too, if my uncle was to be believed, chewed tobacco, and left their gobs on the school steps? Was it true that American boys and girls sat together in school, that the teachers were women, and that American boys were nevertheless so virile that every one

of them, on his twelfth birthday, was given a rifle and told to go out and shoot something?

On summer afternoons, instead of going straight home from school, I would take my homework to the cathedral, sit behind a pillar in the nave and learn Latin verbs, undisturbed by evensong in the distant chancel, beyond the roodscreen. It was there that I first encountered real, honest-to-god Americans, strangely like my Uncle Bill, and yet not quite the same. I knew them for Americans by their shoes, their long dustcoats and their small caps. At a time when Englishmen’s trousers were as tight as hussars’, these visitors carried almost as much sail as their wives. Some had field glasses slung on their backs; most toted cameras. To me they were not strangers; as I watched groups of them, day by day, from behind my pillar, and heard them speak, I felt that if I spoke to them I should be better received by them than by British tourists. But my courage did not carry me so far until one day a genuine American addressed me. He said, “Say, sonny!” The significance of the pregnant words knocked me cold. All I could stammer was “I guess.” After that all my American left me and I had to fall back on English. He wanted to know where an ancestor of his wife’s was buried, and I led him, his wife, and his daughter to the churchyard, three cobbled streets away. At parting he offered me a shilling, which I was too great a prig to take; but after some halting I asked him if he had any chewing gum. The request seemed to puzzle him, but his daughter, a redhead with a large bow of white ribbon in her hair, produced a stick of Spearmint. The profusion of my thanks made her blush. I chewed that stick of gum for a month before I swallowed it. . . .

Later, during the years of my growing

awareness of such phenomena as the backs of girls' necks as they knelt in church, the wickedness of Tories, the nobility of honest labor, and the power of the religious impulse in the adolescent male, I sought and seized every opportunity of meeting Americans. Many of them, it is true, were Englishmen home after only a year or two in Canada or the northern United States, but even these wore American clothes, chewed gum, smoked cigars, and used strange words such as *chores* and *railroad*. I courted their company, and noted the deep impression they made on the local girls. From some of these returned Englishmen I learned that by working all summer at the incredible wage of \$3 a day they could save enough to come home for the winter, swank in the roller rinks, and grouse about the heating of their mothers' cottages. One of them stole my girl, but I felt well repaid in the lore he brought me.

When I was eighteen, with the end of school a year behind me, I borrowed steerage money and sailed from England in a boat largely occupied by Poles, Russians, and Greeks. We were eight in a cabin, far below decks. The boat was so old that it had done duty as a troopship in the Boer War. But eventually we were safely landed at Quebec.

It was a Spring morning. The wet snow in the streets was three feet deep; sleighs slithered across the footpaths. The chilblains that had come to my fingers every winter of my life had burst like fried sausages, as they always had done at the time of the first crocuses. The train bore me west to Wingham, Ontario. As I walked up the main street from the depot a man spoke to me: "Hey, feller, want a job?" I took his job of digging at 18 cents an hour.

That night, in the company of two other English tourists who were working on the

same job, I took my first jolt of five-cent bar rye at a hotel bar. I mean that until that time I had never entered a hotel—only pubs—that I had never tasted any whiskey but Scotch, that I had never been invited by a bartender to pour my own from the bottle, that I had never seen so much liquor for twopence halfpenny, and that I had never heard of corn liquor or Bourbon. The rye was much smoother than I had been led to expect.

One week later, in a store suit with buttons on all the pockets, a belt instead of braces to hold up pegtop trousers that finished at the waistband, in an American hat, in brown shoes called tan Oxfords with military heels two inches high, I walked across the bridge from Niagara Falls, Ontario, to Niagara Falls, New York. Nobody asked me to state my business. A man in a peaked cap lounged at the door of the customs office, but he did not even run his hands over my pockets to see what I carried. All I owned was in my pockets—nine Canadian dollars.

I bought a picture postcard of the Maid of the Mist at a newsstand. As I addressed the postcard to my girl in England, I noted with surprise that my chilblains had miraculously vanished. They have never returned.

III

Of the many blessings that the All-Knowing, All-Capable hath showered on me, none has given me greater joy than that I knew small town America before the close of the age of buggies and dirt roads, before the Mansion House was torn down to make way for the chromium-plated barber shop, before the last spittoon was removed from the courthouse, before they paved Main Street. Pre-Rotary America, livery stable America, was a newer world to me,

in spite of my long preparation for it, than modern America would be to a modern boy from this England of crooners, flood-lit roadhouses, and streamlining. Northern New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio were my stamping ground that first summer; I worked in a bed factory, a chair factory, a cork factory, a rope factory, a canning factory, and the Grand Trunk Railroad shops. I rode the rods of the Wabash from Buffalo to Windsor, and I walked the length of the Welland Canal.

One day as I ate my lunch from a cardboard box in the yard of the canning factory, a native named Hennessey said: "Do you know why they call you Johnny Bulls? Because you are full of bull." All that I had said was that in England tram-cars had two stories. I weighed English swank against Yankee blow and found the balance about even. My accounts of Americans who bragged about tall buildings and were taken down by English gentlemen he capped with stories about English dukes who were put in their places by American citizens. From him I learned for the first time that the English were not universally regarded as the inventors and foremost exponents of British fair play. Hennessey pointed out that to put English on a billiard ball meant to put a twist on it; thus, the English were twisters. Sportsmen? Why, look at the way they had pulled Dorando in front of Hayes, the marathon runner, saying, "Stop the damned Yankee!" It was news to me.

"How big," demanded Hennessey, "is your god-damned Thames River?" When I told him he said, "Hell! It's a creek." I knew what a creek was. In the evening Hennessey and I went down to the muddy creek, killed frogs with stones, and cut off their legs, which we took to the boarding house for supper. In letters home I related this wonder.

Dear mother [I wrote] the policemen here wear gray uniforms and helmets with shields in front, just as you have seen on the songslides at the cinematograph. They are called cops. They carry their truncheons in their hands, they lean against lamp posts, and they smoke cigars on duty. . . . Even working men smoke cigars. They also go in hotels. . . . The trams are open at the sides in summer time, and they go right out to the country. . . . People live in timber houses, mostly painted white; there are even wooden shops and schools. . . . Barbers' shop windows are open to the street, and everybody can see who is being shaved. The barbers' poles are not thin things sticking out of the building, but thick things standing on the sidewalk. Some are of glass, with light inside, and they revolve. . . . There are wooden Indians instead of wooden Highlanders in front of the tobacco shops. . . . The barbers' shops have bathrooms; a bath costs a shilling. . . . I bought a currant loaf for 5 cents, a bottle of cream soda for 5 cents, a dozen bananas for 10 cents, and a box of strawberries for 10 cents. . . . The population of this town is only 10,000, but it is called a city. . . . Children of all classes go to the same schools, and wear no shoes in summer. . . . There are two cinemas, a roller rink, and what they call a vaudeville, which is like our Hippodrome but smaller. . . . What we should call High Street they call Main Street; the footpaths are wood. . . . There are telegraph poles right on the footpaths; they lean in all directions. . . . These people call it supper at six or seven o'clock, and then don't eat any more; they have only three meals a day. . . . Men take off their hats in the cinemas, and don't smoke there, but they spit. They call monkey nuts peanuts. . . . You would like it here; they have rocking chairs.

I had never seen a rocking chair in England, or a square piano of the sort that I now found in every boarding house. To this day I have never seen a square piano in England. These also were wonders: Walking brazenly abroad in shirt sleeves, with my coat on my arm. . . . Sitting on

boarding house verandas. . . . Sofa pillows made from silk flags from cigarette packets. . . . *Saturday Evening Post* covers cut out and framed in *passe partout*. . . . Screen doors and windows, and, later, storm doors and windows. . . . The wooden storm coverings on the city hall steps. . . . Railroad clerks, store clerks, and other men of affairs in elegant sweaters of purple and green, with pearl buttons. . . . Grade crossings (level crossings, I called them) with bells but without gates. . . . Locomotives with bells, headlights, and, instead of a shrill whistle, a deep, harmonic roar. . . . The rack of spoons and forks in the middle of the boarding house table. . . . The array of side dishes. . . . Succotash, corn, cookies, doughnuts. . . . Peaches at 35 cents the 11-quart basket (in England peaches were so scarce that each came wrapped in silver paper). . . . Lady typists called typewriters, and, later, stenogs.

When the circus came to town I saw and heard my first calliope. I have never encountered one in England, or an untraveled Englishman who knew what the word meant as a common noun. In Buffalo I saw my first burlesque show and was greatly puzzled to find no women in the audience. The show was no more frank and free than that which an English music hall would offer to a mixed audience. If the atmosphere was more erotic, it emanated from the goats in front rather than from the ewe lambs on the stage. A comedian (who must have been Billy Arlington) dressed like a sultan, entertained his harem by playing on a piccolo a free transcription of Stephen Heller's *Wanderstunden No. 2, Op. 80*.

On the Fourth of July I sat in a park, chewing Piper Heidseick, listening to the band, and watching the girls. I compared the spectacle before me unfavorably with what my home town could have afforded

in that line. The grass, in the American July, was already yellow. The girls wore party frocks outdoors in the daytime; they even went to offices in them. They wore no gloves. Their lips were too red and their cheeks too pale. What would happen if I went up to one of these girls and kissed her? She would call a cop, I told myself, as I remembered the Monkey's Parade, "the spirit that calls the moth abroad and lights the evening star," which brings to the English lanes and suburban roads boys and girls who meet, and kiss, and part. Remote, that cathedral and garrison town of my boyhood seemed as gay as the Vienna of Hollywood's present nostalgia, with bright uniforms and clanking spurs, and beer served in mugs under fairy-lighted trees, while bands played "The Girls of Gotenburg."

Listening to the monotonous beat of ragtime and watching the goddesses who could be wooed only with banana splits, after formal introduction, I felt my first twinge of homesickness. I had not yet discovered that these divinities were less distant than they looked.

IV

Before the end of that summer I had my first newspaper job. I got it by walking into an office and asking for it; and that, to me, was a miracle. At home I had written passionately to local editors, imploring them to try me. The only one who consented to see me asked how fast I could write shorthand, what profession my father was in, and how much money I could pay as a premium. But in an Ohio town, smaller, I think, than any English town that supported any sort of newspaper, I found an editor in his shirt sleeves at a window open to Main Street, sweating over proofs and willing to pay \$50 a month

for my help. He took it that since I was English I ought to be able to write English — an amiable American delusion that I capitalized then and later, and have since seen English novelists capitalizing in lecture tours.

“Better get out and dig up some personals,” said this editor to me. I put a copy of his newspaper into my pocket and walked up Main Street. Beyond the swinging doors of the Mansion House bar I examined the eight pages with professional interests.

Two columns on Page One were headed PERSONAL. Ellie Rogers, the popular teacher, had the mumps. Now was the time for Paris Green, which could be obtained from the Elite Drug Store. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rudd, of Cleveland, were sojourning in our midst as guests of their daughter, Mrs. Jake Platt, whose husband, the genial Jake, was on a business trip to the Windy City. Chief Schwartz was a Niagara Falls visitor. Peruna would put you right. These, then, were Personals. But how were they obtained? How did one get to know all these people and persuade them to discuss their private affairs?

I found a vacant chair on the hotel veranda, next to a man with a long, clean-shaven face, a cigar, and a wide black hat, and tried to imagine myself asking him who he was, what he did, and why he was there. Catching his eye, I returned to my study of Page One. An hour later I saw my new boss, the editor, approaching the hotel. Before I could make myself look either busy or scarce, he had me by the arm and was leading me through the swinging-doors into the bar.

“Got a good crop of personals?” he asked. “Saw you with Sheriff Young out there. He’s always good for a couple. Lot of strangers in town. What’ll you have?”

I had beer. “Shoot you a game of pool,” suggested the boss. I had never played pool, or seen it, but went with him to the pool room, where he shot a game with a coatless, tight-belted, knowing youth who turned out to be the reporter on the rival weekly. “So long,” said the boss to me. “Just mix around.”

Mix? I walked the length of Main Street, from the depot, where a string of boxcars stood like a permanent wall, to the canal, where a jackknife bridge barred that way out. Beyond, at each end, there seemed to be no more Main Street; there were not even wooden sidewalks. What I should find if I crossed the track or waited for the bridge to open and walked along the dirt road, I could not guess. These people, apparently, did not travel in that fashion. The only other respectable ways out of the town were by train and by the trolley car that ran along the banks of the canal to God-knew-where. That there should be trams in so small a town was part of the strangeness; but they belonged to the country, not the town; they had open sides and no top decks.

The bridgekeeper, his soft straw hat over his eyes, dozed in his cabin, and, at the other end, the operator, in shirt sleeves and an eyeshade, dozed among crates of fruit. Between them I walked both sides of Main Street, wondering how many years I should have to live in this town before I could get to know the people well enough for them to tell me when they had babies, new buggies, or measles. Already I was American enough to know that only a hick or a Limey would step off the sidewalk at the wrong place. People spoke of jaywalkers even then; for it was not automobiles that taught Americans to use the crossings, but unpaved streets. Main Street, except at the corners, was deep in dust. A candy parlor, a drugstore, a Chinese res-

taurant, and a Chinese laundry gave their own sights and smells as I passed. They were as foreign to me as the vista of one-story buildings with two- and three-story false fronts, corrugated roofs and castellated copings. But the trees saved it from ugliness. I remembered that there were no trees in High Street.

Three buggies were hitched to posts in front of the Mansion House. The ponies wore straw hats. I sat in a rocker and gazed across the leafy street at the painted front of the Drexel Nickelodeon. On the canopy sat the operator, shirt-sleeved, with a magazine on his knee, beside his projection machine, whose whirr mingled with a nearer, high-pitched note that I could not place.

A tall man came through the swinging doors, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and sat down in the next chair to mine. Sheriff Young.

"Skeeters are biting fierce this year," he said. So these insects, whining like dentists' drills, were mosquitoes. I should have called them gnats. "I've been bit bad," said the Sheriff, rolling up his right trouser leg to exhibit a dozen bumps above the slack, garterless sock.

I sympathized knowingly, and added: "Is this the worst year for skeeters you remember?" He pondered a moment, and I prompted him: "I mean, do you think I might say that in the *Planet*?"

"New reporter, eh?" said the Sheriff. "Well, I was a reporter once myself, and I think you may quote me as saying positively that this is the damnedest year for skeeters I ever remember."

I opened my notebook. . . . Two hours later, glowing with success, I was back at the office.

"Pretty nice little crop of personals," said the editor of the only eight-page, Republican biweekly in East Wakefield County.

V

In my nine years on American newspapers and two in a film studio, I occasionally met other Englishmen, but only by accident; we did not seek each other's company. I got along well enough with Irishmen, Frenchmen, Turks, and native Americans, and so, it seemed, did my fellow countrymen. We did not rush together with glad cries. It was never our Englishness that brought us together. In a Boston or New York newspaper office a fellow reporter might say to me "So-and-so, on the *Daily*—, was born in England." Later, when he and I met on a story, we might exchange a few words. But we would always find that we had less in common than either of us had with our American neighbors. The narrowest shade of accent, class, birthplace, and age would be sufficient to hold us apart. I remember only once making a meeting with another Englishman an occasion for a binge, and that ended in a brotherly battle. He challenged me to drink King George's health, and I did not like the way he said it. Once again I met a man from my own home town, but it turned out that we had gone to different sorts of schools and lived in different sorts of houses, and so we had no mutual friends or other interests.

We English are said to be great colonizers, but how we earned that reputation is beyond my guessing. The legend is as paradoxical as that which would have us great family people, home lovers. Actually we break easily from the family circle, and although we may take pride in kinship we seem to be less dependent on the society of our relatives than are the people of other nations. Not gregariousness but willingness to be alone has spread us over the world.

In my wanderings I have encountered no

collection of people that could be described as an English colony. No American city that I know of has an English district, as Philadelphia and Baltimore have German districts and most cities Italian, Jewish, and Irish districts. The Scandinavians have congregated in North Dakota, the Finns in one strip of Minnesota, and the New York Negroes in Harlem; but the English have made no region their own.

An Englishman is usually little moved by his surroundings. He may grouse about them, and compare them unfavorably with those in which he was bred and raised, but he rarely becomes indignant enough to attempt to change them. When Professor H. J. Laski, the noted English economist, was a member of the Harvard faculty, he invited me to his house in Cambridge for tea. "How do you like living in a wooden house?" I asked him. "Is this house wood?" he asked. "I hadn't noticed."

I once knew an English janitor who had been in Boston twenty years. He had a flat with hardwood floors, an electric refrigerator, a ten-tube radio, constant heat, and a pretty garden. He told me that all this glory turned to dust and ashes when he dreamed of the home he had left in England. It was one of a row of brick boxes in a dingy street, facing a gasworks. He kept rabbits in the kitchen and chickens in the

tiny yard, and bred canaries in the only bedroom. His wife, who had no such dream, said that on his last visit to England he had spent all his time in the corner pub bragging about America to former cronies who had never seen an icebox and did not believe a word he said.

My own homesickness expressed itself in other ways. I was young enough to be moved by *A Shropshire Lad* and to write nostalgic imitations of it on the rewrite desk. Somebody in the *Tribune* office told me that if I took the subway to Van Cortlandt Park I should find cricket pitches there. I had always actively disliked cricket, but now its name alone was sufficient to draw me. But, finding there nothing more English than two teams of West Indian Negroes with Union Jacks on their blazers, I watched the game for ten minutes and then went to the Polo Grounds to see some baseball.

It was a vow to work in Fleet Street that brought me back to England. I joined the *Daily Express*. On the first night, at supper time, I asked the man behind the sausage shop counter for a package of cigarettes.

"It's after eight o'clock," he replied. "It is against the law to sell a packet of cigarettes."

"This is one hell of a country," I cried, "Why, in America —"

CHINA CALLS THE WHITE MAN'S BLUFF

BY THOMAS STEEP

WHEN the white man, in the early years of the century, burst upon the Chinese with all the evidences of invincible Western civilization — electricity, moving pictures, tin cans, chewing gum, telephones, phonographs, Scotch whisky, machine guns, and other fascinating gadgets — he easily awed the modest Orientals by his superiority, his wealth, his prodigious brain. The white master slapped the cook for serving underdone breakfast bacon, and in Bubbling Well Road and Legation Street delivered a kick to accelerate his ricksha coolie's speed. He clapped his hands and yelled *Boy!* at the club as if he were a god whose thirst was unslakable. He could see no use for languorous natives (whose customs and culture were older than his own) except to wait on him. Glorified, the white man swaggered through China, confident of his supremacy.

But today the story is different. Every racial group in Asia, from the Japan Sea to the Indian Ocean, is building barriers against any such further invasions of Western civilization, and is endeavoring to expel all Western influences which conflict with native tradition. China in particular seeks freedom from foreign control. What was once the happy hunting ground for Occidental territorial conquests is fast becoming the scene only of humiliating political and economic defeats. The idea that China ever will become Westernized is sheer delusion; the two civilizations, East

and West, are as antipodal as any two civilizations can be. However they may appear to have adopted Western manners, the Chinese will never permit themselves to be weaned from their own culture, tradition, and habits.

I once met on the deck of a Pacific liner a young Chinese named Tu Fan, who chewed gum, wisecracked, danced, smoked cigarettes, drank cocktails and read American novels. His English was impeccable, and when you saw him playing deck sports with his back turned you would have supposed him to have been an American. I wondered whether, when he arrived in China a few days later, he would introduce his Western manners into his home. "Oh, no," said Tu Fan. "These manners would offend my parents. At home I keep my Western clothes in a camphor box. I also sleep outdoors until I am rid of the smell that comes from eating Western cooking, which my parents dislike. It takes two or three days to get rid of the smell."

The Chinese observes the Western amenities in his intercourse with foreigners, but beneath his tough racial epidermis he retains his Oriental character intact, and rejects as inferior any crumb of alien culture. It is not unusual for Chinese converts living in Western missions to go home once a week to worship at their ancestral shrines and thus to atone, in part, for the sin of having affected the faith of a barbarous religion. In short, the Chinese have at last justified their suspicions that the

civilization of the West is not all that it is reputed to be. From the World War and from the subsequent economic depression, they have received reactions not entirely unpleasing to them; and from Western moving pictures, by which the white man, after a fashion, insists on exposing his worst traits, they have acquired a familiarity with Occidental domestic habits which breeds nothing but contempt.

The World War, with its sideplay of intrigue, intimidation, tawdry bargaining, bribery, destruction, bloody mutilation and violent death in the capitals and seaports of China, convinced the Orientals that the civilization of the West had queer phases which did not square with the precepts of the missionaries. I asked a missionary who was returning home after thirty years in China how in his work among the Chinese he had reconciled the mandate, "Thou shalt not kill," and his church's support of the war. He replied, "I did not attempt to reconcile them." The yellow people saw the white man making the sign of the cross with one hand and committing murder with the other, and their inference was that the profession of the Western faith was a tragic hypocrisy. It coincided with their skepticism which had begun when British and French warships in the early days fought side by side in Oriental waters, one for the right to convert the Chinese, the other for the right to sell them opium. In inviting the Orientals as equals to help him bomb, gas and bayonet the peoples of his own race, the white man inflicted a disastrous blow at his prestige in Asia. He destroyed the myth of white superiority, for no yellow man could continue to respect as superior the white man whom he had been invited to kill.

Materially, China gained nothing by her participation in the World War. Her activ-

ity consisted of tardily sending 170,000 bewildered coolies to the conflict in Europe. The coolies, innocent of any vengeful impulses arising from the murder of an Austrian grand duke by a Bosnian student at Sarajevo, worked in the battle areas in France and Mesopotamia, and those who survived returned home to spread among their native villages the intelligence that the white man's civilized landscape was strewn with blood, broken bones, and dead men.

But otherwise the Chinese gained richly. The native port authorities, who never before had dared to affront a European, enjoyed great face when, trailing their swords up unfamiliar gangplanks, they boarded German ships at Shanghai, Amoy, Foochow and Canton and brusquely commanded the German captains to go ashore and be interned; and in Harbin and other towns in Manchuria, Chinese soldiers, realizing that a white man was no longer inviolable because of the color of his skin, went about the streets mercilessly clubbing White Russians. China, the nation, began to talk more insistently about the abrogation of the unequal treaties by which she was tacitly branded as inferior. To order the white man about was to inflate the ego. The yellow peoples had evolved the naïve hypothesis that if they were equal in war they were also equal in peace.

Thus the white man's glory was well on the wane when the depression hit China. He had surrendered by degrees certain prerogatives. He rarely kicked a coolie. The use of signs bracketing Chinese with dogs in excluding them from the Shanghai parks had become a legend. The wave of repugnance toward foreigners and foreignisms had penetrated the Asiatic hinterland, and from Tokio to Bombay there was talk of racial equality, with an awakening appreciation of its possibilities. Yet

the glamor that attends prosperity still lingered about the foreigner. He was still spending money recklessly, living lavishly, frequenting luxurious clubs and enjoying immunity from irksome toil when, suddenly and incredibly, something happened. The most lavish began to complain about curtailment of their incomes; branch offices and industries were closed; foreign technicians and business men hastily departed; planters abandoned their plantations to the jungle and scrambled aboard ships for home; missionaries in the interior scurried hell-bent down the Yangtze to find out what it was all about; Tokio, Osaka, Kobe, Peiping, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Zamboanga, Saigon, Bangkok, Batavia, Surabaya, Makassar, Semarang, Rangoon, and Calcutta felt the staggering blow of a sudden economic stagnation; British gentlemen, erstwhile sleek on pay from tin and rubber, wandered disconsolately along the Shanghai bund, while indignant Germans, denied extraterritorial rights, were haled into native courts along with coolies to answer charges of vagrancy; the French wore wry and atrabilious faces because of the slump in their lucrative opium traffic; and ragged Russians begged or played melancholy strains from Tchaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakov to the rabble in the streets.

At the same time still another element was working to discredit white civilization. Western moving pictures, always popular in China, are shown in every port, village, and town: and the Chinese beholds in them an exhibition of human behavior which is as strange and amusing as the conduct of people on another planet. The movies introduced to China social usages that were unfamiliar and contrary to Oriental concepts of propriety: that a son should defy his aged father; that a daughter should spoon on the back porch, or elope with a

man unknown to her parents, and be forgiven immediately by telegraph; that a bedroom should be a conspicuous scene in a drama; that semi-nude heiresses and fashionable gangsters should disport in cocktail orgies and moonlight seductions; — to the Chinese all this is evidence of a social order morally loose and definitely insane.

Of course the yellow people are not saints themselves: they indulge in practices equally as vicious as those of the whites. The difference is that they do not publicize unsavory phases of personal conduct or exhibit domestic relations in public; outside the privacy of their homes they shrink instinctively even from ordinary demonstrations of affection. As Wilbur Burton has written in the *Baltimore Sun*:

Such Western concepts as romantic love and such Western customs as free association of the sexes and unashamed love-making in public . . . have been taught to the Chinese almost entirely by the cinema. How alien — and subversive — they are to ancient morals may be imagined from the fact that romantic love is almost nonexistent in classical Chinese literature, while in old China it was forbidden for a woman to touch even her husband's hand in public, and to touch the hand of another man was downright unchaste. Kissing was confined to the strictest privacy, rarely mentioned in literature and never shown on the stage.

Thus the freedom with which foreign men and women parade their amatory instincts on the screen strikes the Chinese as exceeding the bounds of good taste. Accepting the pictures as truthful, they conceive the white man's private life to be made up, in the aggregate, of osculations and amorous indulgences. Orientals often emerge from moving picture theaters snickering, as if they had just witnessed the grossest indecencies.

II

The Chinese do not have to delve deeply into history to justify their distaste for Western civilization. There live in Canton and nearby Macao, the Portuguese colony, the descendants of half a million Chinese who, prior to 1871, were kidnapped by Europeans and Americans and carried off in sailing vessels in virtual slavery to the sugar plantations, mines, and guano fields of Central and South America. Jammed into the dark holds of ships, a third of these unfortunates died of disease, were drowned, suffocated, or burned to death before they reached their destination. The captain of the British ship *Waverly*, who had battened down the hatches on 700 mutinous coolies, on arrival at Manila en route to Peru, peeped into the hold and found that 251 of his victims had been suffocated. Often the imprisoned coolies, hoping to escape, set fire to the ship and perished in the flames. In 1871, six ships, with 3000 coolies, were lost by fire. The *Nation* said, in its issue of June 10, 1869:

Vessels carrying "emigrants" to the west coast of South America are packed with their living freight as closely as were the former slave ships. The food, which consists of rice, is often alive with maggots and is so insufficient in quantity that the starving passengers are reduced to a condition in which the foul air of the prison hold and the cramped positions in the densely packed mass, make them easy victims to scurvy and other ship diseases. Eye witnesses state that in order to make more room and to save the little food needed by the dying, the victims are often thrown overboard while yet alive.

It is something to remember that one's ancestors were suffocated in the foulness of ships' holds, poisoned by maggoty food, thrown overboard half alive, or whipped to death on a stifling guano field. It is

something to remember — especially if one is an ancestor-worshipper. . . .

Macao and Canton were also ports for the importation of opium into China and the starting points for aggressions growing out of wars. To prevent the Chinese people, who were then not generally addicted to opium, from becoming demoralized by the drug, Peking sent an energetic envoy to Canton to halt the trade. This envoy, Lin Tse-hsu, found in the godowns of Canton 20,219 chests of opium, valued by the British at two million pounds, which he confiscated, piled on a vacant lot and burned. In reprisal, the British bombarded towns along the coast and began the Opium War which ended two years later in victory for the aggressors. The Treaty of Nanking gave Hongkong to the British, with an indemnity of eighteen million dollars and the right to trade in opium at Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai. Thus mighty Hongkong, its terraced palaces overlooking that picturesque harbor, owes its existence as a British colony to a bonfire of opium grown in India.

A second war, also started by the British, bore results even more disastrous to China. At a little Canton river wharf was moored the *Arrow*, a fast sailing vessel just arrived from Macao under British registry. With perhaps more pomp than the occasion merited, a mandarin with his retainers boarded the ship, hauled down the British flag and arrested the crew, twelve Chinese, on suspicion that they were smugglers. In consequence, Great Britain, holding its flag to be inviolate whether flown by pirates, smugglers or otherwise, again declared war. France decided to join. A French missionary, Chapdelaine, had been convicted of stirring up rebellion in Kwangsi province and had been beheaded. France demanded reparation for the "mur-

der" and, failing to receive it, allied herself with Great Britain. They fought together, France to spread Christian propaganda and Great Britain to spread the opium trade.

After four years of promiscuous and merciless bombardment of her coast, China capitulated and consented to open six more ports to foreign trade, to cede Kowloon, a strip of land opposite Hongkong, to Great Britain, to tolerate missionaries, to pay indemnities and to permit British trading in the Yangtze valley. But the war was not ended. Irritated because Peking delayed ratification of a peace treaty, the French and British fleets attacked the Taku forts, entered the harbor and landed 20,000 troops. The troops marched to Peking, eighty miles inland, where in revenge for the murder of several French and English peace emissaries they abandoned whatever discipline they had and indulged in looting and destruction.

The principal object of their vengeance was the Summer Palace in a suburb of Peking, Yuan Ming Yuan, which contained rare art objects and the most sublime architecture China ever created. Within the walls of Yuan Ming Yuan there were thirty palaces, with pillars of vermilion and roofs of yellow tile, and in the surrounding parks were pagodas, bell towers, grottoes, fountains, lakes, marble bridges, and pebbled walks that meandered through fantastic gardens and pavilions in the shade of gnarled and ancient cedars. Entering the palaces after the Son of Heaven and his Court had fled, the foreign soldiers ransacked the spacious chambers, stuffed precious jades, crystals, carnelians, embroideries, potteries, bolts of silk, scrolls and lacquers into their pockets, boots and shirt bosoms, smashed delicate screens that had been painted in the T'ang and Sung dynasties, yanked tapestries from walls,

knocked off the heads of porcelain buddhas, pushed over the Dragon Throne and, as a final touch of vandalism, piled the debris in a heap and set fire to it, enveloping the palaces in flames. It was the stupidest barbarism which the white man had yet exhibited to the Orientals. "For two days," sadly wrote a native chronicler of the palace fire, "the smoke hung like a pall over the city, expressing the grief of those who saw it."

These incidents, and multitudes like them, are but lightly touched upon in the records of those who were responsible; but they live forever vividly in the minds of the Chinese people. They have inculcated in the Chinese lasting disrespect for Western civilization.

III

In the light of its past achievements Chinese civilization today is decadent. In the T'ang and Sung dynasties, its philosophy enriched the minds of millions of people and its art was unequaled in aesthetic beauty, in delicate color and form. Ingloriously thereafter it slipped downward, weakened by disastrous wars and periods of inertia. But it has survived. It is like a great porcelain Buddha, cracked, broken and patched together, but unchanged. It is still the puissant giver of life to the culture of the East. In the heart of it, holding it together, preserving its entity, giving it unity, is a vigilant antipathy to any foreign influence that threatens its religion, philosophy or art.

In ways inbred by custom and peculiar habits of thinking, the Chinese go about their daily business in shops, temples, theaters, kitchens, unconcerned with the rest of the world. The material evidence of Western civilization which they see at their doorsteps leaves them unimpressed,

or merely increases their preference for their own civilization; for right beside modern foreign cities, like Shanghai and Hongkong, with paved streets, trolleys, underground sewers and waterpipes, they live by choice in dense communities, trolleyless, sewerless, amid squalor and filth, as if in paradise. China's civilization, though dimmed and dusty, endures with something of its ancient grandeur.

In Sian, in the remote heart of China, exist the vestigial glories of the T'ang and Sung dynasties. That city's massive walls and towered gates express the solid Chinese character. In the narrow streets, clangorous with bells, drums, gongs, squeaking wheelbarrows, and shouting tradesmen, there are myriads of little shops wherein artisans fashion lanterns, lacquered boxes, brocades, paintings, screens, fans, sculptures, and snuff bottles, all fit for emperors. There are theaters devoted to folklore and dramatic history; temples with upcurled roofs, nine-storied pagodas, gigantic buddhas carved in the rock of hillsides, mammoth stone elephants, horses and mythical monsters, lagoons, marble bridges, teahouses, and towers with great bronze bells, which comprise a scene justifying to the Chinese their belief that they live in a celestial empire. Superb likewise is Peiping in its varying phases of medievalism. As at dawn, when the sun casts its beams beneath the eaves of the palaces in the Forbidden City and illuminates, through the open doors, the empty Dragon Throne and the red pillars that support the upturned yellow roofs, and the white ducks on the green moats outside the city walls ruffle their feathers and quack their salutes to the morning. At noon, when the voices of a million people mingle in a hubbub of cheerful industry, and flocks of pigeons, with tiny bamboo whistles, fly overhead and send earthward a symphony

of ethereal music, and old men and women and children gather on the hill-tops to fly kites. At twilight, when the big bronze bell in Yung Lo's tower reverberates over the outlying paddyfields with a rumble like the rumble of thunder. At night, when Kublai Khan's porcelain tower glistens in the witchery of the moonlight, and the Temple of Heaven's blue roof blends with the sky, while in the theater district crowds of people go to see plays which first were played a thousand years ago.

There is something admirable about the stubborn unchangeableness of the Chinese, their quality of permanence. No one has been able to discover when, if ever, they lived in downright savagery. They wore silks and ate off fine porcelain when their European contemporaries were wearing goatskins and gnawing raw bones. They lived in houses, read philosophy, observed rules of ethics, and used clocks, wheelbarrows, writing paper, moveable type, mariners' compasses, needles, thread, and musical instruments long before the hairy white man emerged, blinking from the forest primeval's gloom. Who knows but that they may still be enjoying these luxuries when the white man has returned to the jungle?

IV

I was seated one summer night on a balcony of the Grand Hotel de Pekin. Beneath some trees in the street half a dozen ricksha coolies were chatting and laughing. As I listened to their outbursts, I wondered whether they would have been happier had they been taxi drivers in a Western city, and it seemed to me they would not. Presently, as if called on mysterious errands, they began to slip away one by one, each with a lighted paper

lantern dangling from the shaft of his vehicle. When they had gone and the street again was silent, I pondered another question. Why do the Chinese persist in the use of paper lanterns with candles inside? Habit? Cheapness? Perhaps both, yet I think the lantern also appeals to them because of its aesthetic beauty.

There is an entire street in Peiping devoted to the manufacture and sale of lanterns. Looking down it, one is bewildered by the multitudes of lanterns dangling in front of the shops and by their varying yellows, greens, oranges, vivid blues and sanguinary reds, and their shapes of pagodas, butterflies, crabs, fishes, devils and dragons. The lantern is a symbol of China's civilization, since it is everywhere: it is indispensable at weddings, funerals and festivals; it is visible to the dead, as when a son with a lantern leads back to the cemetery the wandering spirit of his ancestor who cannot find the grave, or, as at the Festival of the Lonesome Ghosts in Nanking, in the Seventh Moon (late August or early September), when the people crowd the tops of the city walls to witness the floating of ten thousand lanterns on the lake and watch the lights go out one by one as each is snatched away by a lonesome ghost and carried into the next world; it has its uses in business, as when a creditor, who has not been paid on New Year's, will call the next day on his debtor with a lantern to simulate the fiction that it is still the night before and the man may yet pay his bill without losing face. In other words, the lantern spells the light of all Chinese life. . . .

But as I sat on the hotel balcony, my thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Tu Fan, the youth I had met on the Pacific liner. Tu Fan is descended from that branch of the yellow race north of the Yellow River which produced China's

greatest poets, her finest painters and philosophers.

He had been a student in Europe six months before, and was one of those Chinese who is regarded as "thoroughly Westernized." He had dressed in Western style and, of course, wore his hair short. My surprise, therefore, was considerable when I beheld him attired in his native costume and wearing, down his back, a lengthy black queue.

"Where did you get that queue, Tu Fan?" I asked. "Surely you haven't grown it since I saw you on the boat?"

"No," said Tu Fan, "I didn't exactly grow it. I bought it at Wong's hair shop outside the Gate of Sublime Learning."

"I thought you had become Westernized?"

"I thought so, too. But I have changed my mind. I have become repatriated. The material progress of America bedazzled me. I wished while there to transplant what I saw to China. I thought: 'Western progress is what China needs to lift her out of her lethargy.' But now that I am home again I see that our two civilizations have irreconcilable differences. Yours is a machine civilization, ours a handicraft civilization. Your people work in factories, our people in shops. Your people produce in quantity things alike, our people produce in quality things different. What would Western industrialism do to us? Our people would cease to be individualists. They would become robots. Our cultural traditions would be destroyed.

"While abroad I wore Western clothes and imagined I thought as Westerners think. But I was only fooling myself. Soon after returning home I felt a desire to be a Chinese again, and to think and feel like one. I went to Wong's hair shop and bought a queue. I put on my native clothes. They are more suitable."

V

Japan's successful defiance of the Western powers has pleased all Asiatics. It has awakened in them a hope for leadership; it has stimulated their opposition to the white man. In India it has intensified impatience with British rule, in Indo-China the native contempt for the French; in Siam it has encouraged closer diplomatic ties with Japan; in China, in spite of temporary irritation, it has expedited an ultimate reconciliation of two yellow races related by blood and culture; and to an important degree it has manifested itself throughout Asia in a disposition to aid Japan by the purchase of Japanese goods rather than European.

In the western and southern Pacific there are thousands of islands. When noted on the map they appear specks, but when approached some of them expand to the dimensions of miniature continents, with mountain ranges and fertile valleys. From these valleys and mountain slopes where he had established profitable coconut estates, tobacco plantations, and trading posts, the white man is beating a retreat, and the natives are "going native." In Samoa, Tahiti, Fiji, New Hebrides, the Solomons and the numberless atolls that lie in the watery spaces off New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand, the grass skirt and the loin cloth are taking the

place of the calico Mother Hubbard and denim trousers, the coconut oil lamp the place of the kerosene, the pearl shell hook and fiber line the place of the steel hook and cotton line; tea, bread and tinned meat are being discarded for native food; and the white man, because of the depression, is selling cheaply his coconut estates, trading posts, and homes to the canny Chinese whom he once imported as cheap labor. The Chinese are now the quiet, soft-footed masters of retail business, and with them, in a sense, rests the shaping of the future civilization of the islands.

The right of the yellow man to compete for Eastern trade or territory can no longer be contested solely on the ground of the color of his skin. China sees in the civilization of the West nothing that would benefit her millions. She sees dictatorships and mobs of unemployed without the initiative to lead themselves out of their dilemmas; she sees statesmen signing covenants as if merely practicing calligraphy; she sees nations piously professing pacific intentions while trafficking in armaments; she sees nationalistic jealousies and intrigues, the decline of democratic governments, and the emergence of problems inherent in industrialism from which her Oriental handicraft civilization is free. The Chinese have learned to appreciate themselves and their own culture. China is calling the white man's bluff.

300 ACRES OF ELBOW ROOM

BY JESSE STUART

BIG EIF said: "Go ahead with the work this mornin, Gleen — you and Everett and Little Eif. I'll not be out with you this mornin. Take the wagon and go to the far-field and haul in the cane-fodder blades and stack them in the loft. You will need them this winter for the cows."

"What is the matter with you, Pap?" says Gleen. "Why ain't you goin to the field with us? This is a mornin good to work. The wind makes a body feel fine. It kindly tastes of frost. Rabbits are ripe. It is a pretty mornin. Why ain't you goin with us?"

"My boy," says Big Eif, "it is a long story to tell you and there is no need to tell you just now. I'll tell your Ma atter while. You go ahead with the work. Take the wagon and do as I tell you. Mind them bad ruts on the other side of Pine Hill. The wagon tires are liable to come off there. Drive the wagon in the creek and let it set a little while to swell the wheels. Be sure and do that. Be sure to bind the bundle of cane-fodder blades down with a good stout bindin stick. Use one of the old trace chains for a bindin chain. You had better hurry along for the sun is comin above the Perkins hill and the frost is drivin off'n the half-dead leaves. Be sure to warm the bridle bits before you put them in the mules' mouths. Put 'em in cold, you know they'll take all the hide off'n the mules' tongues."

"All right, Pap," says Gleen.

"Why ain't you goin, Pap?" says Little

Eif. "I can't remember the time when you didn't go to the field with us and drive the team and wave your hand and tell us what to do. And you could allus do more work than us three put together. Have you et somethin that don't agree with your stomach?"

"Now, never mind," says Big Eif. "Do as I tell you. Go ahead to the field. The farm must go on even if I do set by the fire and smoke my pipe. The farm must go on, my boys, even when I am gone."

Everett goes to the barn and he piles up some corn stalks. He goes to the harness rack, an upturned sourwood limb nailed to one corner of the mules' manger. He takes down the two bridles looped over this sourwood limb and brings them out in front of the barn jingling in his hand. He strikes a match to the corn stalks. A red tiny blaze oozes up through the bright cool autumn wind, a blaze nearly as red as the black oak leaves back on Graveyard Hill. He holds the bridle bits over the blaze, and puts his fingers on them. Then he walks toward the barn.

Everett brings the mules from the barn, harnessed and curried. The trace chains are jingling. The mules' heads are high, wind in fog-streaks is coming from their nostrils. Everett takes them to the jolt wagon in the shed. The harness jingles as they prance and breathe the air of October. "Whoa, Barnie — whoa, Jack — back 'em — back 'em up! Whoa back!" Now Everett has hooked the trace chains. He fastens

the breast-yoke and girds the checklines through the loops on the harness, a red tassel on each mule's bridle, a red tassel flying in the crisp autumn wind. With the creaking of wagon hubs and the whirr-whirr of the corn stalks and dead leaves under the wagon, Everett drives down to the sawdust pile.

Little Eif and Gleen climb in the wagon, throw down their pitchforks on the wagon-bed floor, put their arms on their brother's shoulders and away goes the team, the axles creaking against the hubs, over the dead leaves and the road rock, under the bright autumn sun and through the mist of frost that is melting from the dead and half-dead blades of corn.

"I like to see pretty farms, big barns and nice geared-up mule teams," says Big Eif Porter. "I hate it that I can't be with the farm, the team, and the boys any longer. It breaks my heart and my soul. I hope there is a farm in Heaven where I can work and I hope they have winter, summer, springtime and fall there just like we have here."

Big Eif walks toward the wash kettle where Treecy, his wife, is tending a fire. Big Eif is tall as a stalk of corn, sturdy as a young poplar in an ash cove, the color of an autumn leaf, with eyes blue as the sky and with a faraway look like an eagle's. His hands are made rough as sand-rocks from work in the fields, his two hands are nearly as big as a brown churn-dash.

"Why ain't you at work with the boys this mornin, Eif?" asks Treecy. "You ain't missed a mornin since I can remember bein married to you. You ain't missed a day that you could work in the field in the last twenty-nine years. Why are you off this mornin? Ain't you a-feelin good? Didn't that berry cobbler you et for your supper last night agree with your stomach?"

"I ain't sick," says Eif. "I feel all right. I just want to take today off and be with you."

"Anything happened to you, Eif, in any way?" asks Treecy. "Tell me what is wrong and if I can be any comfort to you in any way I will."

Treecy takes her clay pipe from her apron pocket and fills it with taste-bud tobacco. She shoves the tobacco down firm and crumbles it with her forefinger. She looks at the ashes by the side of the kettle. Then she stoops and dips her pipe in the red brands under the kettle that the wind keeps kindled. She sucks the long stem and blows out smoke bluer than the October wind.

"Does that backer bite your tongue, Treecy?" asks Eif.

"Not a bit," says Treecy. "It is the best backer I believe I ever smoked."

"Give me a chaw of it then," says Eif.

Treecy is not pretty as she was twenty-nine years ago. She does not have the color of peach petals on her cheeks, and teeth white as elm bark. Her fingers are rougher now than they used to be, once slender as the stems of the lady-slipper. Her eyes are faded too, eyes once blue as the wild larkspur petals. Time has brought these things. But she has kept pretty for a woman of her age, she who has played with time, childbirth, and work in the house and in the field. Treecy has turned the color of a faded October leaf. She is lean as a black-jack sapling, and her flesh is as hard as the flesh of a young chestnut.

"Let me mend up the fire for you, Treecy."

Eif picks up the brands and mends the fire under the wash kettle. The bright flame with blue tips laps around the black kettle like so many forked tongues and the water in the kettle boils. One can see a pile of white clothes in the kettle. Treecy has the

wash tub under a beech shade. The tub is sitting on a stool chair. She takes both hands, gets a white shirt and rubs it up and down over the ridges of the brass wash-board, her weight bearing down on her hands, down upon the shirt dripping with foamy water. The bubbles, blue, red, white, purple, follow on the ridges of the tub.

"Wonder how the boys will make it over the rough road after the cane-fodder?" says Eif.

"Big enough they ought to be, able to go after a load of fodder if they are ever goin to be able to do anythin," says Treecy. "They ought to be able to go on with a farm — worked on it all their lives except the five months they go to school every year. Why can't they haul cane-fodder to the barn and dig taters, make lasses, cut cane wood? Why can't they raise corn, wheat, oats, rye, backer? They ought to be able to do anythin on a farm any man can do. W'y I believe them two girls in the house can run this farm."

"I'm glad to hear you talk like that," says Eif.

"What are you drivin at, Eif?"

"I like to see big pretty farms and fat barns," says Eif. "Pretty mules with pretty harness on their backs to jingle and red tassels on their bridle rings. I love to see wagons loaded down with plenty of corn, backer, lasses, pumpkins layin all among the corn and fodder. I love to see plenty of fat hogs around on a big floored pen. I love to go out by daylight and work all day, take my dinner bucket and hang it in a tree so the ants can't get in my dinner. I love to drive in atter dark and feed the mules and the fattenin hogs. I love every foot of my 300 acres. You know how we have come by it, a little at a time. Atter I sold a good backer crop I allus bought another little strip of land. But I ain't goin to farm anymore, ain't goin to buy no more land."

"What are you talkin about, Eif Porter?" says Treecy, and she stops rubbing a shirt and looks at him. The blue smoke dances about her face in tiny swirls. The wind blows through the beech top above their heads and sighs through the hanging leaves. "What are you talkin about? Nothin ain't happened to you, has it?"

"Nothin exactly — nothin only what is natural. Listen to me now, Treecy. You want to cook a big goose for supper. Make plenty of dumplings. Have a big supper to-night. Have milk, corn-dodger bread, hot biscuits and butter, and all the things I like to eat. I'll go out and knock down a couple of rabbits atter awhile and a mess of quails. I want you to make brown gravy with them. I want a real supper tonight, and fix up the table so about twenty can eat besides the family. Put all them extra leaves in the table we use when we have work-ins."

"What do you mean, all of this of a sudden?"

"Now a good wife never asks a man what he means. You are a good wife and you listen to me, Treecy, and do as I say and ask the questions later," says Eif.

II

He goes into the house and gets the gun, calls Leaf and Loap, the dogs, and walks up the hill above the house, into the brown broom sage where he starts throwing rocks and pieces of stumps into the briar thickets and old brushpiles. Loap wiggles his spotted tail and hunts the thickets and the ditches where the brims of tufted sod hang over. Under such places the rabbits hide. Leaf tries to find a quail. She wiggles her gray and blue speckled body through the briars and wags her tail. She hunts faster than the hound Loap. After awhile Treecy hears the dogs yelp, and then "pow-pow!"

And "pow-pow-pow-pow-pow-pow —" again. And she hears the dogs run. She hears again and again "pow-pow" and "pow-pow." She hears the dogs whine, yelp, bark and run through the dead leaves.

Treecy finishes the washing. She carries the clothes in a big crock and pins them on the line. She has put bluing in the white clothes and they look whiter than the small October cloud that floats so high across the heavens above the house. The clothes flutter on the line, the white clothes in the wind, the blue clothes in the wind. The girls are getting dinner. Clara Belle is putting the steaming corn-dodger bread on the table and Barbara is putting down the knives and the forks and spoons and plates. It is getting nigh onto twelve o'clock.

The wagon comes creaking up to the barn door. The mules blow and their sides go in and out, sides slick and pretty, the color of a brown hairy carpet.

"Thank God we made it all right over that awful road. Thank God that trip is done, but think of the seven more to make even if the wagon holds up over that rough road!" says Everett.

Big Eif Porter comes down off the hill now. Loap and Leaf come behind him with their tongues nearly to the ground, red thin tongues with little white flakes of foam on the tips. And Big Eif begins to throw birds down beside Treecy where she is sitting on the porch stringing October beans for the supper tonight. He throws down thirty-one birds, quail with blotches of blood on their feathers and with pretty feathers around their necks. He goes back into his hunting coat and pulls out seven rabbits, rabbits with new sets of winter fur, bright, fluffy, the color of the dead leaves and the sunlight.

"Them looks good enough to eat, don't they, boys?" he says.

"Shore do, Pap," says Everett.

Big Eif gets the wash pan, fills it with cold water, and washes his hands and face. He dries his face and hands, and sits down at the table. Treecy throws the beans from her apron, and comes and stands over the table, and blesses the food.

"Help yourselves now everybody," says Big Eif. "Eat, my children, eat."

Everett, his mouth full, says: "Now that road is at its worst right over there before you get to Harkreader's place. Them ruts are nigh waist-deep there, nearly up to a mule's belly."

"You boys can take the evenin off this evenin," says Big Eif. "I want to set around and just talk to you boys."

"W'y, Pap, w'y are you actin so funny? You went huntin this mornin, never went out to work, told us what to do. Now you are tellin us not to work. Liable to be fallin weather on the cane-fodder and a couple of good rains, and them cane blades would be ruint. You know that. We'd better make hay while we got a sun like we got. We ain't got time to lay off from work like this."

"Listen to me," says Eif. "I'm glad to see you so much like your old Pap. But I am still boss around here long as I am here. Now you boys unharness the mules and turn them in the lot. Day atter tomorrow you'll use them for somethin else than haul cane-fodder with. You'll be haulin another kind of load."

"We don't understand you, Pap," says Everett.

"You'll understand me by-and-by," says Eif. "You know I wouldn't stop workin without a reason. I have a very good reason for bein off and I'll tell you later. You know, Everett, you are the oldest of my children and you sorty got man-ways about you. You can run a farm. I want to see you do it. I am not goin to run one always. I want to see you carry on. You

are somethin like a oak tree. You are solid. It takes solid men in this world to carry on. Mark that down. We need solid men. It takes a solid man to help build a nation; a man not afraid of hell itself in the time of trouble, a man that has the courage of a oak tree in the storm, a man deep rooted in his own clay. I want you to carry on when I leave this farm."

The mules wallow in the barnlot sand. The harness hangs on the sourwood limb by the manger. The October sun is high in the blue sky. The crows fly over the land of plenty, the land of brown fodder shocks, old stubble fields where the pumpkins lie thick and brown, holding to their old dead roots of life. The crab grass is seeded and the birds fly in droves, the blackbirds and the cowbirds. They peck, peck their tiny bills and get the grass seeds to fill their tiny craws. The trees are getting balder every hour, the wind sweeps off their brown leaves and does nothing more than throw them on the ground for the rabbits to hide in and the snakes and lizards to sleep under.

III

Clara Belle and Barbara come walking out where Big Eif, Everett, Gleen and Little Eif are sitting under the apple tree.

"Get you a couple of cheers off'n the porch and come and jine us—have your Ma to come too," says Big Eif. And when they do he says: "Now all of my family is here. Here is my family—my three boys and my two girls—all but the three dead ones, asleep back up yander on Graveyard Pint. And Treecy, didn't I tell you when one of the children was agoin to die? Didn't I allus warn you? You was one of them Free Willed Baptis. I have allus been a Forty-Gallon Baptis. I tell you we know when we get a token and that is more than

any other church on earth ever gets—that is, a token. Now let me tell you, I got a token!"

"A token?"

"My God!"

"A token, Pap?"

"Yes—now you keep your hats on, I got a token."

"What was it? What did it say?"

"It said I was to leave you tonight at ten o'clock."

"My God!"

"A token!"

"Now take it easy. I am goin to change worlds tonight at ten o'clock. I can show that I am right. I have allus told you that the Forty-Gallon Baptis was right. You can't get a token among the Free Willers. Now I want all the Free Willers in this neighborhood in here tonight. I want to show them somethin that I can't tell them. They won't be Free Willers attter tonight when they see what I have told them is goin to come to pass. I want them to be my neighbors in Heaven and live on adjoining farms. So I want you to get on a mule, Little Eif, and invite the neighbors in for supper tonight. I want you to ask Hull Hillman, Bunion Thacker, Hillman Taylor, Vice Wormwood, Liebert Collingsworth, Harry Black, Johnas Jurdan, Flint Thompson. They are all Free Willers. Have them bring their wives and oldest children. Don't want too many babies acryin on this precious night. Go up Sand Suck and invite Ian McCleary, Cheery Williams, Foxey Smith, Hal Smith, Bob Hunt, Alexander Sims, Eif Cowley and Ben Frazier. Hurry up now—tell them we've got a big supper and we're goin to have a little church over here. Get Brother Issiac Flint and have him bring over a couple o' dozen of them song books with the old songs in them."

"All right, Pap."

"Now dry up them tears — all of yours."

"A token —"

"I can't stand it," says Treecy. "I'm glad we got most of the cookin done already."

"Dry up your tears," says Eif. "This is somethin that happens in every man's and every woman's life. It is just achangin worlds — somethin like agoin from my farm over into Wormwood's farm. It is just a little change. It is better to get a token and know about it and get things fixed up about the place than it is to kick the bucket all of a sudden. You know that, Treecy."

"I don't know," says Treecy. "It's hard any way you take it. It's hard to give up a loved one. How can I go on without you? The children will all marry off and leave me alone — all alone and without you."

"Don't worry about that," says Eif. "You are crossin bridges before you come to them. Take it easy and dry your tears up."

"But how did you get the token?" asks Treecy.

"I got it this mornin when I went to feed the fattenin hogs. A voice come to me and it said: 'Prepare to meet Thy Maker at ten o'clock tonight.' And it come out'n a clean breath of wind. It wasn't no movin dead leaves neither. I know I heard that voice — that little voice acryin — and I'll show you tonight."

IV

Clara Belle and Barbara are putting the steaming food on the big table. Sweet-smelling food: cooked hams with browned gravy; goose, cooked tender and brown, and a pot of dumplings; there is corn-dodger bread and hot biscuits — steam going up from the bread, and mingling with the steam from two pots of coffee; buttermilk, sweet milk, to drink; apples,

peaches, pears, apricots, apple jelly, peach jelly, blackberry jelly, and wild grape jelly; quail on a heaped-up platter with another plate of brown quail gravy; rabbits on a heaped-up platter with a dish of rabbit gravy; five stewed hens and a couple of roasted ducks; pies, cakes, and wine; blackberry cobbler, cider, potatoes, fall beans, soup beans, and leather britches. Food on the big table ready for Big Eif Porter's last supper.

Now the crowd is coming. They tie their mules to the paling fence and to the apple trees and to the posts in the barn lot fence. A few men come riding on their mules — men in the saddles and their wives riding behind them on quilts spread on the mules' backs. A few come over the rough roads in buggies. It looks like church to see the crowd. Here is Brother Issiac Flint with about twenty song books. The whole crowd invited must be here and many more from the looks of the mules tied to the palings and the posts in the barn lot. The mules snicker to each other and the dogs bark at the strange animals tied about the place.

"Come in all of you," says Big Eif. "Come right in. Supper is ready right now. Hope you are all empty and hollar as gourds. Want you to clean up this table of grub, want you to eat and be happy, and atter we eat we want a little prayer meetin and a few testimonies."

There is much speaking and shaking of hands. Neighbors five miles apart haven't seen each other for two months or perhaps longer. Then they begin to drop round the big table in the long log kitchen with its rough walls and puncheon floors.

"Fill up these cheers right here, boys," says Eif. "And right over here there is a big bench that will seat about twenty of you. We got room here for fifty more. Now don't be bashful. I want you to help

yourselves. Brother Issiac Flint will ask the blessin’."

And then he says, "Let's stand please and sing one verse of 'Lord, I'm Comin Home'."

And then, "Be seated now and partake of the grub."

"Just why all this good supper of a sudden, Brother Eif?" asks Bunion Thacker. "Why call us in so sudden like? W'y we're busy as bees gettin in our crop, but when Big Eif Porter calls somethin, we allus come."

"Let's eat now," says Eif, "and I'll tell you atter while. Eat now with me. Eat and be merry for the Book says, 'Tomorrow ye may die.' Now I want you people to eat and be merry. Help yourself."

"Pass me them quails down this way."

"I do like ham and gravy."

"Carve me off a piece of that stewed hen."

"I'll have a biscuit, please."

"Yes, blackberry jam, please."

"I'll take coffee to drink."

"Buttermilk for me."

"More bread — corn-dodger bread, please."

"Beans around this table are agoin beggin, ain't they?"

"Not these fall beans. Never tasted anythin better 'n my life."

"You know I like a good old table filled with grub and I like to set down and eat and eat until my stomach is tight as a banjer head. Then I wish that I had another stomach."

"Boy, this is the best grub I ever tasted and the fullest table that I ever put my feet under."

"Pass me the stewed hen, please."

"I'll take a little of that roasted goose. Move that dish o' beans there. Ain't it in the way of your elbows?"

"Pass me some sorghum lasses down this way."

"I'll take some maple syrup, please."

"Now reach and help yourselves everybody," says Eif. "Don't no one go away from my table peeved or hungry. Got plenty of good old taste-bud backer for you to smoke when you get through here."

"Don't worry — we ain't goin to leave a table like this feelin hungry."

"A little rabbit this way, please. Law, but I do love them brown rabbit legs."

"Ain't half as good as roasted goose."

"Pass the taters, please."

"A little wine to taper off on."

"I bout had all I can put away. Hate to go away and leave all this grub."

"I got to unloose my belt three holes."

"Yes, I'll take one of them old fashioned taste-bud cigars. Lord, they are good. That smoke is good for a body to inhale."

V

"Well, people," says Big Eif at last, "I just want to tell you that I don't have much longer to be with you."

"What do you mean, Brother Eif — not much longer to be here?"

"You ain't stole no chickens, have you, Brother Eif?"

"No, ain't stole no chickens and ain't harmed no women. Ain't goin to no scaffold," says Eif. "Just goin to change worlds at ten o'clock tonight."

"Change worlds?"

"My lands, change worlds!"

"Yes, I am goin to change worlds."

"How do you know that, Eif Porter?"

"I got a token."

"A token!"

"When did you get a token?"

"This mornin before daylight."

"Where did you get a token?"

"At the pigpen."

"How did it come to you?"

"A voice in the wind," says Eif. "I heard it plain as my wife Treecy speaks to me when she wakes me in the mornin. I know I heard it. You will see tonight what I am tellin you is the truth and is not anythin but the truth."

"I never believed in tokens," says Hull Hillman.

"That is because you are a Free Willer," says Eif. "I ain't got nothin against your church, Hull, but I want to show you the power of mine. Wait just two more hours and you will see what you will see. Now I want my children to come right up here close. I want to tell them about the land in the presence of all you neighbors."

"I want Clara Belle to take this strip of land over here back of Wormwood's that runs with the beech hollow down the hill by the old rail fence to where the old beech tree stands above the slate-bottomed swimmin hole. I want Barbara to take that piece back yander next to Hillman's; it will top up there in a peak by that squirrel-hickory. I want Everett to have this piece with the house on it and the barns and little creek bottoms. I want him to keep his mother Treecy long as she will stay with him. Keep all the family together like a father, long as they will stay with him. I want Little Eif to take the upper house on this place; his boundary will be Cheery Williams' place on the north and the strawberry-shed creek on the west. Gleen, you are to get the rest of the place."

"Now you get about sixty acres of land apiece. It is elbow room for you children and I don't want no fussin and fightin around when I change worlds tonight at ten o'clock. You people are witnesses to this will. It ain't a written will for I don't believe in that among children. Now if

you ever have any trouble, meet back there under the squirrel-hickory where your land jines; get it settled under that tree. I want you to take care of your ground. You know how I got it—I worked for it. I come by it honest."

"Ain't you fooled about changin worlds tonight, Big Eif?" asks Flint Thompson. "What if you don't go? This will be a joke on you."

"You are of little faith, Flint," says Eif. "You are a Free Willer. If you was with me and in the church I'm in you would not ask that question. Tonight, when the clock strikes ten, I'll be partin from this world. I'll be on my way to the next. That is as good as the Word itself."

"What do you hate to leave most?" asks Harry Black.

"I hate to leave all the things that belong to me," says Eif. "I hate to leave my family, for no man has a better set of youngins than I have, nor a better wife. My wife will get up for me at the blackest midnight and make me a biler of coffee—how many women will do that nowadays? I hate to leave my dogs. When I've come in from fox huntin and am plantin corn the next day or a plowin, and if I happen to fall asleep, them hounds of mine and my bird dog will lay right down beside me and watch over me. I love my dogs and they love me. All the livestock on this place will follow me. I feed it. I won't allow a brute whopped around in my presence for I feel like they allus wanted to speak and tell me their troubles. I'd whop a man quicker than I would a brute. I hate to leave my land. Just think how I have worked to build that land up, worked to own it, bought a little strip here and a little strip there and at last I own three hundred acres—just enough room for a body to get proper elbow room. Now I have to

leave it all. But I'm goin to another farm, don't you doubt. All I hope is that I get the joy of livin there that I got on this farm."

"I've heard it said there was tokens that told people things," says Hillman Taylor. "They come like headless men or in the forms of a light, and they speak to people. I've heard of them comin in the forms of a shepherd dog at night or a pig that run across the road and squealed. But I never heard of one in the wind before."

"Well, people," says Eif, "you'll believe me, won't you, when I tell you that I was wide awake feedin the hogs and heard that voice in the wind? It wasn't no dead leaves neither. It was the voice that summons a body. I ain't an hour here now."

"Where are you goin to be buried, Brother Eif?" asks Bob Hunt. "And who is goin to preach your funeral?"

"I am goin to be buried back on Graveyard Pint," says Eif. "Buried back there by my little ones, my Pap and Ma. Treecy's Pap and Ma is buried back there too. Brother Issiac Flint is goin to preach my funeral. He believes that I'm goin as I said I was goin at the appointed time that I'm called. I don't know why they want to rush me to Heaven at that certain time unless it is to plow some ground or clear some land of brush and briars. The Lord will find me a good worker and a honest man. I am a solid man too. That is why the Lord wants me, I guess. They ain't no use to shed any tears, youngins. Take it easy these minutes I've got to be here with you. Don't make my life miserable here these last few minutes."

"It is time for you to dress yourself and shave, Eif," says Treecy. "I've laid your clothes out. You told me to warn you when nine o'clock come. Your clean clothes are layin in there on the bed where I've allus put them for you."

VI

Big Eif pours hot water from the tea kettle. He makes a lather on the soap in the mug. He puts the lather on his sawbriar beard. He uses the long black-handled straight razor with ease. His whiskers rip-rip and he puts them on a piece of brown sugar sack and throws them in the kitchen stove. He puts on his Sunday suit, his black derby hat, his clean blue shirt open at the collar. He never wore a necktie in his life. "I never wore a necktie here on earth and I won't need one in Heaven." He puts on his Sunday shoes. He walks back out before the crowd gathered at his home.

"It won't be long now will it, Brother Eif?" says Brother Issiac Flint.

"Only a matter of minutes now," says Eif.

"Do you really want to go?" asks Flint Thompson.

"Yes, Flint," says Eif, "it is a part of my duty same as bein born was a part of my duty. I am ready. I have no apologies to make; no confessions. I have lived till I could go to bed at night and sleep. I never bothered anybody's chicken roost. I have never bothered my neighbor's wife. I never stole from my neighbor. I've prayed to the Master often and when my summons comes I am ready. I never got into anythin that kept me away from the Master. I'll see the Master by eleven tonight. I guess it'll take me about a hour to get up that long ladder a body's got to go up before he gets to Heaven."

"Pap, I'll do the best I can with everythin," says Everett. "I see now why you didn't work this mornin. The best luck to you, Pap, on your long voyage."

"So live my son that you won't dread it," says Eif. "Be good, Barbara, you and Clara Belle. Gleen, you and young Eif help Ever-

ett to carry on. Be good solid men. Be honest. Treecy, it won't be long till we'll be together again."

"Five minutes till ten."

"Let me tell you somethin before I go," says Eif. "My Pap was called by a token and changed worlds at the appinted time. My Pap's Pap was called by a token and he changed worlds in the appinted time. I have no fear. Now, I want you all to be my neighbors in Heaven and I want all the Free Willers to step in this room with me and wait for the clock to strike ten."

The silent men get up and walk into the bed room where the bed has a goose-feather tick on it and has just been dressed with clean sheets and clean pillow cases. Big Eif stretches full length on the bed. He is long as the bed is long. He looks at the ceiling.

"One minute."

"I hear the death bells," says Eif. "I hear them singin. I see my Pap and Ma. They are atter me."

"It is all over," says Hull Hillman. "I never seed anythin like that in my life or heard tell of it."

"Is this a dream?" asks Harry Black.

"No, this is not a dream," says Hull. "Everythin is real. See the man there dead. See him on the bed. See the bed post. See the pillows with the white slips. See the clean sheets. Feel the wind comin through the window. See the moon outside the window. Feel of my hand. I am real. This is Hull Hillman. I come in here to see what would happen."

"I never knowed of this happenin in my life before," says Treecy. "I never believed in tokens nor that Baptis Church Big Eif belonged to. Must be somethin that the great Master's got in this church. Calls them right to Heaven. Beats anythin I ever saw."

"Never mind, Treecy," says Hull.

"We'll be of any help to you. We'll take care of the grave and the coffin. Never mind now. Take it easy. We'll see to everythin. Big Eif was one of the best men that ever lived in these hills. He's mightier than a oak. He was solid as the rockcliff over there above his cornfield. We'll miss Big Eif. But he's better off than we are here. Take it easy."

"Just to think," says Treecy, "we planned to buy more land next Spring and raise bigger crops. Big Eif is gone. Ain't nuthin for me to live for with him gone."

"Take it easy now, Treecy," says Hull. "And I guess some of us had better set up here tonight. All of such a sudden it left you tore up a little."

There is a noise of talk in the house.

"Beats anythin I ever heard tell of."

"How did he know he was goin to change worlds?"

"I tell you there is somethin to them Baptis. They ain't to be made fun of around where I am no longer. They are God-fearin people. They are good people. They must have direct communion with the Spirit."

VII

The people are leaving. They are getting on their mules. The mules whinny to each other and the wind blows through the apple trees and the dogs bark. There is weeping in the house.

"Day atter tomorrow the mules will haul a different kind of load over the rough roads," says Everett. "Yes, I understand. The mules with their feet diggin into the earth will haul a wagon up the Pint with a box in it and a whole crowd of people will be followin. It will not be a load of cane-fodder. It will be my father. My Pap. Yes, I understand."

Yes: the harness will jingle. The mules will steep their shoe toes into the hard earth. The driver will say, "Get up there, Jack! Whoa back there, Barniel! Whoa, boys! Whoa-whoa—" The wind will blow. The dead leaves will keep falling, falling like the rain. There will be a fresh hole where the dirt is piled high. There will be a crowd and they will read a line of "Lord, I'm Comin Home." Then they will sing that line and Brother Issiac will crumble in some dirt and say a few words and the leather checklines will be pulled up and the spoons filled with dirt will fill the hole. The mules will go back down the hill, holding back the creaking wagon. Their red tassels will be flying in the bright October wind.



UNREST

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

HE is forsaken, now: he grieves.
He fretfully strolls the impassive
field in wonder.

He broods by the fountain; he lies under
The tree that lifts an edifice of leaves.

He cannot forget, try as he will.
He would become the beast, wild and
debased,
The serpent, the stag; but uneffaced
Her mouth still taunts him past the
farthest hill.

No shape he assumes can disposes
The spectre: whether he be the hound,
and harry,
Or the frightened fox, pursued and wary—
He can elude her never, nonetheless.

He looks to the stars, and meets her stare.
He listens, and thinks: the flutter of leaves
falling.
It is her voice, and she is calling.
He rages, rises, flees; she is anywhere.

CONFESSIONS OF A CLERGYMAN

ANONYMOUS

I AM a clergyman. I am 45 years of age, and I have been ordained just twenty years. During that period of time I have left undone almost all the things that the general public thinks I ought to have done. Likewise I have done many of the things which the people of the present day think that I ought not to have done. During all those years that have elapsed since my ordination I have never yet worn a frock coat, a standing collar, or a white tie; I have never yet uttered an extemporaneous prayer, nor have I ever stood at the door of the church at the close of service, shaking hands with the people and seeking comments upon my sermon. Sermons are the least of my concerns and my pet aversion is hearing myself talk.

During my twenty years in office, I have never yet delivered a temperance sermon, never attended a temperance meeting, nor to the best of my knowledge have I ever heard a sermon, lecture or address upon the subject. Within twenty years I have attended but three meetings of women's organizations. I make very few social calls. I remain in the sacristy during the church service except at those times when I am actually officiating at the altar, or speaking. I have never attended a meeting of the local Church Federation or of any other federation, nor attended a union service of any kind, nor have I ever spoken before the Rotary, the Kiwanis or any other such organization. I have never delivered a baccalaureate address, and in all

my twenty long years of incumbency I have never paid even the slightest attention to such occasions as Mother's Day, Father's Day, Children's Day, or any of the other special days generally observed by the sectarian denominations.

To the best of my knowledge I have never permitted the "Bridal March" from *Lohengrin* to be played at a wedding, I have never omitted the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, I have never taken part in a lodge funeral, nor have I ever buried anybody other than my own communicant members and their immediate families.

In other words, I have tried hard, during the past twenty years, to do just as I pleased, and have paid no attention whatever to all the petty artificialities that annoy the average clergyman. And I have had more fun out of life than the men who are careful to do all these things, lest they offend their people. I have broken all the rules and regulations laid down by my professor of pastoral theology. He used to assure us seminarians that we must observe these rules, or else be compelled to move frequently. I have done none of the things he advised, and I have been in my present parish almost twenty years.

During my years as an ordained cleric, I have done many of the things that are looked upon as unbecoming and unprofessional. For example, I smoke a malodorous pipe. I smoke it on the street if

the mood so strikes me, and I smoke it in the vestry meeting where everybody else smokes. But I will not permit a lighted pipe, cigar or cigarette within the church proper. I enjoy a glass of beer or ale, and now and then I indulge in a highball, a cocktail or a gin buck, all of which I drink without shame or apology. I do not hesitate to make use of a complete list of adjectives that are certainly unprofessional to say the least, and yet I have never taken the Lord's name in vain.

In my church services I do all those things which, according to the rules of the theological faculty, are certain to drive away religious people. Although neither a Roman Catholic nor an Episcopalian, I detest the word Protestant, and often say so in as many words. A Protestant means one who protests, a dissatisfied person, a kicker. I have very few things about which to protest, I am not dissatisfied with life, and I see no sound reason for kicking. Hence I cannot possibly think of myself as a Protestant. Although neither Roman nor Anglo-Catholic, I have an altar which is ablaze with many candles; we have acolytes running about in red cassocks; and every Sunday one may see clouds of fragrant incense rising and filling all the church, so that the numbers on the hymn boards become almost obscured. I cross myself devoutly at certain parts of the service; I genuflect toward the altar and I wear eucharistic vestments. Furthermore, I do not know more than three Protestant clergymen by sight, other than those of my own denomination, although I live in one of America's largest cities. And yet all these terrible violations of correct ecclesiastical decorum have not emptied my church. I have a fairly good communicant membership; our attendance is somewhat better than the average. And yet I do not pretend to be popular, and were anybody

to suggest such a thing, those who know me would be ready to defend my name against such a mistaken notion.

II

All this may sound somewhat like an ecclesiastical believe-it-or-not document. Yet the facts are here set down accurately, true to the last detail. Stranger yet, I belong to a denomination whose clergy do a great many of the things I do. Most of them smoke at least a pipe, most of them drink beer with moderation, they shun publicity, they avoid temperance meetings, church federations and Union Thanksgiving services, and most of them know nothing of Mother's Day and Fire Prevention Sunday. Our denomination is one of the strongest, numerically speaking, in America, and it enjoys a steady, healthy growth from year to year.

The psychology of my methods is extremely simple. People are not possessed of uniformity of taste. There are some who love sentimentalism in religion, and some who dislike it. The Protestants of our country seem to disregard this simple truth; they set themselves at the task of trying to fit everybody to the Procrustean bed of their own fabrication. They are unaware that many people are not in the least moved by such hymns as "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Then I Walked with Him, and I Talked with Him." And many communicants do not care to sing the Long Meter Doxology in order to give the pastor a chance to rush down the side aisle to the door, and shake hands with everybody.

It is assumed by most people, and especially by the clergy, that people are eager to have their pastor call upon them socially. Professors of practical theology the world over assure their students that "a

house-going pastor means a church-going people." But not all people are so constituted. It may have been so in the old pioneer days, before newspapers and radios and picture shows. In the early days of our country the clergyman's visit was a welcome break in the monotony of life. He called on every family four times a year, and whether he realized it or not, he brought with him the news of the great outside world and all the gossip of the parish. He inquired into the spiritual state of the family. The hymn book was brought out and he sat at the old parlor organ and played and sang "Hold the Fort," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," the family lustily joining their voices with his. Then he would lead them in extemporaneous prayer.

Times have changed. People are not so anxious today to see their pastor. The daily paper, the radio and the picture show keep them informed as to what is going on in the world. The parish paper and the weekly church bulletin supply all the needed vital statistics of the congregation. There are no parlor organs in our homes today, and the latest song hits are more popular than Moody and Sankey hymns.

Clergymen of today are not under the same restrictions as were their predecessors. Even twenty years ago it was unusual to see a clergyman smoke. If he smoked, it was done in private, and late at night. After the World War things changed. Not only did girls and women take to cigarettes, but many a clergyman carried his pipe to conference meetings, and even to the sessions of his own vestry. And when Prohibition made us a nation of drinking people, more than one clergyman was caught in the net of the erstwhile demon rum, and he began to experiment

in the quiet of his home with such horrible things as ginger ale with a dash of liquor and a few lumps of ice.

The same age had its effect upon clerical attire. When I was a boy, all Roman Catholic priests, all Episcopalians and some of the Lutherans wore clerical vests and collars. But the parsons of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and other such Protestant denominations generally wore dark clothing, standing collars and white lawn ties. On Sunday they always appeared in frock coats, with Oxford Bibles under their arms. Not so today. The parsons of the Protestant churches dress in current business attire, and if a man appears at a funeral in a frock coat or in formal morning clothes, he is almost sure to be the funeral director.

Although theological seminaries and Protestant divinity schools continue to teach their students to utter extemporaneous prayers, yet the old prejudice against a "prayer read out of a book" has all but disappeared. People have discovered that those very book-prayers are generally expressed in beautiful English, and are brief and to the point. *Ex corde* prayers are generally lacking in these most pleasant characteristics. And when the church service is ended, most people are anxious to hurry home and get started on the Sunday afternoon motor trip. They are not anxious to stand in the church door and chat with the pastor, and assure him that they enjoyed his sermon. The average clergyman finds that he can get along nicely if he omits this after-service handshaking with friend and foe. Few clergymen, down in their hearts, liked to do this, any more than they liked to make social calls. It was only a dread of unpopularity that prompted them. Today a man may be unpopular, and yet qualify as a clergyman in many a parish, for in our busy

age people lay less stress upon personal likes and dislikes. Many a clergyman of the present day might stay away from the meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Sewing Circle, and never lower himself in the estimation of his congregation.

Conditions have changed during these twenty years that I have devoted to doing as I please, yet other things have sprung up to take their places. My church members do not expect me to do much house-to-house visiting, but I do find that I have to spend considerable time at the typewriter, which my clerical ancestors would have regarded with horror. An ability to operate an addressing machine and a power-driven multigraph without losing one's temper is another present-day pastoral necessity. One cannot always obtain office help at odd hours. When my church members telephone me late in the evening, and apologize for having disturbed my study of next Sunday's text, I smile to myself. It was only my task of arranging four or five hundred addressing machine plates in alphabetical order that was interrupted.

If I have neglected completely to observe George Washington Sunday, Rally Day, Decision Day, Anti-Tuberculosis Sunday and all the other sectarian festivals and holy days, it has not seemed to annoy anybody in the least. In fact I have yet to hear the first man say that he missed it. My denomination still adheres to a complete church year, with Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Whitsunday and the long Trinity season. These, with their many festivals, seem to satisfy everybody, and we have no need for those holy days that glorify mere man. Neither do my people want special attractions, stunts and entertainments.

All this reminds me of an incident that occurred some years ago in one of our

large cities. There was an old pastor who violated all the rules of Protestant ecclesiastical propriety. He wore uncreased clothing, he smoked a long stogie on the streets, he drank beer with his elders, and he avoided all association with the local Federation of Protestant Ministers. He ignored all the current fads that were supposed to bring people to church in great numbers. He had no parish house, no church suppers, no ice cream socials on the church lawn and no minstrel shows. And yet his church was filled every Sunday, and on all the week-day festivals. The local Church Federation sent a committee to see him, and to ask what attractions he used to fill his church.

"I have no attractions, no entertainments, and I do nothing to make the services interesting," he told them. "You have all those things, and still your pews are empty. I have none of them, and my church is always filled. The people do not really want to be attracted, entertained and interested. Just give them the old-time truth, and they will come. Why should a man try to walk with crutches when he has two sound feet?"

The committee of federated churchmen may have learned a bit of hardheaded psychology that day. The department stores of their city that depended upon conservative sales methods all seemed to get the crowds. Those that resorted to sensational cloth fronts, half-price sales and other commercial ballyhoo, seemed to be constantly upon a shaky footing. Perhaps the old pastor was right. It is possible that most people are not anxious to be attracted and interested.

III

Assuming, therefore, that the tastes of people are not entirely standardized, I

shall continue to plod along in my unregenerate way, studiously violating all the little rules and regulations that are supposed to make one popular, and to bring him outstanding success. Many people will avoid me. I have never refused to bury a murderer or a suicide, for the simple reason that I have never been asked to do so. I have never refused to marry a divorced person because divorced people never ask me to perform the ceremony. I have never officiated at a wedding at a food show, in an aeroplane or clad in a bathing suit. People know better than to ask me. Nobody has ever requested the song "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling" at a funeral with which I have had any connection. People who desire such things have never been attracted to my church.

Now and then somebody has said something about my many peculiarities, but I have paid no heed. There are a dozen churches on my street. Why should I endeavor to offer the passing public exactly the same brand of religion, and wrapped up in precisely the same sort of package, as the other eleven? Were every grocery store in town to sell exactly the same brand and grade of food, would it be considered good business? I am not ashamed to confess that I have broken nearly all the traditional rules of the game, deliberately, consistently and without repenting of my sins against uniformity. I have done

it for twenty years, and I hope to be able to do it for twenty years to come.

I am foolish enough to believe that many of the things taught in even our best theological schools are pure huey. I have never yet discarded a single detail of traditional Christianity. Doctrinally I am considered somewhat more than kosher. But in that subdivision of theological science known as Pastoral Theology (and generally taught by an elderly clergyman who has never been much of a howling success as a parish priest), I believe that there is yet something to be learned. In striving to make ourselves acceptable to the people, we have merely made ourselves artificial. The average clergyman dresses in a peculiar manner, he employs artificial diction and word construction, he cultivates a melancholy voice and he declares the love of God with his fist and the joys of the Christian life in a minor key. He pretends to forgive and forget every insult, and to love everybody, but within his heart he is unable to live up to his pretensions.

If my confession, when reduced to writing, seems to be but a catalogue of peculiarities, it is not because I differ at all from other men. I merely differ from some clergymen. And in a community of over a million people, I have discovered during the past two decades that there is a field for my type of religion.

FAREWELL TO MATERIALISM

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

THE matter of literary survival always strikes me as a curious and difficult question. A year or two ago, that distinguished man of letters, Sir J. C. Squire, addressing some kind of meeting or parliament of bookish men, went so far as to state that in his opinion, hardly any famous man of letters of today would be known by name in a hundred years' time; while renown would belong to a few obscure men, scarcely noted or noticed at the present time. Concerning the second half of this prophetic utterance, I must say that I have very grave doubts. I look for precedents of this long deferred renown, and at the moment I fail to find any, amongst prose writers at all events. All, or nearly all of the great books that we still revere, were heartily and loudly welcomed at their first appearance: *Pantagruel*, *Don Quixote*, *The Essays of Montaigne*, *Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, Boswell's *Johnson*, *Pickwick* were praised and bought and read while they were warm from the press. I am afraid I cannot give much comfort to the neglected of the present; it seems likely that the future will be no more kind to them. Walter Savage Landor said that he would dine late, indeed, but in the choicest company. He has proved mistaken. His dinner party has not come off, though at intervals of thirty years or so we are told by important people that we ought to read Landor and enjoy him very much.

But as to the first part of Sir J. C.

Squire's prediction: there I agree. A great many of the writers whose praise fills the review columns of the weighty weeklies, every Saturday and every Sunday of this year 1935, will hardly be known by name to one man in ten thousand in 2035. Mr. Hugh Walpole, indeed, protested warmly at the end of Sir J. C. Squire's speech, but his rebutting example was a little unhappy. He said that the works of Miss Marie Corelli were still in demand at the circulating libraries; and I can imagine that some of the listening authors were rather shocked than gratified by such a support of their case for immortality. But no doubt Sir J. C. Squire was right. Some of the greatest reputations of our age are destined to dwindle and disappear. To leave the living alone: Arnold Bennett will not survive. Not a single character in any one of his books will be recognizable and quotable as a familiar friend in twenty-five years' time. The quickening juice of life is not in him. I doubt whether people will read Conrad much longer. It is possible, hardly probable, that the Forsyte Saga will be studied a hundred years hence by serious girls going in for examinations. Certainly, no one else will look at it save the mere grubbers in library dust, the men who are only interested in books that are hopelessly and eternally forgotten.

And, then, there is another tiresome question that arises. When we speak of survival, what, exactly, do we mean? Test-

ing the matter by the past, by our knowledge of the old books that we confess are still alive, let us take the most illustrious of them all. How many of us—"us" means men who consider themselves interested in books and more or less acquainted with them—how many of us, without reference or investigation, on the mere spur of the moment, are prepared to comment on one of the most familiar quotations from Shakespeare, "A poor thing but mine own"? How many bookish people are aware that no such phrase occurs in *As You Like It*? To continue the test: name, if you can, the author of the lines:

See Winter, from the frozen north
Drives his iron chariot forth!
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweeda's silver flood constrains.

What was *quadrimum*, and how much did it cost on the Great North Road in the first half of the eighteenth century? What did Hafen Slawkenbergins write? What was Teresa Panza's real name—if we are to take her own account of the matter? To put the affair more briefly, I suggest that Mr. Desmond McCarthy was in the right when he suggested that few even among the literate have read the masterpieces that we say have survived; they have merely read in them, which is a different matter. And, to come to the point, the especial point as it happens: to what book were "our fellows" referring when they called Mr. Sparkler, "Quinbus Flestrin junior, or the Young Man Mountain"? The especial point I say, because I want to talk about *Gulliver's Travels*, and I am not sure whether I may take it that this famous book has survived, in the sense that it may be familiar to all the literate. We have all heard of it, I know, and of the Little People, and the Big People, and the Horse People;

but is Gulliver an intimate friend, or a mere acquaintance, or nothing but a vague recollection of the nursery library?

Certainly, the book has had a queerer fate than most books; perhaps the queerest fate that any book ever had. In the days of old Holywell Street, that ran parallel with the Strand, I used to wonder at the doom of the profound Rabelais, ranked behind sixteenth century case-ments with all manner of cheap rubbish that pretended to be bawdy: *Maria Monk*, *Aristotle's Works*, *The Life of Cora Pearl*, *The Mysteries of the Court of St. James*, and a wilderness of such like trash. But stranger still, I think, is the lot that has befallen Dean Swift's ferocious onslaught on the whole race of men. As I have said, it is, or was till yesterday, an established nursery favorite, and the name of the kingdom of the horrible little men has become a caress, a word of fondness. From that pleasant place of observation, the top of a London bus, I once saw a shop devoted to small children's goods. In the window was a sign: Footwear for Lilliput—as if one were to say Juvenal for the Juveniles. I wondered how the Dean would have taken it; but I hardly think that many people would have seen anything particularly odd or incongruous about the announcement. And that very fact makes me suspect that the true nature of this book, familiarly and commonly as we speak of it, is not generally known or appreciated. Yet one would say that the meaning of the text of *Gulliver's Travels* is neither concealed, difficult, nor obscure. Here is an example, from "A Voyage to Brobdingnag."

That which gave me the most uneasiness among these maids of honour, when my nurse carried me to visit them, was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no

sort of consequence; for they would strip themselves to the skin and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet directly before their naked bodies, which, I am sure, to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthread, to say nothing further concerning the rest of their persons.

The purport and intent of this and of many other passages in the like vein are surely clear enough. Swift desired to convey a loathing and horror of the very substance of humanity, to make the things that most men consider beautiful and adorable, hateful and disgusting. He does not attack, you will note, this nation or that, this party or that, this religion or that. He is not reprobating the sins, vices, errors, malignities of man; he is not speaking as a moralist. He is not calling attention to the intellectual failings of his subject, to the dimness and feebleness, to the fallacies which beguile us in our search for the truth. Still less is he troubled by the uncertainties of our artistic vision, by the difficulty experienced by his own age in making up its mind as to the respective merits of Handel and Bononcini. He says: "Here is the object and the end of all your desire, of your poetry, of your imagination, of your art; here is woman. And you see that she is in reality a loathsome and disgusting object. "And, again:

They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted, because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins.

A pretty book for the nursery shelf, to furnish words for the babies' vocabulary.

This queer fate of *Gulliver's Travels* suggests, however, a singular speculation. There are many writers of the last score of years who have endeavored to emulate Swift in the science of the disgusting without having, it would seem, Swift's ferocious object, or so far as appears, any particular object save the feeble desire to be in the fashion, and, by the way, to sell their books. It is generally agreed, among our English critics at all events, that the writers of such books are to be treated with the greatest respect, that their frankness, their unflinching veracity, their firm refusal to sentimentalize life, their fidelity to the fact as they see it, are deserving of the most serious consideration and regard. If a writer deck his pages with the words that nasty little boys chalk on obscure walls, we are told that he is moved to do so by the sheer force of artistic duty; that he is more to be revered for the deed than the martyr giving up his soul in the flames. Very well; but how odd it would be if in a hundred years or so these grave and tremendous works appeared in the booksellers' lists under the heading: "Gift Books for the Young"; if tiny tots, just able to read, were found on the nursery floors absorbed in the fantastic unreason of *The New Oedipus*, and gurgling with delight and happy laughter over the very odd adventures of *A Suburban Sappho*. Of course, *we* know that these books have superseded almost everything in English literature; but in a hundred years?

II

The sense of these passages about the ladies of the Court of Brobdingnag is obvious enough on the surface. They are meant to express Swift's horror and disgust at the mere fact of humanity; and

there is more to the same purpose in "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms." What was the cause behind the horror, how much was due to an incipient disease of the brain, how much to disappointed ambition, how much to Swift's firm conviction that, after the death of Queen Anne, England had finally and fatally taken the wrong turning, is hard to say. But beneath the obvious meaning of these passages, which so vilely defame the ladies' charms, there is something hidden, and so deeply hidden that we must suppose it escaped the notice of the man who wrote them. The doctrine that emerges from all this talk of coarse offensive skins, and bloated moles, and hairs like packthread, is simply this: that in the last resort, all science is a lie. That is: supposing the body of the dead Keats had been anatomized, dissected, summarized under the headings of bones and sinews, of veins and arteries, of nails and teeth, of internal organs and glands and processes, of all the complexes which make up the human body; and if the surgeon in charge having put down all the items in his intricate account, had written at the end: "This is Keats": then he would have lied, just as Bitzer lied when he gave his famous definition of a horse in these set terms:

Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye teeth and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth.

Nobody would know what *Hamlet* was by counting and classifying the letters of the alphabet, the nouns, verbs, adjectives and other parts of speech contained in that masterpiece. Nobody would know what a lily was by conning the jargon that the botanists have written about it. Nobody

would know what a good dinner was by the recitation of the proteins and carbohydrates that composed it. Nobody would know what Rembrandt's *Mill* was by being presented with a catalogue of the earths and oils which the artist used in painting it. Imagine going to the laboratory for the character of a famous Burgundy of a golden year. The chemist's business is to seek for poisons, not for the secrets of a noble wine.

Or—let it be said again—in the last resort all science is a lie. A lie, that is, when brought to bear witness in the court of the arts, in the court of life, in the secret places of reality. A lie, even, if taken into consultation over a good dish and a bottle of Opimian, though useful, no doubt, in its own confined and inferior region.

And that false doctrine of science is the doctrine which lies beneath Swift's account of the ladies of the country of the giants. With regard to them and their skins and the rest of it, the eyes and nose of Gulliver were powerful scientific instruments of vast magnification. We cannot be Gullivers or become familiar in the land of Brobdingnag; but we can get instruments of far higher powers than his eyes and apply them to the world, if we will. We can put the visage of the Beloved under our microscope and discover it to be an ugly and unseemly thing. With spectacles of the right power we find the painter's masterpiece to be mere senseless and formless confusion; using the same glasses, we see the loveliest landscapes in the world are nothing but blur and mist. In a word, with the instruments and microscopes of the black magic of science, we can demonstrate that all beauty is ugliness, that all form is formless, that the seer's vision is a drunkard's delirium, that the highest sense is nonsense, and that significance is utterly insignificant. Who would be such a fool, it may be asked,

as to apply such tests or anything analogous with them?

The answer is that the processes indicated are closely analogous with much of the criticism and a great deal of the creative practice of the present day. It was only a few months ago that I saw an article in a weekly paper of high repute which undertook among other things to restate Keats for us in the light of modern literary science. The first thing done was to apply the Gulliver glasses to the magistral *Ode to a Nightingale*—which, beyond doubt, is sheer miracle and magic. Keats, said our critic, a very well-known man in his craft, had no imagination, but only fancy, a very inferior faculty. And the reason for this notable depreciation and readjustment? Why, Keats wrote: “Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!”—and we all know, perfectly well, that nightingales are born for death, and that they do, in fact, die. The poet, therefore, has been guilty of making a statement contrary to the laws of science, and therefore again has no imagination but only fancy. I wish the critic had proceeded in this vein of his, and applied his instruments—apparently Sam Weller’s “patent double million magnifyin’ microscopes of hiextra power”—to the work of Shelley, and put him in his place. Shelley wrote an *Ode to a Skylark*, and began:

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

What an opportunity missed! Here is a man who talks about heaven. We won’t press him too hard on that point, we will allow, handsomely, that he does not intend to make the word carry its usual weight of nonsensical theological dogma, or any “Which art in heaven” implications. But

we will ask him whether he believes that anywhere in the constitution of things there is a place or a state of perfect happiness and beauty, and if he does believe in any such preposterous nonsense, to be so good as to state his reasons for this belief. Of course, he may say that he simply means by heaven, the sky. If so, it is a pity that he did not say sky, or rather, stratosphere. But even if this explanation be accepted, we must point out that larks are never found in this region, or anywhere near it, and, anyhow, they wouldn’t like it if they got there. But there is hardly any need to discuss this or any other matter with a man who states quite definitely that larks are not birds and never were birds, but blithe spirits. And, after that, there is no more to be said. And, if we go on applying our test, our Gulliver Process, what shall we make of the well-known *Song* in *The Tempest*?

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

There is not a word of truth in it; it is a mess of bad science. Where is Shakespeare’s imagination now? The man for our modern money is the artist who chose the subject of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds, and made the Saint a squat figure in a friar’s frock, and the birds fat geese. The beautiful is shown to be ridiculous; the artist has the veritable Gulliver touch.

There is one thing to be noted about all these moderns, these Gulliver process fellows, these adepts of a new alchemy, with their *magnum opus* of transmuting all the beauty and delight of the world into filth and ugliness and loathing; and that is that the science which guides them is

long obsolete. Sixty or seventy years ago, perhaps, there were dabblers in science, not, certainly, true men of science, who believed that the microscope, let us say, showed you what the object under observation really was. "Here," they might say, "is a surface which seems to you of an exquisite smoothness, with the tint of a delicate rose: look at it now, and you will see that it is really rough and corrugated, pitted and scarred like a telescopic view of the moon; that the delicate color you admired is a rattle of great spots, rather resembling a putrid eruption than the blush of the rose." And, if you were simple, you might go away sorry that the thing you had admired was really like that. A later and a deeper science has informed us that there is no "really" in the case, that the reality is no more like the object observed by the microscope than that object when seen by unassisted vision. The thing in itself, the reality, is never to be found; it vanishes into the invisible conjectured land of the electrons; it becomes a manifestation of the eternal energy, a part of an infinite cosmos, like the sun and the stars. Its end is a great glory, a firm order, a shining mystery. After all, even if we make the appeal to science, there is a great deal to be said for the happy ending.

III

Here it may as well be stated, very firmly, that this is no plea for the extreme Victorians and their false axiom, that literature must never touch on anything unpleasant, or on anything that might not be discussed in the vicarage drawing room in the presence of the young people. This nonsense, which would have put most of the masterpieces of the past—certainly the works of Shakespeare—on the index of prohibited books, manifested itself in ways scarcely

credible to us, who have gone to the other and the worse extreme, and seem to hold that filth is synonymous with genius. I had occasion some time ago to quote Shirley's poem, beginning:

The glories of our blood and state

and I was set right by a correspondent, who referred me to some anthology or collection of *Gems of English Poetry*, published in the forties of the last century, in which the line went—

The glories of our birth and state

I have no doubt that the *Gems* was a book, cloth, gilt, meant to adorn the center table of the polite drawing rooms of vicarages, mansions, and villas. The editor felt that blood was not a nice word, that its suggestions were decidedly unpleasant; and so it was softened by him into birth. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge was rebuked by an elderly lady for defining the heart as a pump for blood: it might be true, but it was not nice. With this nonsense we have nothing to do, though, by the way, our recognition that it is nonsense need not make us select charts of the intestines, colored to the life, as suitable ornaments for the walls of dining room or living room.

But, as I was saying, the masters of literature do not shrink from the unpleasant. The topics of the two greatest plays in the world are extremely unpleasant. The *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles is the story of a man who murders his father and marries his mother: Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is murder and lust and madness; and it is the Christian, not the pagan poet who is the franker in his speech, the more intimate in his manner of allusion. There are gross things in *Hamlet*; none in *Oedipus*. The pagans held, and held wisely, that gross speech is matter for comedy; they did not

see, as Shakespeare saw, that in art as in life, comedy and tragedy may be mingled. But in neither play is there the faintest resemblance between the unpleasantness or the grossness of these masterpieces and the work of the moderns, who drag in their nastiness by the heels, since it is the real object and the only object of their work. Dickens in *David Copperfield* shows us the man in the debtor's prison, his squalid mistress, and his two daughters with heads of hair all lousy; but it needs not to be said that verminous hair is not the reason of *David Copperfield*. You have your mole, but you do not make it as big as a trencher; you do not suffer your lice to crawl over every page of your book.

It was natural enough, perhaps, that the absurd over-delicacy and false delicacy of some, by no means all of the Victorians, should bring about a reaction, a violent impulse to the opposite extreme. I say, advisedly, "some, by no means all" of the Victorians. We have just seen that Dickens did not hesitate to picture sheer squalor and nastiness if he thought such matter was to his purpose; and those who doubt his ability to be frank on occasion are referred to his description of the birth of Little Dorrit in the Marshalsea Prison. True, there are no lice here; but there are plenty of flies, bloated, as the midwife says, by feeding in the stables, in the premises devoted to the paunch trade and in the burying ground. All thoroughly realistic—to use a term most vilely misapplied. Equally direct in another way were Swinburne and Rossetti: the first series of *Poems and Ballads* is not reticent in its treatment of physical passion, and Rossetti's *Jenny* is a man's meditation on the harlot who is his night's companion. Still, there was a great deal of silly prudery abroad, and the change when it came was naturally violent and excessive. Then, the

efforts of Anglican bishops, deans and dignitaries generally to move with the times and to get abreast with the obsolete science of fifty years before, confused simple minds, and made many hold that the distinctions between right and wrong, good and evil, were childish medievalisms and terribly unmodern. There was a general desire to be broadminded, not to be passionately certain that triangles had three sides, not to be harshly dogmatic in questions of morals. There was a feeling that the heroic was, at least, suspect, and in all probability rather silly. People smiled a little when General Gordon was mentioned, and I think that there were circles where you would apologize for bringing your friend, the V.C.: "He's quite all right when you know him." Was Florence Nightingale a bit of a sneak, after all? And wasn't there something rather fine (if you could cast off your Victorian limitations) in Charley Peace? You may call him a murderer, but what else (in all probability) is your V.C.? Modern thought declines to make a distinction between the two; saving this point, that whereas the soldier kills to order, Peace expressed himself freely, and so the balance seems on Peace's side. And there are certainly many influential quarters where it is held as an article outside debate that the cause of the Russian Soviets is the cause of freedom, as opposed to tyranny and reaction. And he who can make that profession may be held to be convinced of the existence of two-sided triangles.

To cut a long story short: from one cause and another there was a very general state of mental confusion in most regions of human thought, art and action. I heard a very well-known art critic declare that he saw nothing amiss in an artist sitting down before a square bit of toast, painting a pink triangle, and calling the picture

Dry Toast. It is widely maintained, also, that there is something contemptible in imitating the art of the civilized Middle Ages, the ages of Dante, and Rheims Cathedral, and the *Morte D'Arthur*; while the imitation of the art of uncivilized savages is essentially noble and modern. And, when to the various causes I have reckoned up, you add the terrific shock of the war, I do not think that the resultant confusion is to be wondered at.

It is whispered that in those bad old Victorian days, when maiden ladies were quite terrifically virginal and used delicate and complicated periphrases for almost everything seen or done, there were sometimes unspeakable and incomprehensible outbreaks in the dentist's chair. Miss Prymme, the curate's middle-aged sister, recovering from her dose of nitrous oxide, would now and then open her wounded mouth, and to the horror—or amusement—of the dentist and anaesthetist pour out such a flood of shrieking obscenities as neither man had heard delivered so copiously before. Words from old books and old dark walls of railway arches made Landseer's pictures shiver, and may have brought back ancient memories to the figures in "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time"; and then, in a minute or two, Miss Prymme was murmuring in her gentle faded voice her "thanks to the skill of you two gentlemen, positively no pain at all."

And, really, she was not at all to be blamed. Her outrageous utterance was the result of the gas and the shock of the extraction, producing between them confusion. So the gas of the broadminded bishops and deans, of the advanced and liberal thinkers, generally coupled with the grievous shock of the war, has produced a like confusion, causing our modern novelists to write down in their books the very words with which Miss Prymme turned the doctor

and the dentist pale—or purple. Undoubtedly, this said confusion is a grievous one: things have come to a bad pass when many people fail to see any particular difference between self-sacrificing love and a cesspool. Or, rather, I should say that they incline to prefer the cesspool, since it is frank and the truth about life, and stark; while the other matter is certainly sentimental, and is, most likely, a complex, an inhibition, and a libido as well.

And the end of it all? There can be no sure answer to that. It may be that a new barbarism, far worse than the old barbarism that overwhelmed the Roman Empire, is upon us. The Huns and Goths and Vandals were destructive, and that was bad: the new invasion will be constructive, and that will be horrible. Our descendants may live in rooms like this doctor's waiting room, recently described thus:

Gone is the drab wallpaper, the musty carpet, the Victorian furniture, and last year's magazines laid around a mahogany table. What you see will remind you of a 1935 glass and chromium room in a Cochran revue. It has one wall dead black and the other three bright yellow. The ceiling is black and the carpet near-black. There is a narrow glass table jutting out from one wall, and along it is a long seat of black wood upholstered in bright green. Another L-shaped black and green seat flanks the wall on the other side, and in addition there are three chromium chairs with black canvas seats.

Two recesses, one on each side of what used to be the fireplace, and is now covered in, have glass bookshelves, concealed lighting and huge mirrors at the back.

And we may judge pretty well what the inhabitants of such rooms will be like, what their painting and sculpture and literature will be. But we must hope for better things, and above all for the restoration of the great power of the imagination to imaginative literature. Crass and imbecile mate-

rialism is gone forever, and in its place we have the recognition that, in its ultimates, all being is a profound mystery. For my part, I have never felt the need of scientific backing of any kind. The old science, as I have said, was a lie; but it is over and ended. The new science is simply telling us in its own language the secrets which have always been known to the visionaries and the poets and the makers of music and of romances. All these knew, some in their minds but all in their hearts, that we live in a world of symbols; of sensible perishable things which both veil and reveal spiritual and living and eternal realities; and that order and reason (in the high significance which Coleridge gave the word), not disorder and nonsense, are the end and crown of all.

Maurois, the French critic, acutely remarks how Dickens made poetry out of comfort; a homely, a mere bodily thing that apparently has little to do with poetry. Yet, as Maurois sees, out of a dingy London street on a dark evening with a chill and a drizzle in the air, Dickens by cheerful suggestions of muffins well buttered, and cups of hot tea, and the fire stirred into a blaze of welcome for a tired man's return, makes a something that is an enchantment and a delight; a small thing, if you will, but a wonderful thing; a little glass of vision.

It is strange but it is true that the materialists almost always despise material things, such as muffins for example. But we have done with the materialists. *Concludum est contra manicheos.*



CHORUS FOR REFUSAL

BY MARGARET MARKS

IN THE dark room of her disinclination
 She does rehearse how best she may say no,
 Sharply or sweet to mouth it, high or low,
 And stressed by the hand's lifting, or the head
 Most levelly and in all kindness shaken;
 Tries over the quick syllable, and the slow,
 And finds some methods good and some mistaken.

And as she walks in practice to and fro,
 Behind her walk the disinclining dead,
 Mimicking, lipless, her mouth shaped to no,
 Mimicking, too, her delicate gestured no
 With the hand's skeleton and the bony head.

KNOWN AS A DIVERSION

BY SEAN LINNEHAN

THEY should have started in darkness — the rawest one of the lot knew that — but here they were walking into the east with the sun before them. Not that they could see it. It may have been there, somewhere in that blazing emptiness of eastern sky, something that looked like a sun instead of this flame that poured into their hurting eyes from far behind the . . . what — trees? Trees, yes. Trees not bare in winter, green in summer: now with so many changes they were sometimes white, sometimes black, and you were aware of them only when they got between your eyes and the morning. Here it was now, the whole thing roaring bright ahead of them instead of darkness with a chance, and themselves walking silly into a fine kettle.

In the night they had come far and, becoming lost, had bedded not a fling away from their objective — a road with a pretty green slope. Dawn was a great joke on Fred and the officer sprawled in sleep by the side of an abandoned latrine. The awakened men laughed at the sight, and when the officer awoke he was sick. At the order they moved irregularly toward the road laughing quietly, trying not to let him see their laughter, and Fred, (frightened, it being the first time for him like the others) laughed with the rest. Some dirty trick on all of them, falling anywhere on the clods for a snooze and the unbroken road right there.

Down in the road they sat in two lines

on the far slope, sat in the right place with the right men on either side, nervously watching the daytime come and some of the grass green and wet, some dead and wet, not all green as it seemed from the field. Two sharing a can of food, and water out of the can; no smoke and no noise and no kidding about daytime either; that's what it was now. They chewed the green grass and the dead grass but it tasted funny and they knew why. They spat it out and carefully examined the nose clamps and mouthpieces hung on their chests, sat in their correct places, eyes trailing the officer as he crouched by, and day coming down the slope opposite. The officer looked nervous and they became more nervous, sitting quietly in the sunken road, no talking, taking light breaths and an occasional deep one that trembled the ends of their fingers, their uniforms tight across the chest, and tensed muscles beginning to ache, wondering what it would be, worrying about what it would be, and behind their eyes as in a picture the sight of themselves not alive. One of them read *Common Prayer* the wrong way, back to front, turning the left pages with a well-spittled finger; another tended his nails; some fingered their nostrils; and one had a notebook on his knee, a pencil in his right hand and that hand steadied with the left, writing on leaf after leaf, Edward G. Holden, U. S. A., Edward G. Holden, U. S. A., Edward G. Holden, U. S. A., tearing out the leaves and tucking them in his pockets,

his helmet lining, his shoes, his equipment, page after page after page. . . .

With the right men beside him, Fred sat in his place and watched the officer who had been sick walking all bent over, up and down the road looking north mostly, looking back toward the north over his shoulder when he walked south. Sometimes the officer noticed the men sitting there looking at him. He would blush a little and frown as if he had remembered something important and then he would bustle off and whisper to one of the other officers. The men liked him and often made little jokes with him, but they understood that everything was strange now, strange and too sudden and too real. The quiet sharp tap of his heels on the road stopped, and they looked at him standing there facing north, but nothing moved, nothing was moving on the road, and when he finally sat on the grass making gentle blasphemies they let out their breath in unison.

They became aware of one another, looked at one another smiling a little, some leaning back on their elbows, faces to the sky, and many touching their hands to other sleeves. They should have started in darkness, they all knew that much, and here the day at their backs was mirrored on the opposite slope, a foot deep band of it that cancelled their job and left them trembling happily with relief. Maybe some other morning while it was still dark they would go beyond the road, but soon now the officer would stand and they would all go back, quietly. Then some food inside, a good smoke, a lot of jokes and nobody hurt; nobody lost.

II

Fred's stomach knotted up again when he saw the man cycling down the road from

the north. The man wore a blue uniform and white canvas shoes. Though he wasn't going fast his arms jiggled because the front wheel had a spliced rope around it instead of a tire. The officers ran and stood grouped in the center of the road. The cyclist dropped his white feet to the ground, fished out a paper and sat crouched over the handlebars. The captain wrote in a book, the cyclist showed a watch for corrections, then turned his wheel and went bouncing up the road like a bat out of hell.

The men couldn't believe the order; they obeyed it, the lines spread wide with yards between each man, first line kneeling on the slope and second line standing crouched in the road behind them, but dear Holy God, officers—it's daytime! The officer who had slept in that place with Fred knelt over his watch, right hand raised. His men looked at him, hearts kicking in fright and throats choked with it, dry tongues making the shape of words, eyes exchanging the frightful meaning of the words: "This is me . . . this is happening to me. . . ." The two lines strung far behind the slope and there was plenty more than a foot of sunlight showing across the way. The officer smiled (first time for him like the others, but wanting passionately to be a good officer), walked up the slope and waved his hand leisurely above his head. He waved his hand like a brakeman, as if he were doing a delicate job but had done it many times before, and those kneeling arose, placing their feet carefully as they went up the slope, the second line stepping forward and kneeling in turn on the grass. They saw the first line pause when the glare hit their eyes, pause, then walk timidly over the rim and out of sight.

Fred was crying a little when the second line went up the slope, really crying, and

when that blast of light cut at his eyes more tears spilled out, but the smarting caused that. There was never anything like the sun that morning. It went right through Fred's closed eyes; he felt as if the color was being bleached right out of them and for over a minute he walked with his left hand feeling out in front of him like a blind man.

The lines went forward stumbling and sightless, marching in softly broken unison with only the rustle of trouser legs and the pat of accoutrements heard, the heavy boots making no sound on the earth, the earth making a sigh under them, and the men making a sigh unheard in the tap and slither of movement.

The first thing Fred saw when he opened his eyes was a stone shining red as a diamond, just a glimpse of it before it went under his foot, and the next thing he saw was his right hand, startling in its whiteness against the oiled darkness of the rifle stock. He knew the hand was filthy, yet in the strong light it appeared rosy and tender and embarrassing as a girl's. The field, though, was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. The line ahead walked shrouded to the knees in a golden mist and the light fell around them heavy as rain. Gold-sparkled men in a golden mist walking under a white sky toward the far off things of trees. The distant men in his own line had the blurred golden appearance, but those near him and himself seemed only remarkably clean — and that beautiful white hand!

Looking at the field you could not say it was simply earth with a sunrise on it; it was more than that — more living than that — for its scars, veiled in the gentle grass of spring, held a warning the men could feel as they walked the face of it in their dreadful quiet uncertainty. They peered anxiously under the light, ducking

their heads the better to see, but they saw only the trees, indistinct and far away as ever, and the line ahead walking.

How far had they come, how far must they go? Keeping the lines straight had occupied their first moments, had given them a chance to disregard their fright, but now with the lines moving automatically the fear returned. Was there no end to the field? It lay before them, swirling to the rim of the world, themselves trudging steadily yet getting nowhere, the sun burning away the outline of the trees and the silence lying over them with an edge like a knife.

Nothing happened. They had prepared themselves as best they could, each in his own way, for the expected, but none had anticipated this. In the road they had inspected their equipment, reviewed in memory the informal scraps of advice given them by veteran instructors, recited their prayers or curses; they had left the road which was theirs and walked into a quiet golden land, an uncharted land in which they found themselves impotent. Of what use their training? You cannot puncture light or rip the belly out of silence. Listen to it. Nothing at all happened, sun and quiet were the enemy, and because of that they felt doomed — that they would walk their lives away never to see the road again. They thought of this and suddenly, within five paces, they were out of step and the lines were buckling. A hiss of orders swept the lines and they re-formed, slowing to the regular walk, but whatever their reasons may have been in the road and in the first moments, they marched now simply because it proved something to themselves.

Fred was crying again. His feet sprawled and tripped him when he tried to march properly and he was compelled to adopt an odd swinging gait that threw his legs

forward from the hip. His uniform was pasted to his body and the white hand ached, thrusting its pain the whole length of his arm. Yards separated him from the men at either side, yards between them and those beyond, and so down the line. He felt conspicuous and lonely. He had tried not to think, but ahead was the first line, sparse and unprotected as his own, targets seeking a thing they couldn't see. Nothing but sun and the field, and the silence that was like a dirty practical joke. They can see us all right, he thought. The hell with them! He licked at his tears and noted how dull and swollen his tongue felt. He thought: We're up the creek all right . . . someone's ballixed up the whole business . . . we'll get it right between the eyes, no fear. He walked without hope, tears running into his mouth. Walked sobbing across the endless field because it proved something—something bitter and sublime.

III

From far ahead came a clipped chatter, silenced almost before it began, familiar yet strange; a sound he had often heard before, going away from him, but which now came for the first time directly to him. Three men in the first line dropped quietly, lay rolling in the golden haze, and Fred stared at a row of dust bushes sprouting magically, wavering and dissolving in the mist between the lines. He stared unbelieving at a cat that came bounding across the field, tail erect and hair bristling, watched it slide on its haunches to a ludicrous stop when it reached the puffs of dust.

Others were crying now, the retching lifeless sobs of ill-treated children. Voices made obscene undramatic statements. "Almighty God!" shouted one terrified voice.

"Father of all mercies!" At which another shrieked, "Shut up shut up shut up!" There was only the one short burst—a spurt of noise in the silence—then the silence and the men walking through it. The first line closed the gap and floundered on, following the pace and the example of the young man who wanted to be a good officer.

The cat didn't pay any attention to the second line as it passed. Some of the men called, "Kitty, kitty!" but the cat was lost in study of the dust balls. It stalked around the phenomena, then reared swiftly and swatted at the vague outlines with graceful forepaws. Fred watched the cat while it remained in sight, fascinated by its indifference.

His line spread as it neared the three men, spread wide to pass around them, and Fred could see they weren't golden any more. He could not make out who they were. It was hard enough to recognize the men marching beside him, so changed were they, and these men on the ground bore no resemblance to anyone he had ever known. He was sure he knew them yet he could not place them. One just lay there, another was spread awkwardly with round eyes and round mouth making a silent, surprised "oooh," and the third lay on his face, his legs jerking. When Fred was abreast the one with jerking legs pushed himself up and snapped at his shoulder with his teeth. He raised himself with one arm, snapped at the shoulder and fell exhausted, his head and good arm scrabbling in the grass. Fred dropped to his knees, nauseated. Someone booted him and he ran sick and bawling to his place in line, shoulders hunched and one hand on his helmet. His tears caught the light and his eyes felt as if they were full of cut glass. He couldn't see anything but the flame inside his head. The trees were lost

in the glare, the lines, blinded, looked at the ground where their feet walked, avoiding the mounds and holes in their path.

The second silence didn't hold for long. The chattering started again, remote as before, from two directions. From the right came, *pat pat pat pat*, an answering from the left, then the right again, then the two of them half together, *pat pat pat-apata pat pat*. The center of the first line toppled and as the line advanced the gap widened left and right, leaving an irregular wedge of bodies pointing toward the line in the rear, and the second line was dropping a trail from its extremities as it moved forward. Handled, twirling objects, shining black against the sun — seeming to drop from the sun — splintered with a dazzling cough and left a fan of smoke waving in the air. The lines weaved crazily and fell apart into broken groups of individuals, the maneuver became men, and the men, disorganized and beaten, fell to the ground.

The officer was inside the spearhead of bodies. His first line, the remaining ends of it, lay with their faces pressed into the earth not listening to his shouts. He cursed them but he knew it was futile; knew now that he'd never be much of an officer, and doubted if the greatest in the world could make these men rise. Who could blame them? By God, you couldn't see anything! They could only guess at things like this and when they saw their fellows dropping one after the other who could blame them for stopping? The whole thing was cut and dried — impersonal as a lunatic's workshop. For a moment he stood silent and irresolute, then in a last attempt ran to them pleading, and dropped neatly in a blank space of the wedge.

The ragged end of the spray kicked up blades of grass in front of Fred, shot them into the air where they fluttered for a

moment, then glided to the field. A noise reminded him of the day long ago when he had seen a crazy man. It was in a crush of people at a street corner, and the nut, in passing, stooped to Fred and whispered gaily, "Chongedy ongedy onnng. . . ." He felt exactly the same tight horror at the sound of the ricochets whipping past in their rocketing flight, "Chongedy ongedy onnng. . . ."

The chattering, after a few spasmodic warnings, stopped. There were scattered single reports, high pitched and sounding deadly and aimed, but over that noise the voices could be plainly heard. One said, "I want a drink of water, please . . . please give me a glass of nice cold water . . . I'm very thirsty, dear . . . please give me some water. . . ." A thin pleading, over and over and over. A man in a hole held the wet tatter of his hand before him, crying sadly, "Oh my . . . oh my oh my oh my." A man ahead drove those around him frantic. His face was streaked red, he lay on his back strangling and the noise from him was worse than all the others. Scattered about lay men not so much on the earth as in it. They were finished. They had returned to the earth, and heaping it over them could make them no more completely a part of it than they were now. And from the suffering and the mutilated came a whisper, a summons, an unconscious sigh from those returning. . . .

This is what it's like, thought Fred. If any bastard ever asks me, I'll tell him this. I'll tell him everything. About this field, and the noises, and the dying, and lying here like this with a thing in your hands that might as well be a bubble pipe for all the good it is. I'll tell about the man you could smell like an animal with his shattered legs kicking, and trying to draw the pain out of his shoulder with his teeth

like it was a splinter. I'll tell any bastard that wants to know the sight of a man opened up the front with his pants ballooning in the time it took him to fall, splashing his life out in a wave when he hit the ground. And kicking me to my feet like an animal when I got sick, whoever it was, only I'm no better, I got nothing left in me and all I want is to get away from here out of this awful thing, dear Jesus. You walk around in broad daylight. . . . I can't even see a damned thing. . . . He cried with his face in the grass, and prayed some more, and cursed.

IV

There came a shock through the earth that bounced hard against his chin, a rush and a crash, and in a wide sweep, from the north curving down across the plains to the south, the black earth thrust upward through the haze, churned deafeningly before them. In the north, blue figures swarmed out of the pits on the face of Smallpox Hill, raced to the foot and formed their lines close to the crumbling wall. To the south, brown lines marched slowly, the sun making a blaze on their weapons.

The first line of Fred's company ran back, the second line rose and they mingled irresolutely, wondering if they could go back. They didn't wait long. From beyond the wall came quick scattered jabs that roared into the field, and there weren't many standing when the range lifted to the fields behind the road.

It happened quickly. Helpless and bewildered the lines ran, tried to run through it, and for many it was seeing the burnt loud redness before them and earth blackening the sky as the iron went in. Fred ran and was thrown on his back, rose, and was knocked forward by the sweep of a blast from behind. Stunned and deafened,

blood running in his throat and dripping from his nose, he knelt not unaware of his danger but too addled to care. As he rose, something sharp and heavy dug into his shoulder and he felt the breath of a wail on his cheek. He turned his head and there was the cat, wild-eyed, trying to bury its head in his ear. With a steadying hand on its rump, Fred walked toward the road croaking to himself, "Crazy cat bastard . . . of all goddam impositions. . . ."

He walked the field that had been so golden and green, walked through a pall of smoke and earth, watched it rip apart to show the forms of running men and glimpses of the dark line ahead that was the road. Something tripped him and he fell into a hole sending the cat sprawling, but after a rapid doubtful swaying it flung itself back to his shoulder. He had to leave the hole. It would have been fine shelter, but it was newly made, hot, with streamers of heavy smoke bubbling out of it. The cat bounced and yowled in Fred's ear as he slogged along, landing heavily on his heels. There came another push from behind that shoved him stumbling off balance, arms outstretched, then a hard rap on the sole of his boot and when he put that foot on the ground he fell.

It was a relief to lie on the ground not giving a damn, knowing all that might happen, yet without any fear. He looked down his nose at the redness of it, then ahead, seeing the cat's last leap and disappearance into the road. He saw a row of bursts in the field where he had slept, one-two-three-four; watched the clods fall and lighter dust sway gracefully as it settled; looked about him and saw the quietness, indistinct plumes of smoke whirling slowly through the pall, light seeping into the rifts, and it was over—in that field at least. From the look of the field everything must have been as bad as he thought.

It hadn't been just fright. Heads appeared above the slope and men with brassards on their arms, stretcher bearers, ran into the field. Down the line a horse bucked up the slope and galloped unsteadily across the field, trailing straps of harness. The small figure of a man ran after it with a pistol in his hand. The horse would stop, then when the man neared, it would gallop off in another direction. Fred didn't think the horse was hurt until he saw what was hanging from it wasn't all harness.

"How do you feel?" came filtering through the head noises, and Fred turned to see a grinning giant of a fellow looking down at him. "How do you feel?" he shouted again.

"Okay," said Fred, and began to rise but when he put that foot under him it felt like standing in a marsh. One knee on the ground and one foot up, his head going forward slowly, but the big guy caught him, said, "Look out there, kiddo," and then in the big guy's arms he was being carried to that wonderful road. Not so good though. The wet cloth cold, the foot feeling empty, something missing in his head. The wet shirt made him tremble and he hoped the big guy didn't notice it. He could feel the strong legs moving underneath and a voice said, "How's it feel, bein' a punchin' bag, kiddo?" which didn't mean anything except he would float away like a balloon if the big guy didn't hang on. They went sliding down a long hill and Fred was peeved when the big guy let go and he kept going, away down where it was dark because his head was inside an old punching bag full of white-wash.

He was lying at the side of the road when he came out of it. He watched horses trot by. They looked tremendous from the ground and the wheels of the field pieces seemed misshapen as they

rolled past. When he looked toward his feet he saw the top of a man's head, and raised himself just as the man cut the boot away.

The man said, "Hello, Jack," held the boot up, and, "By Jesus, it ripped the sole of it right off!" he said. "How do you feel?"

Fred nodded, looked at the mess uncovered, then looked away. A battery plowed up the slope going full tilt. They'd have some ride across that field. There was a knot of men, a couple of squads, gathered down the road. Some of them sat, heads between knees, and the rest stood there waiting. Fred's company. Waiting for orders. The captain lay with a red-streaked face, the shavetail with the delicate stomach went down as the grass blades danced to the tune of Chongedy ongedy onnng. . . .

"Any officers get back?" Fred asked. The man shook his head. He was carefully slitting the sock. "Sergeant is all I saw but I don't think he can walk." He lifted away the pieces of sock.

Fred saw where the toes were, where the bones, sickly white, now were, and laid himself back on the road. "Not so bad, Jack," the man said.

Not so bad. With a guy swabbing busily at an embryonic limp, nothing inside but a sick loathing and it's not so bad. Well anyway he'd never have to go through it again. He was finished, thank God.

All this time there had been distinct crashes in the east, but suddenly they rose to a sustained roar as of all the noise in the world let loose. The first-aid man listened. "Counter attack!" he shouted. After a few minutes it died away, and leaning again over the foot he said, "I guess the attack's a success. I guess you guys took them in all right."

Fred raised himself. "What do you

mean, 'took them in'?" The first-aid man looked up, surprised. "Don't you know? You guys were just the subsidiary attack. It's known as a diversion," he explained.

Fred heard someone behind him say, "I guess this guy's name must have been Edward G. Holden," and someone else laughed.

A big pack of gauze lay on the wound and he watched the man wrap bandages around the foot. There was a wide stain on the cloth at first, but the man wrapped quickly. The stain got smaller and smaller.

The foot looked like a loaf of unbaked bread stuck on the end of his leg.

He lay back then, waiting to be carried away, and immediately wished he hadn't for as his head touched the ground there came the first exquisite surge of in creeping pain, deep waves of it that overlaid his hatred and self-disgust, squirmed over his muscles, throbbed in his belly, sent the sweat runnelling into his eyes, and Fred — digging his elbows and the back of his head into the road — knew only that it was going to be worse. Much worse.



SHE DWELLS WITH MUSIC

BY CHARLES NORMAN

SHE dwells with music in my mind,
Sweet airs and sad that have no end;
Music as mournful as the wind
Is his who has but love to friend.

All day he hears thin music clear;
The sound made by a falling leaf
That falls and fades in a pool of air,
Is not more fragile than this grief.

HENRY FORD'S GREAT ADVENTURE

BY RALPH THOMPSON

THOSE whose memory reaches back to the early days of the World War will note that next December 4 is the twentieth anniversary of one of the most extraordinary expeditions of modern times. The lapse of years may have dimmed the recollection, but the major fact, once apprehended, can hardly be forgotten. On that Winter afternoon in 1915, Henry Ford, motor manufacturer and mechanical genius, having chartered the entire first and second cabins of the ocean liner *Oscar II*, set sail with a delegation of co-enthusiasts to do no less than end the warfare raging in Europe.

Today, after long acquaintance with the League of Nations, with peace conferences, with disarmament talks and other international attempts to end war, we are not likely to grasp the true portent of such a pilgrimage. The unfortunate truth seems to be that at the time, Ford and his associates themselves had no clear conception of what it meant. But certainly the century has produced no stranger spectacle than that of some 150 peace-loving Americans, all expenses paid, arguing, fighting, praying, and drinking during a two-weeks' voyage to Norway; splitting into factions, storming their way through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, even parts of Germany; and then dribbling home, in parties of two, twenty or fifty, with absolutely nothing accomplished. The story of the *Oscar* is that of Munchausen, Don Quixote and the Crusaders rolled into one.

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It is by this time clear that Henry Ford was not the originator of the Peace Ship idea; he supplied the funds — \$400,000, more or less — and much of the energy, but not the impetus. That seems to have come principally from Madame Rosika Schwimmer, an Austro-Hungarian subject and zealous peace advocate, who has since become nationally known for her experiences in an American citizenship court. Mme. Schwimmer brought the idea from Europe at a time when more than one scheme to achieve peace was in the air. With the help of Jane Addams, Ethel Snowden, wife of the man who eventually became British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several other feminist leaders, she convinced Ford that a great humanitarian move was possible, that an influential group of Americans, acting with representatives of the neutral powers, could bring the war to a halt. Deeply shocked by the carnage, naturally inclined toward pacifism, and perhaps somewhat naïve, Ford listened to the ladies and was won.

In 1915 already one of the best-known Americans, Henry Ford had made his motor car factory into a model of efficiency and skill. Money was pouring into him hand over fist; during the fiscal year 1915-1916 the company's net profits were \$60,000,000, and Ford owned most of the stock. He had taken unusual and widely-publicized steps regarding his employees, paying them relatively high wages, and had acted, in a sense, as their guardian and father-

confessor. After the war commenced in 1914 he made himself even better known by issuing statements which, coming from a multi-millionaire industrialist, had a fantastic and altogether arresting quality. He would have nothing at all to do with the bloody business in Europe, he announced within a year after the fighting began. He would sell not a single motor car for military use, for war was murder, and he who helped war was abetting murder. In September, 1915, Ford avowed that he would employ his huge wealth to combat the growing demand for American preparedness. He shocked the nation by declaring to the press that if Americans had been drowned on the *Lusitania*, it was their own fault. "Must we kill our men," he asked those who were howling for revenge on Germany, "because some foolish Americans will voyage on ships that are in danger, when they might use equally good ships that are safe, or, better still, stay at home?"

The European war, Ford concluded — and this has a strangely modern ring — was the work of "those whose business is war and of those who profit by war," i.e., the munitions manufacturers. At the root of the trouble, he said, was "capitalism, greed, the dirty hunger for dollars. Take away the capitalist and you will sweep war from the earth." Remarkable words from him who was fast becoming one of the richest men in the world. But Ford had time and again insisted that he was no capitalist. He worked and produced wealth. The capitalist, he contended, merely lent money and profited by the work of others.

Ford treated his own assumptions seriously. He headed a national peace fund that by September 9, 1915, had procured \$10,000,000. He enlisted the help of John Wanamaker, held discussions with Pres-

ident Wilson at the White House, and was much in the company of Louis P. Lochner, secretary of the National Peace Federation. The country was coming to consider him a little queer if not absolutely dangerous, and the Aero Club of America, a pro-preparedness organization, had formally resolved that he was either anti-American or pro-German. But in spite of all this, the American public was unprepared for the announcement, issued by Ford on November 24, 1915, from the seclusion of a New York hotel suite, that he had chartered an ocean liner and that within ten days he was taking a party abroad to end the war.

It hardly seemed possible. Yet the fact could not be denied. With Oswald Garrison Villard, then of the *New York Evening Post*, at his side, Ford that November morning told the assembled representatives of the press that he had made up his mind and had acted accordingly. The peace ship would sail within ten days; a down payment for its use had been made. "I want," said the manufacturer, "to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." "The boys" didn't want to fight; they would rush into No Man's Land and shake hands with one another if they had a chance.

How would this chance be given them? Ford was not certain; he had not decided on the exact procedure. But several prominent persons had already agreed to join the expedition; neutrals abroad and socialists in the belligerent countries would lend their aid; wireless messages from the *Oscar* would carry the gospel throughout the civilized world. The best scheme seemed to be to bring about a conference of neutrals — Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain and Switzerland — either an official conference or an informal one. This meeting would act as a clearing house

for peace plans, and would give the belligerents a chance to lay down their arms without dishonor. Madame Schwimmer had "secret documents" which showed indubitably that the belligerents were aching for just such an opportunity. In any event, the bid for peace was right, Ford said emphatically, and right would eventually triumph. He left it at that.

New York newspapers leaped upon the story. They splashed it over their front pages with ill-concealed credulity, cynicism and scorn. The *Herald* added a cartoon of Ford "cranking up," the crank being fixed in the side of his head. In London *The Times* editorially concluded that Ford was anxious to advertise his wares and that his followers "are busybodies by nature and cannot refrain from meddling in any 'cause' that promises them notoriety." The German press contented itself with references to "American eccentricity." But Ford was not discouraged. "I shall expect the sneers and condemnation," he said, "of those whose business is war and of those who profit by war. This is the most serious thing that has ever come into my life. I have made my last will and testament. I am prepared to meet anything."

From the New York hotel suite hundreds of invitations to join the pilgrimage went forth. "Will you come as my guest aboard the *Oscar II*?" ran the opening phrase of the message dispatched to ex-Secretary of State Bryan, John Wanamaker, Thomas A. Edison, Cardinal Gibbons, ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, the governors of the forty-eight states, college presidents, social workers, editors and scores of other persons prominent in American life. Dozens immediately agreed to come; other dozens refused, either scornfully or with regret. Theodore Roosevelt blurted forth the adjectives "ridiculous, mischievous, discreditable." Taft merely

smiled an enigmatic smile. Many not invited besieged Ford for invitations. Others wired congratulations, and were perhaps not surprised at being asked to come along. The list of the party grew steadily.

When December 4, the day of departure, arrived, there had been many rebuffs and much unpleasant laughter, but the *Oscar* had still a sizeable crowd to carry; in fact, about twenty other pilgrims sailed a few days later on the *Frederik VIII* of the same line. Edison, Wanamaker and Bryan found themselves unable to go. Jane Addams was ill in Chicago and hence not available. John Burroughs and Luther Burbank could do no better than to dispatch telegrams of encouragement. Yet in the party which clambered up the gangplank as spectators roared under the direction of a megaphone-waving cheer-leader, there were, besides unknown college students, obscure clerics, scoffing minor press representatives and such, enough famous names to content the heart of the most ambitious newspaper reporter.

Included in the published passenger list, besides Ford and Madame Schwimmer, were Governor Hanna of North Dakota; Lieutenant-Governor Bethea of South Carolina; Mrs. Joseph Fels, wife of the soap manufacturer; Wilfred Grenfell; Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver; Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, suffragist; William C. Bullitt, then of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, now Ambassador to Russia; Herman Bernstein, later Minister to Albania; Elmer Davis; S. S. McClure; George Fort Milton; B. W. Huebsch, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Berton Braley were married aboard just before the ship sailed. Lining the rails, this distinguished company watched Bryan, who was there with Edison to extend good wishes, wave his black hat in farewell, and saw Urban J. Ledoux (later known as Mr. Zero), who

had been unable to obtain a passport, attempt to get aboard by leaping into the water. But Ledoux was hauled to safety on the pier, the watching faces became indistinct, and the great adventure had begun.

II

There is no official and complete account of what took place during the fortnight the *Oscar* was on the high seas, although enough has been let drop from time to time to indicate that the voyage was from the beginning a failure. President Wilson's pro-preparedness speech to Congress, delivered four days after the ship left New York, seems to have caused the first and most serious rift. Argument after argument began as soon as there was an attempt to draft a "platform." Someone wanted each day's meeting opened with public prayer, and Ford snorted, "Hell, is this a camp meeting?" With approximately one-third of the passengers newspaper men, the smoking rooms were cluttered with typewriters, filing cases, waste baskets, cigarette stubs and empty beer glasses — this during a trip on which certain pilgrims thought tobacco and liquor should be banned. Heavy drinking went on in one saloon, while in another there were revivalistic lectures on the Single Tax or on motherhood pensions. Meetings of the entire group turned into minor riots. "Half a dozen delegates commenced to speak at the same time," S. S. McClure later observed. "Someone suggested singing national songs, and above the din could be heard the voice of the Rev. Charles F. Aked roaring 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee'."

By the time Christiania was reached, after a twenty-four-hour detention in the Orkney Islands while British authorities

ransacked the vessel for contraband, the Ford Peace Party was no longer peaceable nor a party. Quarrels, liquor, personal jealousies, conflicting purposes — all these contributed to the difficulties. One reporter cabled back that the atmosphere had been that of an excursion boat returning from a Sunday fish fry and dance up Long Island Sound. Another labeled the peace ship the "most bellicose vessel that has sailed the North Atlantic since the days of the pirates." Several newspaper men had been early sent to Coventry for "unprofessional conduct"—presumably for sending disrespectful dispatches. Moving pictures of some of the gayer activities aboard had been impounded by self-appointed censors, and this had caused an especial row. Other "leaders" had added fuel to the flames by reading outgoing radiograms and mail.

Saddest of all, the reception in Norway, to put it mildly, was lukewarm. A few welcomers stood about the pier when the *Oscar* docked, but Norwegians as a whole laughed at the affair as a mixture of good intentions and stupidity. Perhaps the indifference was due to the fact that pre-arrival dispatches had come via the all-powerful British censors, who were far from pleased that a group of Americans, inspired principally by Madame Schwimmer, an enemy citizen, were arriving in Europe with the avowed purpose of bringing on a "strike" in the trenches. And, as the final blow, once the party landed, Ford was too ill to take part in the festivities. But he missed very little. Official Norway took no notice of the pilgrims and let them wander about Christiania as they pleased. The honors of hospitality were performed solely by the Norwegian Student Union and the local Clergyman's Peace Society.

Ford was indeed either ill, or sick of the

whole business. He made not a single public appearance. Five days after his party reached Europe he and a companion left in secret for Bergen and took passage on the *Bergensfjord* for New York. No, he declared, he was not disillusioned; peace could still be achieved. He, however, had to return home. A large check, reputedly for \$270,000, was left with the pilgrims, together with Ford's blessings and best wishes. Those who remained in the party (for, in addition to Ford, others had deserted and one had died), spent some days in the Norwegian capital; then, strengthened by a few Norwegian recruits, left on December 23 for Stockholm. Simultaneously there broke forth fresh complaints against the high-handed way in which Madame Schwimmer, the Rev. Mr. Aked, Judge Lindsey and others of the actual or nominal leadership were said to have exerted their power. But the bulk of the pilgrims were still loyal.

In Stockholm the reception was no more flattering than in Christiania. What is more, Mrs. Boissevain quit once and for all, angered by the way the trip was being managed. Governor Hanna also quit, having contracted a case of what was called typhoid fever. Dr. Aked suffered a nervous breakdown. Lieutenant-Governor Bethea, S. S. McClure and Herman Bernstein for one reason or another wandered off. The others enjoyed several days of sightseeing in the Swedish capital, met with a group of local socialists, and celebrated Christmas in true Scandinavian fashion, even if the boys were still in the trenches. On December 31 the party arrived in Copenhagen. There, although the Danish Government refused to allow a public meeting, a merry New Year's Eve was passed, made more merry by the presence of the notorious Dr. Frederick Cook of polar repute, who offered his best wishes, and of Mayor Lind-

hagen of Stockholm, who had decided for the time being to lend his prestige to the movement.

What, however, had been accomplished for peace? Virtually nothing. The three Scandinavian governments, considered eager to help end the war, had offered no particle of encouragement or recognition. A few citizens of the countries visited had been gathered into the fold, but, aside from Mayor Lindhagen, they numbered no one of influence. The belligerent nations, so anxious for peace according to Madame Schwimmer's "secret documents," had given not the slightest indication of their conversion and were indeed hammering at each other with renewed vigor and every lethal device they could command. Most of the American notables who had so bravely sailed from New York were no longer of the party. All in all, it was a sad record with which to face the new year.

But there was no admitting defeat — yet. The first days of 1916, passed in the Danish capital, were made memorable chiefly by the announcement from Manager Plattiff that if the women delegates wished to buy new dresses and gowns, they would have to pay for them. At the same time it was decided to charter a ship to carry the pilgrims from Copenhagen to Holland. A land trip was substituted, however, when it became clear that by far the larger part of the cost of charter would be devoted to insurance, since the North Sea was well-planted with naval mines. Through the good offices of the American Minister to Denmark, Germany was prevailed upon to allow a special train to cross her territory, and minus all papers, cameras and other suspicious articles, the party traveled by night via Lübeck, Hamburg and Bremen, arriving on January 8 at The Hague.

III

Here, at the peace center of the world, there were renewed hopes of achievement. But the days went quickly and fruitlessly by. Six of the pilgrims, it is true, were thrown out of the Hague Peace Palace for refusing to pay the regular admission fee, but little else was accomplished. On January 11 a group of thirty student members of the party sailed from Rotterdam for home—the first official sign of dissolution—and a few days later the remaining members gathered together to elect Ford, Bryan, Miss Addams, Dr. Aked and Mrs. Fels permanent delegates to a rather nebulous peace council which would carry on the work so earnestly if ineffectively begun. This election was typical of the trip from start to finish. The three chief delegates, at the time thousands of miles away, never appeared in Europe to carry on their work. For the two remaining posts there was a frantic scramble.

According to the *Public Ledger's* Mr. Bullitt, personal feeling ran dangerously high when the time for polling came. "Any one obtaining two votes," Mr. Bullitt wrote home, "would have been elected; for each man in the room voted for himself and each woman did the same. Frank O. Van Galder, editor of *Modern Woodman*, burst out with 'I want to know what this is all about. I have been dragged around in cattle cars from one second-class hotel to another for four weeks. Now, what is this frame-up you are trying to put over on us?'"

"Dr. Aked was on his feet. 'Frame-up?'" he cried. "I don't know what the word means."

"'Yes, you do,' shouted John Barry, 'you live in San Francisco.'"

"'You have no right to talk,' flashed Ellis O. Jones. 'Every one knows that you

sat up all last night electioneering. Just look at your eyes.'"

"Mr. Plantiff slew the embryonic battle-royal by advancing and delivering a brief monograph on insanity."

But the delegates were finally chosen, and Dr. Aked became chairman of what was grandiosely termed the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation. The other pilgrims, most of them, set sail on January 15 for New York on the Holland-American liner *Rotterdam*, and the great undertaking was about over. Just what those few who were selected to remain behind did to earn the substantial salaries that went with their posts is not very clear. They seem to have wandered about neutral Europe for some months, were officially received by the Danish foreign minister, and at irregular intervals issued appeals to the warring powers. One appeal was made at the Easter season of 1916 and proclaimed the need of a world congress of powers, universal disarmament, freedom of the seas, and so forth. In June another manifesto was published, this time suggesting terms for a peace settlement. Before the Summer had ended, Madame Schwimmer was again in Europe, in order to work with the International Committee for the Immediate End of the War, which she characterized as "an offspring of the Ford party." But everyone knows how futile were such efforts. By March, 1917, the last of the Ford delegates was back home. A few weeks later the United States itself was deep in the World War.

A sorry end to what was intended by some to be the noblest effort of the generation. Ford has never in so many words set forth a completely satisfactory statement as to what went wrong, but there are reasons to believe that he felt greatly disappointed, if not duped, even before the *Oscar* left New York, and that he went

through with the scheme simply because he couldn't help himself. That his faith in peace and pacifism was not damaged was clearly shown by the fact that throughout 1916 he took a leading part in the campaign against preparedness. There was talk of Ford for president; in April he won the Michigan presidential preference primary on a platform denouncing the "exploitation of the working man by the moneyed munitions interests." His Spring and Summer of 1916 were enlivened by his being named in libel suits by the Navy League, which resented his accusation that it had drummed up munitions sales, and by the Vitagraph Company, whose moving picture, *The Battle Cry of Peace*, he had de-

nounced as munitions propaganda. Within a few months, however, America's entrance into the war became inevitable, and Mr. Ford put aside his anti-preparedness talk and sought to perfect his "U-Flivver," a submarine with a Ford engine which would wipe the German navy off the seas.

Twenty years ago America laughed at the Peace Ship, and most people can do no less today. Even the pilgrims (always excepting the clever ones who joined up merely for the ride), have had little to say in defense of themselves, and there is small hope that their descendants will, as Madame Schwimmer piously predicted, be as proud as the descendants of those who travelled on the *Mayflower*.



SONG

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

V^{IOLIN} strings,
 You breathe no sound:
 When you are loosened
 Mute are you bound.

Only when fastened
 And fettered tight
 You find the freedom
 To utter delight!

MARK TWAIN: SON OF THE FRONTIER

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THIS year marks the centenary of Mark Twain, who in November 1835, came into a world which he both loved and satirized, as much a child of the frontier as Daniel Boone or Andrew Jackson. The fact that those hearty men never fell into pessimism, while Mark Twain laughed, hooted and cursed at the world, does not annul his kinship with them. For his best books came out of the frontier, out of the uncontaminated American soil of the West, owing their quality to nothing foreign whatever. Through his really distinctive books he rose higher than any American prose writer of his time, and higher than any poet, except Whitman. Perhaps the future will see in *Life on the Mississippi* the very picture and chant of America which Whitman kept saying that he would give to his country, or that some future bard would produce. But there are no frontiers now, except intangible ones. There will be no more Mark Twains. There can only be writers who will deal with the intangible frontiers with as much genius as he dealt with Missouri and the far West.

Mark Twain was a super-reporter of the immediate scene. When he went traveling round the world, he gathered amusing stuff and wrote it down to make people laugh, having discovered that it paid him to do so. But *Tom Sawyer*, and *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi* came out of his heart, and from days magically lived. These books bear all the

marks of the creative imagination, while much of his later work was the product of the comedian, the buffoon, the protester, the satirist, the skeptic, the embittered soul. The lust of wandering in Twain's blood was inherited. By the time he was thirty he had seen a good deal of the whole world. His father was like Lincoln's: a crosser of frontiers, a seeker of land, pressed to make a living, always in poverty. This father, born in Virginia, a lawyer by profession, went to Gainsborough, Tennessee; then to Jamestown, Three Forks and Pall Mall, all in Tennessee, seeking land and fortune. He acquired considerable property in Tennessee. Then he abandoned it, and like Daniel Boone went to Missouri, where he died in poverty, saying with his last breath, "Cling to the land." He was thinking of the land which he had left in Tennessee.

The father had been lured to Missouri by Mark's uncle, John Quarles, who was drawn as the Col. Sellers of *The Gilded Age*. Mark was born in the little town of Florida; and when he was four years old the family was moved to Hannibal on the Mississippi River. Mark was twelve years old when his father died.

In Hannibal, a slave town, amid fine scenery, a creature of the great river in the days of steamboating, Mark Twain's education began. Uncle John Quarles' farm was a few miles away, where Mark spent happy days in the long lazy summers, just such a boyhood life as he depicted in *Tom*

Sawyer. A boy named Tom Blackenship was his chum, and became his model for *Huckleberry Finn*. He spent long hours looking at the steamboats as they came down from Keokuk and up from St. Louis. He fished in the river, and played pirate on the river island, and explored the caves under the heights, and dreamed of the Illinois shore beyond. What modern boy raised on movies will have an equal chance to store his mind with visions by which to scale the invisible frontiers now around us since the villages of the West are gone?

Hannibal was a lazy town, much like some of the villages in the Ozarks to this day. Curious superstitions were about, such as spunk water for the curing of warts, and dead cats for the same thing; and deaths presaged by birds singing at night, and by the baying of dogs. Haunted houses were in the village, and there was gold treasure somewhere in the caves by the river. Mark imbibed all this imaginative lore. It was the day of the Golden Fleece in America. Joseph Smith had but recently found the Golden Plates at Cumorah Hill and, while Mark was idling and playing practical jokes at Hannibal, Smith was building his Mormon Temple at Nauvoo, Illinois, not far up the river. When Mark was thirteen, gold was discovered in California. Wonders were all about. It was a day of treasure hunting and treasure finding.

When Mark's father died, his mother wanted him to buckle down to school. Mark promised to do anything but that. At the age of twelve, therefore, instead of studying Greek and Latin, or even English, Mark was at the type case of the local newspaper learning the printer's trade. Here he stayed until he was eighteen, helping to support the family. It was the day of the tramp-printer, that extinct character who used to journey aimlessly from town

to town. Mark, too, had this restlessness of the frontier men in him; so by 1853 he was in New York, and later in Philadelphia, following his trade. Then he returned to the West and worked in a newspaper office at Keokuk. But he could not stay put. He began to dream now of South America and the Amazon; and off he started. But at Cincinnati he paused for a time, and there conceived the idea of being a steamboat pilot. He had read scarcely anything. His education was about what Lincoln's was when he became a flatboat man taking a cargo from New Salem to New Orleans. Mark had as much idea at this time of being a writer as he had of being President.

Despite his tendency to daydream, and to be leisurely if not careless, he made a fine record as a pilot and had no accidents. He had to memorize all the turns of the great river, all the shallows and shoals from New Orleans to St. Louis. He accomplished this quite extraordinary feat.

II

Now there is symbol in the circumstances which ended his days of piloting. Mark was bringing the steamer *Uncle Sam* from New Orleans to St. Louis. The Civil War had just begun. At Cairo a shot was fired at the boat from Jefferson Barracks. Though the boat was finally allowed to pass, the boom of that cannon marked a new day for America and for Mark Twain. It killed America's idyllic past; it made way for corruption in government, for monopoly, for imperialism at last. It inaugurated a period out of which Mark Twain wrote *The Gilded Age*, and *The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg*. In nine years from this time Mark had become completely de-Southernized. Born of slaveholding stock and of Democrats, he became a Republican and an abolitionist; and

from thence went on into other spheres reactionary to his frontier blood.

After the cannon had stopped the boats on the Mississippi, and there was no more piloting, he became a Confederate soldier, which lasted but briefly. He sprained his ankle and resigned from the army. Bates, of Missouri, made Mark's brother secretary of Nevada; and Mark, as his brother's assistant, was off in 1861 for that Far West. He was on a way now which led him at last to a friendship with Grant, into publishing and money making, into the maelstrom of the Gilded Age.

He and his brother were the only passengers on the stagecoach for Nevada. He rode amid the mail sacks, and slept as best he could on the box with the driver. But he saw the country on the way. Arriving in Carson City he wrote to his mother: "This country is fabulously rich in gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, iron, thieves, murderers, desperadoes, ladies, children, lawyers, Christians, Indians, Chinamen, Spaniards, gamblers, sharpers, poets, preachers. It is the damndest country under the sun."

That luck which comes to loafers and dreamers frequently befell Mark Twain. Those chances which lucky men neglect brought him better luck when Mark neglected them. He might have grown rich in Nevada on gold mining. What else really was he there for? He and a friend started to work a claim. Mark was carrying water; the friend was pouring the water and looking for gold. But at last Mark refused to carry any more; he was tired. They abandoned the claim. Later two miners took \$20,000 in gold out of it. But Mark had mined the material for *The Jumping Frog* which later made him much more than \$20,000.

At that time, however, he was twenty-seven years old and without fortune or

fame, without a profession, and with only his printer's trade. He knew nothing of literature. What he knew was the Mississippi River, New Orleans, New York, and Philadelphia and Cincinnati; and the old town of Hannibal and its mongrel people. But now good fortune drew near. Artemus Ward, already famous, arrived in Virginia City and he and Mark became friends. Next, Mark was in San Francisco as a police reporter for *The Call*, and following with Bret Harte, who had founded *The Golden Era* in 1852. Between 1864 and 1865 Mark published *The Jumping Frog* and some other sketches in the *Era* and the *Californian*. His fortune was now made, even if he did not know it.

Soon he was off to the Sandwich Islands. He returned a lecturer, pranking as he did in his boyhood days at Hannibal. He had printed a trick dodger which announced in big type, "A Splendid Orchestra," and in small type continued "is in town but has not been engaged." After this successful start as a lecturer, he came to New York and spoke at Cooper Union on the Sandwich Islands. A month later he was off for the Holy Land. Then he was back in America and at work as a Washington correspondent. The new era had begun and, according to his observation, whiskey was being carried into committee rooms in demijohns, and carried out in demagogues.

III

In 1869 Mark Twain published *Innocents Abroad*. Shortly afterward he made a happy marriage, perhaps too happy for the prosperity of his peculiar genius. His wife was Olivia Langdon of Elmira, New York. At first, during the courtship, which did not augur well for Mark's chances, she looked in wondering amazement at this product of Hannibal, this adventurer from

the far West. She was an angel type, a purist of delicate tastes. Her whole life, her refined breeding, her education had been as far as possible from his. She had grave doubts about him. But his humor, his sterling goodness, won her. She likely thought that she could cut his hair and tame him. And that she proceeded to do.

She made him say grace at table, this man who had heard every oath ripped out by sea and by land, this Ulysses of the rough life now face to face with a nun. She made him read the Bible aloud at morning services in the home, this man who, so far as he had read the Bible, by this time did not believe it, who had dodged Sunday school at Hannibal. All this was more than Mark could stand, even from an adored wife. He was Huckleberry Finn in the toils of the Widow Douglas, and he had to escape, as that ragged boy did. He rebelled openly at last, saying that he could not accept the Bible as a revelation and refused to read it as a ritual. From then on he was dodging his wife's discipline, model husband though he was. He was suppressing at her request the publication of things he wrote, or deleting words like "hell" from *Tom Sawyer*. With such a complex mind, and such a variegated experience, he had trouble, then and always, to find and to be himself amid the external world.

At the same time Mark had no roots which had been sunk in any spot. He was a wanderer, a child of the ever-retreating frontier, a pioneer traveler to farther lands. Why after marriage did he not return to San Francisco, to Nevada, to Missouri? Doubtless his wife would not have consented to live in any of those places. So he began to live in the East, and evidently that suited him well enough. He went to Hartford and built a house. He had by now gathered his material — it could be written

down anywhere; for it is sometimes better not to have the landscape and the people for a given depiction before one's eyes; they may be more magically seen in the mirror of the imagination. So it was that Mark Twain wrote *Tom Sawyer* at the Quarry Farm, near Elmira, his wife's girlhood home. There it was as if gazing into a magic crystal that he saw Hannibal and the river, Nigger Jim and Huckleberry Finn, and the alleys and streets, the haunted houses, and river islands of the beloved village of his boyhood.

American humor in Mark Twain's earlier days resorted to phonetic spelling, such as Josh Billings used, and Artemus Ward. Twain did not do this; nor did these contemporaries have his gift for tales and epics. He shared with them those tricks of humor which mix absurdities together, and indulge in grotesque comparisons and antitheses, in buffooning, in making fun of one's self, in playing with a teasing spirit. This fooling genius produced stuff at the time that seemed funny. Its spirit has long since evaporated. It would not be very amusing to the generations of today to read the abandoned trifling of Bill Nye. For the same reason Mark Twain's similar antics are pretty stale at this time; and his obscenities, like the page at Elizabeth's Court, are prized chiefly by drummers. He rose from the low lands of professional nonsense into the heights of *Life on the Mississippi* and *Recollections of Joan of Arc* through a genius which no one possessed but himself. Even Howells, whom Twain looked up to, was a talent of thin character compared to this robust creator of the West. By reason of his vitality he often went far afield just the same. Certainly he lost himself at the Whittier dinner given in honor of the poet's seventieth birthday. There Mark clowning the occasion so outrageously and with such point-

less remarks that Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Whittier sat in silent amazement as Mark stumbled on to the depths of embarrassment. He went home to brood upon the ruin of his literary career and to write letters of apology to the dignitaries whom he had bored.

And now look at the house at Florida, and the house at Hannibal; then look at the Victorian mansion at Hartford. Consider, too, the life without fear, because without pride, the happy, easy, primitiveness of those abodes: the homely kitchen with its cook stove, its rickety table and its old chairs; and then look in upon this child of the frontier amid growing luxuries, falling more and more into a way of life that led to never-ending labor and anxiety, and to publishing and buying patents, until near bankruptcy overtook him, as that misfortune came to Walter Scott, and as lecturing and writing books to get money for an expensive course of life cut off the career of Charles Dickens at 58 years of age. Altogether the Gilded Age might have lost us Mark Twain; but the rebel in him saved a good deal. He went on writing books, he took to the lecture platform, and by these means extricated himself from debt. His "rag-bag" mind, not a straight thinking mind by a good deal, divined what was going on in the days of Grant. When Cleveland arose he turned to the Democratic party again. When America grabbed the Philippines he cried out in bitterness, saying that America now had a seat at the court of the World Powers, but that there was a tack in the seat. He saw clearly enough that Theodore Roosevelt's doctrine of the strenuous life was just so much hollow bluster and strutting bombast. Yet Twain had in him visibly enough that psychology which afflicts the children of the suburbs, and which has been depicted in Iowa

countesses, and in the rise of money magnates. Even Lincoln had it. It is a spirit which stirs itself to acquire money and distinction, and at worst would put back into oblivion the beginnings in the villages. Emerson and Whitman were two men who escaped this form of rot.

IV

Yes, Twain saw what was happening to the country after the Civil War, and saw it as clearly as did Whitman, who remarked the complete failure of America in religious, moral, literary and aesthetic results. What neither one admitted in words, even if he saw it with his mind, was that it was the congressional imperialism for which the war was fought that had brought about centralization in government and oligarchy in money, with consequent corruption both in the state and in business. The country that could not endure half slave and half free, became all slave after a war waged to emancipate the negro. Mark Twain failed to see that that war could not result otherwise. The shallow Lowell did not see this; Whitman did not, at least, admit it. All lamented the consequences of centralization, which had been prophesied by the South for a generation before the war.

In *The Gilded Age* Twain depicted the new plutocrats, unlearned and vulgar, who lived in the luxury of royalty. He displayed the nation of Jefferson and Jackson, the country of Missouri and Illinois, the whole country, indeed, cursed with the itch of quick possessions and the gambling spirit, which Jackson warned the nation against forty years before, tainting the cities and even the villages. He saw plunder at Washington, and corruption under Grant that stank to heaven. The Whigs and the tariff, and monopoly plotting with markets and

with the currency, had at last downed the country with these results. All that had been said of the sinister and pestilential touch of the slavocracy, if all of it had been true, was as nothing compared to the riotous saturnalia of money as depicted in *The Gilded Age*, from which came the gaping mobs of cities reveling on crime news and scandal, fed out by a shameless press; from which also came the shabby congressmen with bribes in their pockets; and a vast hypocrisy which made liars of business, and sophists and rhetoricians of orators, and dilettantes of writers.

Mark Twain prospered in this era of brass; he flourished upon it, but he denounced it. He did better in a worldly way than most prophets of evil. When a satirist arises, criticism of the optimistic sort complains of his bitterness but says nothing of the conditions which justify the bitterness. Mark Twain had his say and prospered. In a way he was the father of Sinclair Lewis, though Lewis's product has the accuracy of something machine made; it is inevitable, like photography. Mark Twain's work is handwoven. Both, however, took the country to task for its materialism, and both escaped the fate which is often visited upon satirists, the one by humor, the other by fresh methods of portrayal which fitted into the times and captured them.

Twain had a faculty which saved him for paying for his ideals with his life, or even for paying for them with poverty. He made a great deal of money, and lost a great deal, and then shouldered his debts with the fine heroism which Walter Scott showed in a similar situation, similarly produced. The saving faculty referred to was his gift of humor; for America has always given more to its clowns than to its serious performers. It gave no money and scant honor to Whitman. Twain was loaded with

royalties and university degrees. But nothing that life gave softened him into optimism and peace of mind. Like every other genius he had an inner world to control and to keep from falling into ruin. Prosperity and degrees from Yale and Oxford did not cure his profound melancholy, nor make him see the life of man as good. His humor was a carapace to his sensitive spiritual flesh.

This man who had roughed it in the West, who had seen the Golden Fleece days in California, ended in New York wearing white suits, and seeking publicity and attention as much as he had ever done in his life, and perhaps sadder day by day than he had ever been. For a long time he breakfasted every morning at The Players, and played billiards there in the afternoon. But seemingly he said nothing of moment in those days. Of all who knew him at that club I have not found one who could tell me anything of importance about him: only trifles such as what he had for breakfast, or how he drawled his laconic remarks; only a few Rabelaisian stories, and not very good ones at that. His memory stalks The Players as a mere shadow, where his biography by Paine on the shelf of the library gives the only realistic story of his mind and life, that mind which was a mystical chaos, a sea of many currents, of far-borne mysterious winds blowing elegies over the tragedy of man.

I can imagine Twain poring over his own pages in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, and shedding dumb tears for the passing of that America which he loved in Hannibal and the West. If he had not been a humorist with the gift of buffooning the most serious things, his pessimism, as bitter as Leopardi's, might have swamped him. All his days he was evidently fighting to prevent his life from turning into a complete idiot's tale, devastating enough to

have emasculated his vision. He saw the stomach made so powerful that the mind has to fight for its very existence, and this strength of the stomach deploying its forces in the nation and devouring it. He was agonized at a world so ordered that it tortures and dishonors the human spirit, and in chief the finest human spirits. When he turned to the religious question he employed poison gas. In *Recollections of Joan of Arc* he showed what he could do as a protester against cruelty and superstition, and how amid the list of things that he hated he could still revere love and beauty. That book germinated somewhere in love for some childhood sweetheart, of whom he dreamed strange dreams many times, told about with such moving simplicity in *My Platonic Sweetheart*. The fluent music of these books again showed what a genius for words can do, even where it has been nurtured only by the village and the country. Howells passed a fine judgment on Twain's literary style. "He writes English," said Howells, "as if it were a primitive, and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English are cast, rather than the English of Milton and Thackeray and Henry James." Plainer said, it is the English out of the kind of minds with which Missouri people spoke. People in the Ozarks and in Illinois to this day say simple things in the language of poetry fresh from the soil.

V

Every mind heroic enough to accept the cosmos cannot escape seeing the valleys of spiritual depression to be as real as the spiritual heights. Even Browning wrote *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*.

As Mark Twain went along in life, after his traveling days were over, he read a good deal, especially in history, biography, travels and science. He loved to make computations about light years and the distance of the stars with his elementary arithmetic, scribbling whole pages with figures as the bewildering vastness of the universe teased his contemplation. For long years he hated poetry and would not read it. The reason was that he did not know till late what poetry really was, and that he had been writing it himself in *Tom Sawyer* and other books. When he was in his fifties he took to Browning, perhaps finding in him, particularly in *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance*, a mind of sturdy fiber that grappled courageously with the enigmas of life which puzzled and distressed. And then after his daughter died, which wrung his heart's blood, and his wife died to whom he was so deeply attached, the bare nakedness of life filled him with nostalgic agony. What now were honors, and the country home at Stormfield? They were no more than a game of billiards at The Players. He was Childe Roland now, wandering in that country of cockle, spurge, burrs and thistles, where the grass grew thin as hair in leprosy; where he tried to spear water-rats and stabbed a child and made it shriek; where there were abandoned engines and wheels, and Tophet tools which had tortured men in the past, his own Joan of Arc too, and where the dark hills closed in on him, and there were voices saying that he should be stabbed and the journey ended. How should he face this trap in which he was caught and where Childe Roland was caught? Should he endure to the end, blow his slug horn and thus be saved? Not for Mark Twain! That realism out of Missouri and the West prevented such an opiate expedient.

Whether he was influenced to write *The Mysterious Stranger* by the Browning poem, at least it is true that he made a summation of life, as did Dante and Browning, as did Shelley in *The Triumph of Life*, and wrote it as terribly as Dante, and with far more powerful realization of the facts of life than Shelley. How did Mark Twain do this? He drew a supernatural being, a Satan, coming upon some boys in far Austria in 1590. He takes them about with him, showing them wars and horrors. He deliberately shoots lightning at an old couple, and kills them. He shows them that man is caught in a chain of causes, and is not free; that when he thinks what to do he is in the grip of one of the links of the chain. Wars, murders, plagues, cancer, everything is predestined from the beginning of the world. The deep idiocy of life is predestined, and cannot be escaped. What to do about this? Is there a paradise to work up to from this hell? There is not. Is the slug horn to be blown, is salvation to be had by enduring to the end? No horn is to be blown, there is no salvation. Yet there is a way out. The boy of Hannibal saw a way of escape. It was to say, even as science is now saying, that reality is an alluring courtesan, that reality is merely what the mind makes of it at the moment; that reality is no rock on which the soul can be anchored; that reality is the stuff of shadows, and that rocks and trees, and this whole globe is but invisible fire, as Heraclitus taught 2500 years ago. Finally, that reality has no existence outside the dreams of the mind, that it is but the reflection of thought. Here now the humorist and the philosopher met: as the philosopher he saw that the biggest fools were those men who took life as real, and became the Don Quixotes, the Calvins, the serious mad train of futile toilers and persecutors and jailers, the tyrants, the thieves

who thought gold was real, the Napoleons who tried to rule Europe, the idealists who tried to mould this unreal mass into something sane and good for the race. All this he saw, and it was material for his satire.

And now listen to the humorist, the burlesquer, the creator of Nigger Jim, the Duke, and Huck Finn's father, the creator of the magical beauty of boyland — listen to the words published six years after his death, and which he could not have published during the life of his wife:

"Strange indeed," said Satan to the boys, "that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fictions. Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane — like all dreams; a god who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; one who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; one who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; one who gave his angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required his other children to earn it; who gave his angels painless lives, yet cursed his other children with biting miseries and maladies of mind and body; who mouths justice and invented hell — mouths golden rules and forgiveness multiplied by seventy times seven, and invented hell; who mouths morals to other people and has none himself . . . who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man . . . and finally with altogether divine obtuseness invites this poor, abused slave to worship him. You perceive now that these things are all impossible except in a dream . . . There is no god, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream, a grotesque, foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought, wandering among the empty eternities."

This is a more ghastly picture than Poe's *The Conqueror Worm*. And the man who wrote whole pages about spunk water and dead cats as cures for warts drew this Dantean masterpiece.

THE VERY PICTURE OF GRIEF

A Story

BY ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

PAUL SANDERS closed the door of his study and then stood with his head bent, listening. Emily, his sister-in-law, was still in the living room, pottering about. "That's what I can't bear about her," he thought. "She's a potterer. Never does anything she sets out to do without doing hundreds of little things on the way. My God, if the house were on fire and she was running to call the fire department, she'd stop on the way to straighten a picture, and pull some dead leaves off the flowers!"

Paul listened. Now what was she doing? He heard her cross the living room. Then he heard the crackling sound of cellophane. Of course — he told himself. She was opening a box of candy. He pictured her doing it. A look of mild ecstasy would flicker on the dull surface of her eyes as she took the lid off the box. She would turn back the lace paper flaps as carefully as if they were real lace on an old ball gown. Then her fingers would hover over the chocolates, she would touch one, pinch another, and then after several minutes of agonized indecision she would choose four pieces and close the box. Then she would put the box in the drawer of the desk and cover it with a page she had once torn out of a magazine, "to refer to." There was always a box of candy in that drawer, and there was always the same page covering it, Emily's theory being that candy was bad for servants, and her simple faith that the cook and the maid, who had been in the house as

long as she herself, would see nothing that had not especially been called to their attention.

Paul frowned as he heard his sister-in-law's irregular step through the hall. He frowned deeply when it hesitated at the foot of the stairs. If Emily spoke to him, what should he do? Refuse to answer? Swear at her? Open the door and say, "For God's sake, get out of this house and never speak to me again" . . . ? His face cleared a little. Emily was going up the stairs. She would go to her bedroom, eat her chocolates, and sleep for two hours. Blessed hours. The only hours of the day when he could enjoy his own house, even if he did have to stay in one room. And before she came down again he could go out and walk. So he wouldn't have to speak to her again, or hear her voice, for at least four hours. Paul Sanders, hearing the door of Emily's bedroom close, straightened up and crossed the room for his pipe.

As he picked it up from the table, his eyes rested on the picture of his dead wife. His eyes were so accustomed to her face, framed as it was in every room of the house, and always conspicuously flanked with fresh flowers, that he seldom saw it any longer. This realization struck him now, and shocked him to attention. He thought, "If I think about her — really think about her, the picture will help me see her." He frowned, stared hard at the photograph.

"Constance," he thought, "Constance." The pictured face stared back at him, and was still only a picture. His thoughts could not go further than the aimless repetition of a name. He pulled a chair up to the table, sat down, lighted his pipe, and then took the picture in his hands and looked at it. The smoke from his pipe drifted across the dead face, misting the glass on its way to the open window. But staring was of no use. All these photographs were slowly taking the place of what had once been a real person. Seven of them—seven faces which had once looked alike, which had once been recognizably Constance—and now they were seven different women, each living in a different room, with no more meaning to him than the color of the walls and the familiar outlines of the furniture.

This picture in his hand had once been his favorite. That was why he had put it here, in the room he used the most. So he could pretend she was with him. He had said to Emily, "I won't let her go. I'll have her with me every minute of the day and night. You know, Emily, if we have spirits, they must have some reality in other people's minds. I mean, if I keep Constance alive in my mind, I don't think she'll be able to get away. Part of her, I mean, will be here." And Emily's dull eyes had filled with tears and she had said, "I'm sure of it, Paul. And I'll help you. We two—we loved her the best. We'll keep her."

Constance's eyes looked straight at him out of the photograph. They were round eyes, set wide apart under dark, lovely brows, and Paul remembered saying to her when he had first seen this picture, "I like this the best because it's caught that laugh that gets into your eyes just before the rest of your face has heard about it. And it's got that slight tilt of your head that means you're feeling shy." Constance had said,

"Darling, that wasn't shyness, it was the photographer," but she had looked pleased as people always do when their peculiarities are mentioned.

And then, suddenly, Paul saw Constance looking pleased. Really saw her this time—with one side of her mouth smiling, the lids fallen over her eyes, and one lock of hair gone astray on her forehead. He closed his eyes, trying to hold the immediacy and warmth of that vision, but it was gone again at once. He opened his eyes and looked once more at the cold, set features behind glass. Then he took out a handkerchief, unfolded it with his deliberate, precise movements ("Oh, hurry up!" Constance used to say), and covered the photograph.

What would Emily say if she knew that every afternoon he covered Constance's face, and that every afternoon when he had done so he felt peaceful and happy and free of some intangible reproach? And what would Emily say if she knew that he was going this afternoon to meet the little Morton girl—that he was going to walk with her to the Red Brick Farm and give her tea and then take her back to the campus before he went to collect his themes? Emily would look grieved. Emily would look at him just as she had that day last summer when he had come back from his walk without any wild flowers. She had looked at his empty hands, and then into his eyes with a stricken expression, as if he had hurt her unbearably. "And why?" he thought savagely. "I never brought the flowers to her. I brought them for Constance, to put in front of her picture, because she always brought them back for herself. What damned business is it of Emily's?"

He crossed to his bookcase, took down a volume of Shakespeare, and settled himself in his worn leather chair. He opened

the book to *Macbeth*. He would have fifty themes this evening, all purporting to deal with "Dramatic Characterization in *Macbeth*," and Paul, not having read the play for several years, felt he should refresh his memory. But his mind was heavy and lifeless, and the verse seemed nothing but familiar jargon, so he turned the pages to Act III, scene four, laid the volume, open face downward, on the table, and then tiptoed across the room for a volume of short stories. As he returned stealthily to his chair and settled down again with the book, the lazy contentment which usually accompanied this maneuver was spoiled today by a vicious hatred that stirred in him—stirred and sought a victim and, as usual, settled on his sister-in-law, who was presumably asleep upstairs. It was Emily's fault, he felt rather than thought, that he was driven to these ignominious shifts whenever his mind craved diversion and relaxation. She would never let him alone. "Oh, no, my dear," she would exclaim, horrified, when anything arose that threatened to interfere with this two-hour retirement after lunch. "You can't let yourself be imposed on like that! I mean, your poetry means so much to you. If you once start letting people interfere with that *sacred* two hours, they'll soon forget what it means to you and make all sorts of demands. No, Paul, I won't *let* you sacrifice yourself this way."

Now, of course, the whole college knew that Professor Sanders could never be seen between two o'clock and four. Everyone knew that these hours were dedicated to his dead wife, and the consolations of immortal poetry. It was already a legend on the campus that he was himself a poet and had secretly been composing deathless verse. A famous English poet who had visited the college several years before was credited by rumor with having said that

Paul Sanders, if only he could be persuaded to give his work to the world, would probably, in a few years' time, rank with Wordsworth. Rumor also said that he had left directions in his will that his work must be buried with him. On hearing these rumors Paul had with frantic haste destroyed the small notebook in which he had tried vainly, during the agonizing year following Constance's death, to metamorphose into words the grief that was tormenting his mind.

Sometimes Paul could not avoid facing the fact that he was himself responsible for the continuance of a reputation he no longer merited. But not often. "I try, don't I?" (went his usual private self-justification). "I do try to keep those hours for Constance, but Emily has ruined it all. She never lets up for a minute. Never forgets. Never lets me forget. God, a man can't keep to a high pitch like that, day after day, year after year! I can't feel about poetry the way I did when Constance first died. I can't find a state of mystical exaltation between two and four by the clock, every afternoon, every God-damned day in the God-damned calendar."

But, obscurely, he knew it was his own fault. Or, at any rate, his own doing. That first year, when everything in the world outside his own mind and his crazy despair and longing for Constance had seemed unreal and unimportant—that first year he had needed some time every day when he could be absolutely alone. And his teaching schedule had allowed him only those two precious hours after lunch. And then he had read poetry feverishly, poring over it, repeating it aloud, walking up and down the room, letting the crystallization of other men's fury and grief put into a more manageable form his own chaotic emotions; getting from this formal beauty a kind of exaltation of sorrow which was,

if not exactly happiness, at least a brief respite from the loneliness of bereavement. In those days, of course, Emily had given him the only comfort he could accept from another human being. Emily had, as the saying goes, saved his life. Not that he had wanted it saved. He had wanted desperately to hurl it into the void of death, following Constance. But he could talk to Emily, and Emily, with her complete absence of self-consciousness, could talk to him. The things they had said to each other! The wild abandonment to emotion! It had been for both of them almost like talking to themselves; like the uncensored daydream conversations anyone can hold so happily within the soundproof walls of his own mind.

Emily had adored her young sister Constance. When Constance had grown up to be beautiful and bewitching, Emily had seemed to give up forever any dreams she might secretly have had for a life of her own. If she had ever expected, with that belief in miracles which keeps a large part of humanity moderately content with its imperfections, that she would some day awaken to find that her lusterless eyes had acquired flashing depths, that whatever power it is that looks after the architecture of the body had relented and given her face an undeniable chin, that her heavy personality had suddenly blossomed with charm—if Emily had ever prayed for this miracle, she seemed to have decided that her prayers had been answered but sent to the wrong address, and that henceforth she must let Constance do her living for her. She had accepted this decision with an apparently complete satisfaction. She had demanded of Constance nothing except material for this vicarious life, and Constance, as if she considered the bargain only just, had “told her sister everything.” So that, when Paul and Constance fell in love,

Emily had fallen in love, too. When Constance and Paul were married, Emily had felt married. And when Constance died, Emily had nothing left except Paul.

“Help me, Emily,” Paul had said. “Help me keep her with us. We can’t let her die. Help me.”

“We will never let her be dead,” Emily had said. “We will keep her with us, Paul. If *we* gave up and died, Constance would die with us. No one would remember her. But we won’t. I’ll help you.”

II

Paul finally lost his thoughts in the book of short stories, but he could not lose his irritable impatience, and he was glad when he found it was quarter to four and he could prepare to go out. He replaced the volume of stories on the shelf, put the Shakespeare—still open at Act III, scene four, of *Macbeth*—face downward across the arm of his chair, and uncovered Constance’s picture, refolding his handkerchief meticulously before putting it back in his pocket. These simple operations took some time, as his slow, precise movements had of necessity the furtive care of a criminal eliminating clues. It did not occur to him to polish the fingerprints off the short story volume, but he would doubtless have done so had he thought of it.

The March day outside had sunlight in it but the trees were violent with wind, so he put on a light overcoat before he reached instinctively for his walking stick—reached for it, and then with a set determination in his face rattled it back into the umbrella stand. A door upstairs opened and Emily appeared at the head of the stairs, her bedroom slippers turning her limp into an irregular shuffle.

“Are you going now, Paul?”

He stared at her dumbly, feeling that if

he tried to produce his usual, "Yes, I'm off," it would turn into "Damn it, what did you think I was doing; coming in?"

A look of faded surprise came over Emily's face. She was hardly aware that she expected an answer to her question, but when the answer failed to come, a feeling of anxiety caught at her. And then she noticed that Paul was looking up at her with a very strange expression and that he was actually starting out without his walking stick.

"Why, Paul" — she shuffled down to the first landing on the stairs — "you haven't got your stick!"

Paul knew that he should say "No" very quietly, and then walk out of the house. It would be unfriendly not to add "Good-by," or "Back at six-thirty," but he was too furious for that hypocrisy. He knew, however, that he could manage the quiet "No"; that he could manage to close the door gently behind him and save the anger rising in him until he was out of the house and able to talk candidly to himself on the subject of Emily. Knowing this he took a new and delicious pleasure in refusing her the benefit of this self-control.

"No," he shouted at her suddenly. "I haven't my stick and I'm not going to take it."

Emily stopped where she was, halfway down the stairs. She had for ten years lived in a sort of dream-state, her position in the house unquestioned, her relationship with Paul unquestioned, the routine of their life together maintaining that dream-state intact by shielding her from the necessity of thinking or answering unasked questions. Now Paul had shouted at her, and he was going out without his stick. The mists of the dream began to stir, and she felt she was awakening into a strange world. She clutched the bannisters in terror, but Paul, looking up at her and revel-

ing in his sudden sense of freedom, saw nothing of this. Paul saw only what he had expected to see — a hurt look; and that made him pitiless. He spoke again, this time lowering his voice so that the hatred behind it sounded icy and distinct, like the sound of glass shattering.

"Don't tell me," he said, "that Constance wouldn't walk with me unless I had my stick. I'm sick of being tied body and soul to a memory I can't remember. I'm through!"

He jammed his hat on his head and ran out of the house, slamming the door to protect himself against being followed by the thoughts he had loosed.

III

He was to meet the little Morton girl at the stone bridge west of the campus gates. The long street down which he hurried was twisting with shadows from the branches over his head. Paul felt exalted and young, as if the keys to heaven had been put into his hands. "I'm rid of Emily — I mean Constance," he said to himself. "But she'd have wanted it. It's wrong to try to keep faith with the dead. The living need our faith. It's what Constance would have wanted."

He stopped speaking for a moment to take pleasure in the rhythmic sound of his own footsteps and to enjoy striding in and out of the shadows on the sidewalk without disturbing their shifting patterns.

"The truth is, instead of keeping Constance alive, I was trying to make myself dead. Yes, that's certainly what I was up to. Not really keeping Constance alive at all. And now I'm free. God, it's like going out for the first time after a long illness! You feel you can do anything at all — anything."

He stopped speaking again, because he

was a modest man and much as he liked talking aloud to himself there were certain things one couldn't say. His mind had begun stretching the future to include vast achievements and flattering pleasures. He was going to write at least one world-famous book. He didn't know exactly what kind of book—damn it, he might even write that poetry with which rumor had fathered him. But he would be famous, and first he would have to live. He needed life, after all these years of death. Love—some woman—someone not at all like Constance or Emily. Emily, of course, wasn't really at all like Constance, and she'd be gone when he got back to the house tonight. . . . The little Morton girl, maybe? Very pretty—very eager—young, of course, but he wanted youth. He needed someone gay and careless who would laugh out loud in his house. Constance used to laugh—such a lovely sound, like three notes of music making half a tune.

The little Morton girl was waiting at the bridge. She saw him coming, he knew, but she pretended not to and leaned on the parapet as if absorbed in the flow of water in the rocky stream beneath. Paul smiled and was glad she had solved for him the problem of approach. Always so difficult—when to begin smiling: not too soon, because then you had to keep it up, and walking along smiling made you feel foolish. He looked appraisingly at the girl's figure. Nice legs and ankles—good body—rather awkward, that pose of hers, but what delightful red hair she had. Red-headed women were supposed to be passionate.

"Good afternoon, Miss Morton."

She gave a plausible start, and turned. She could never say, "Good afternoon"—the words stuck in her throat and turned into a mumble. Why was good afternoon so hard to say when anyone could say good

morning and good night without thinking?

She smiled instead. "Isn't it a beautiful day?"

The ground was thawing under the determined March sun. They picked their way carefully at first, trying to avoid the mud and puddles in the narrow country road, and their conversation was as jumpy and erratic as their progress. But after a time they grew more careless, and as they drew near the severe outlines of the Red Brick Farm they were muddy enough not to care and even took pleasure in stepping deliberately into the ooze. Paul eyed the girl furtively, wondering whether he did want to make love to her, or whether his sexual imagination was simply using her to celebrate its sudden release from bondage. Of course he couldn't make love to her, anyhow. Professors couldn't make love to their students whenever they felt like it.

She stopped short. "Now I know what it is!"

He stopped beside her. "What what is?"

"You haven't got your stick. I knew there was something funny about you this afternoon."

"I can't imagine," Paul said stiffly, "why not having my stick should make me appear funny." That was silly, he thought anxiously, as soon as he had said it. It sounded stuffy and professorial—not his style at all. He must not be annoyed. His reputation was for irony, not irritability.

"But I've never seen you without it before," she was saying. "Gosh, wait till I tell them. They won't believe me."

"Who?"

"The other girls. It's one of our favorite phrases, you know—'Sanders' Stick.' We say, 'I swear by Sanders' Stick!' and sometimes 'Sure as Sanders' Stick' and sometimes instead of 'Damn!' just plain 'Sanders' Stick!'"

Paul's annoyance vanished and he felt very sorry that he had left his stick behind. So it was part of his own personality, was it? Not just a symbolic reminder of Constance? He looked at the little Morton girl, letting her see the twinkle in his eyes, and said, "Indeed?" That was right, he thought—that was the formula. The legend was that he had never laughed since his wife died, but that his eyes twinkled. The legend also said that he was very enigmatic—"You never know whether he's pleased with what you've said, or just thinks you're a fool." That "Indeed?" was exactly right.

Nevertheless Paul felt in some obscure way that his new freedom was being interfered with and thwarted. The little Morton girl seemed less attractive than she had a few minutes before. He watched with unfriendly attention while she poured the tea and devoured cinnamon toast. Very crude and raw, of course. He preferred a woman of the world—someone who could at least pour tea without slopping it into the saucer; someone who attacked her food with more circumspection.

"But of course," the little Morton girl was saying, talking with her mouth full, "Of course the girl's a moron."

"Of course," Paul said dryly. "But which girl?"

The irony was wasted.

"Maybe you don't know her—she sits in the front row whenever she can. She swears she's going to marry you."

"Oh! Does she?"

"M-m-m-m!" The little Morton girl swallowed the last bite of toast and licked two fingers. "Marry you—no less. Absolutely cuckoo, of course, but she read somewhere that any woman can get any man she wants if only she tries hard enough, and she says, 'just wait and see!'"

Paul said nothing. The girl looked at him anxiously over her cup.

"You don't mind, do you? I mean, you won't hold it against me for telling you? I suppose I shouldn't have, but I thought maybe you'd think it was funny, because of course the girl's absolutely batty about you and just doesn't realize how—I mean what a —"

Paul looked at her coldly. She flushed.

"I mean," she said earnestly, "everybody with any sense knows that—well, that it's just *sacrilege* to talk about you marrying again or anything like that. But this poor sap doesn't seem to realize —"

She stopped and looked at Paul appealingly. Her eyes were misty with emotion. His impulse was to say, "And what reason has anyone to suppose that I shan't marry again?" Instead of which he responded almost automatically: "We're all poor saps in our way, my child," and he smiled sadly and examined the palm of his hand.

The little Morton girl said, "Yes, I suppose we are."

She was very susceptible to wistful, sentimental remarks. They always seemed to her profoundly wise and immensely sad. Her nose began to feel prickly and her eyes filled with tears.

Paul saw the tears. He thought, "Good Lord, the child must be in love with me," and elation ran through his veins like wine. But at the same time, and still pretending to be lost in contemplation of his palm, he glanced around the room to see whether people at the other tables had noticed. There were no students in the room, which was lucky. He wouldn't care to have the news spread over the campus that he had made the little Morton girl cry into her teacup. It didn't fit in with his reputation for remoteness and dignity.

But there were, after all, only two tears. The little Morton girl put her elbows on the table and shaded her face with her hands. Paul asked for another cup of tea,

and she smudged the tears away with her fingers, then filled his cup, this time spilling a great deal of tea in the saucer. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said, emptying the saucer. Emotion always makes young people untidy, Paul thought. But at the same time he approved of the emotion.

He reached across the table to take his cup, and without looking at her asked in a low voice, "What is it?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry to be so silly."

Paul looked at her. He let the twinkle appear in his eyes.

"It's certainly silly to cry about nothing." He stirred his tea thoughtfully, and then looked at her again. "But was it nothing?"

"You looked so sad!" she burst out. Then, lowering her voice: "It—it always makes me feel like crying when you look like that. I suppose you'll think it's none of my business, and I know it, but I can't help it. Honestly, Professor Sanders, I wish I could do something to help you."

"Perhaps you can." Paul studied the palm of his hand again. After a moment he sighed faintly, and repeated, "Perhaps you can."

"Everybody knows how marvelous you've been—going right on with your work—and—well, keeping *her* memory alive and making something so—so—" she gulped and continued almost defiantly—"so *beautiful* out of—I mean—" The little Morton girl gasped and stopped. Her cheeks were bright red.

"There are people, I suppose," Paul said slowly, "Who think I've been sentimental—mawkish."

"There aren't!" she said indignantly. "How could they? At least, the girls all think it's the most romantic and beautiful—I mean, we were talking about it one night and we decided that—that if we could ever have anyone love us as much as that—" She stopped again. She'd said too

much. His face looked very odd—darker, somehow, and he was frowning. "I'm sorry," she said. "I know you never talk about it. But you've been so nice to me—I wanted you to know——"

Paul stopped her protests with a gesture. "Don't," he said. "It was sweet, what you said. It was comforting. Don't apologize."

"There are some things," he went on after a pause, "that one can't talk about."

"Yes, I know," breathed the little Morton girl.

"But to feel that other people understand—to feel that there is friendliness and sympathy—that's more than enough, my dear." He looked at her. His voice was rich and low, and his eyes were so sad that she felt the uneasy approach of more tears and winked to keep them back. "Some of us," Paul went on, "have to go alone all our lives. But sympathy like yours can make the loneliness tolerable. It's warming—like being out on a cold dark night, and knowing that there is a fire on the hearth at home."

IV

"Thank you for tea," the little Morton girl said shyly when they had reached the dusky campus.

"Thank you for something better than tea," Paul answered gravely, and turned abruptly away.

The little Morton girl walked home, feeling strangely uplifted and mature. After all, he'd treated her like an old friend, hadn't he—not at all like a student he had to be polite to? That walk back from the Farm, for instance. They hadn't said a word, and yet it wasn't because there was any constraint. It was just a sign of the deep understanding between them. They could walk side by side for half an hour, and think their separate thoughts.

The wind was cold now. She drew the fur collar up about her chin and realized scornfully that they would all try to pump her when she got back. Well, let them try. Just let them try. I'll say, "Very pleasant, thanks," she decided. Not another word. What did we talk about? Oh, everything. Just talked. She practised it in a cool, aloof voice. Then her mind fell back into the elaborate story she had been telling herself during the dark silent walk home. He hadn't any other friends. She was the only one who understood. There would be more walks. Little by little he would confide in her. He would show her his poems and she would criticize — advise — inspire him. One of those friendships you read about — perhaps some letters that would be published when they were both dead. Not quite love — well, of course, not love at all, in a way. Something very deep and quiet, very intimate.

Paul hardly noticed when he left the little Morton girl. His thoughts had been driving him in fierce silence along the muddy road, and now they drove him homeward with an even fiercer insistence. He forgot that he had intended to collect the essays on *Macbeth* before returning. He forgot everything except his panicky realization that he had failed Emily, and almost failed Constance.

Almost — but not quite. All afternoon,

until the little Morton girl had said, "if we could ever have anyone love us as much as that," he had been resenting the part he habitually played. Oh, he'd been playing it very nicely. Very convincing — that silence, the sad eyes examining the palm of his hand, the remote low voice. Convincing to everyone except himself. And then suddenly, looking at the little Morton girl's flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, he had known that he had exactly what he wanted from life, and the desire to tear down his house of grief had gone as entirely and as quietly as fever quits the body, leaving it cool and real to itself.

He was cool and real to himself again as he quickened his steps and planned how he would comfort Emily. He would tell her that his longing for Constance had, today, been so unendurable that he had tried with words to drive her out of his memory. . . . Well, wasn't it true? All these years hadn't he been paralyzed from the pressure of grief? Didn't intolerable pain induce numbness, when the mind tried to kill pain by killing consciousness?

Emily would understand. She would say all the words for him. And everything would go on as it always had. His was a great and enduring love. Even that Morton child had known it. "That's Sanders. Yes, that's the one. Never looked at another woman. . . . Sanders' stick."

EUROPE IS AT IT AGAIN

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THERE is a marginal note on contemporary history which illuminates the chronicle of our time more clearly than the text itself. I refer to the Abyssinian conflict. Now, I do not know whether there will be fighting between Italian and Abyssinian troops when the rains cease on the East African coast this month; nor is the advent of war there and its outcome of any particular moment. When civilizations appear to be tottering, the formal independence of one small, barren and not over-civilized country on the African coast is relatively unimportant—except perhaps to its inhabitants, and in this modern world, fate deals summarily with the inhabitants of small countries. Indeed, it is almost contrary to natural law that one tiny area on the African continent should have remained even nominally independent, as Abyssinia has to date—to date, but not much longer. Abyssinia is about to go the way of all weak nations which have the misfortune to lie in the path of strong ones. And that is almost all that need be said of Abyssinia itself.

What is happening or about to happen on the African coast is significant primarily for the light it casts on Europe's present status. It reveals that the more things change, the more they remain the same. With some difference of names, details and accentuation, the history of the second decade before the World War and the history of the second decade afterward can be transposed. It is the same old imbroglio.

The fallacy of conventional diagnoses of the European malady lies in trying to understand Europe by looking at Europe alone. The feud that has riven the Continent and now threatens to destroy it is European insofar as its protagonists are concerned, but not in the causes that have made it and the objects fought for. To understand Europe (and perhaps in recent years America as well), it is necessary to look at Asia and Africa. Hitler, Italian intransigence, French-Italian fencing for ascendancy in the Danubian area, the struggle for Austria—none of these is European in origin. All are effects of what makes the war system, not causes of the war system.

The point of vantage from which to view Europe now is Abyssinia. The key to the meaning of European events in the last two generations can be found in the following sequence:

Before the World War, Italy cast its lot with Germany and Austria-Hungary because it could not get satisfaction for its demands in Africa from Great Britain and France. Thus the Triple Alliance was formed; the Triple Alliance was countered by the Entente Cordiale; Europe was divided into two militant camps which began to arm against each other. Between the end of the World War and 1934, Italy leaned now in one direction and now in another, awaiting offers. In the last year it has cast its lot with Great Britain and France because it is strong enough to wring from them the satisfaction of its de-

mands. This series of events is not the whole of European politics, but it is the epitome.

The last phase of European history, brought down as late as the conference at Stresa or the Anglo-German naval agreement, can be said to have begun with the rivalry for the partition of Africa. It is unnecessary to trace the intricate convolutions of that struggle, a struggle prosecuted with measures and morals which may be described as a combination of Machiavelli, Metternich and Kreuger & Toll. The facts are clear and direct, and fall into a logical design. Great Britain and France succeeded in procuring most of Africa between them and refused to disgorge to Italy. Italy coveted Abyssinia and Tunis. France, cold to compromise, made a protectorate of Tunis in 1881. One year later, significantly, Italy contracted its alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary. To emphasize the connection, a subsequent agreement bound Germany and Italy to take joint military action against France if the latter attempted to extend its sway in North Africa; for France and Great Britain had refused to disgorge to Germany, too, especially in North Africa, where Germany had ambitions.

An alliance which included Italy and Austria-Hungary needs scrutiny, since in its very essence it was incongruous, and the incongruity is revealing. Only a few years had passed since Italy recovered Venice from Austria-Hungary. Italians were still living under Austrian rule, and irredentism rankled. Racially, politically and economically, Italy's natural affiliations were with Great Britain and France. Strategically, Italy was vulnerable to French attack, economically it was dependent on Great Britain for coal and financial assistance. Also, as far as a nation can have a hereditary enemy, Italy's enemy was Aus-

tria-Hungary. But Italy became Austria-Hungary's ally. Why? Because Italy and France could come to no accord on the division of spoils in Africa, and in order to win Germany's support in Africa, Italy had to swallow Austrian humiliation at home. There was no other dispute between Italy and France. All the sentiments, racial affinities, historical memories and other imponderables which are conventionally said to arouse national emotions and cause wars, were inoperative or ignored or subordinated to the more compelling consideration — the division of colonial booty. In fact, these imponderables, if they were operative at all, worked toward an alliance with France *against* Austria-Hungary. Yet, as between satisfaction of hereditary enmity and lust for imperial aggrandizement, Italy chose the latter.

Thus the chasm was dug in Europe, to be deepened by the events of the years that followed. France gave Abyssinia the assistance which enabled it to crush the Italian army at Adowa in 1896, and at the same time stood firmly against German pretensions in North Africa. The Triple Alliance was more firmly welded; the Entente was solidified in turn; the two camps girded for battle. The focus then shifted to Northern Africa, because Germany was becoming sufficiently strong to push its pretensions with vigor, and there followed a succession of preliminary crises, each more serious than the one preceding: the Kaiser's dramatic intervention at Tangier in 1905, the Algeiras Conference in 1906, and finally the historic dispatch of the German cruiser *Panther* to Agadir in 1906. Germany had assumed the brunt of halting French expansion, and the diplomatic incidents were all attempts to prevent French acquisition of Morocco. After Agadir it was only a question of time before some incident would set Europe ablaze.

II

The incident came at Serajevo, and the armies went into battle. But facing the test of actuality, the Triple Alliance could not sustain its incongruity, an incongruity now pointed by Italy's fear of France and dependence on English coal, and the further and more decisive fact that Great Britain and France offered a higher price. Italy deserted the Triple Alliance, followed its natural allegiance and began firing mountain guns at its former ally across the Tyrolean Alps. The war ended, and Italy got more than its share of the booty, but a share almost wholly confined to Europe. Then before the echoes of all the pledges of eternal amity had died away, the French and Italians were rasping each other again, and on the same contention. Italy once more began to clamor for colonies and her tone was not modulated after a new Caesar marched on Rome, one with almost Freudian obsessive memories of his prototype. France was adamant to Italian demands as before, and Tunis and Abyssinia again became the objects of contention. However, it is unnecessary to discuss the genteel diplomatic skullduggeries of this period. It is enough to say that the friction between France and Italy grew steadily, so much so that had not Hitler supervened and thrust upon both a fear greater than their jealousy of each other, French-Italian hostility might have been the center of the new imbroglio.

Hitler did come, however, and with his coming the direction of all political forces in Europe changed. German rearmament was known to every European general staff long before the Reich's public announcement, and its purport was underlined by the attempted Nazi coup in Austria last year. A great appeasement then fell on Italy and France. "Conversations"

were arranged and an agreement was reached with a speed almost miraculous in light of the years just preceding. M. Laval visited Mussolini, and the bonds of everlasting friendship were sealed again. Why the amazing reconciliation? On what did the new agreement turn? On Africa, of course. Italy received concessions in Tunis and in the region of Abyssinia. Of still greater import was a concession not put into words, at least not into words which could be made public. This was a willingness to look the other way.

It was both judicious and imperative to look the other way. The storm in Abyssinia was gathering. Disquieting signs had already become visible, unmistakable signs for those who have lived in backward, non-white parts of the world. They are portents that something is about to happen. There were incidents. In such distant parts of the world incidents always occur at fortuitous moments, whether at Mukden, Manchuria, or Ualual, Abyssinia; if they do not occur, they can be contrived. Italy began moving an army into East Africa. France was no longer adamant. Whereas a few years earlier a treaty between Great Britain and Italy, only putatively granting Italy advantages in Abyssinia, had caused France to protest, now there was no protest when Italy actually began sending troops. Great Britain, too, remained preoccupied with other matters. What, then, had brought about the change? Italy had by tacit consent been given a free hand. Germany was threatening, and Italy had to be brought into an anti-German combination. The free hand was Italy's price. However, there were other considerations as well, and the logic of the situation was not quite so simple and direct. Both Great Britain and France had been made uneasy by the restive Duce, though not quite so worried as they seemed. They knew that

his Promethean defiance of fate was calculated first of all to satisfy the rather operatic tastes of his countrymen. He barked, but he did not bite. The coal was still English, notwithstanding all the recent electrification in Italy; the finance was still English, notwithstanding the depression; the Mediterranean could still be closed by the English fleet, notwithstanding all the naval limitation conferences. Nevertheless Mussolini was an incalculable factor, and the time might come when without intent he would explode a powder magazine somewhere in Europe. Also the time might come when his countrymen would demand more substantial fare for their tastes, and he would be driven into an adventure across his frontiers in order to hold their admiration. Altogether it conduced to the comfort of all concerned if the Duce's ebullient energies could be drawn off and pent up in Africa. But the fact is that Italy got its price.

To sum up, then: before 1914, Italy could not come to terms with France and Great Britain over a share of Africa, and therefore joined their enemies; now Italy is stronger and able to demand terms, and has therefore joined them against Germany, still the enemy. Before 1914, Italy's adherence to the Triple Alliance helped to stiffen the Central European Powers and by so much helped to bring about the World War. In 1934 and the first few months of 1935, Italy's unofficial alliance with France and Great Britain served to curb Germany. But subsequently Great Britain's opposition to Mussolini's aggressive intentions has broken the common front against Germany and given the Nazis encouragement. There are stirrings again in Austria as a result. In each case the determinant of European relations has been the disposition of Africa.

The logical connection has stood out in

bold relief in the last few months. Even so apparently extraneous a question as the size of the British and German navies is affected. Before the Anglo-German naval agreement, France had joined Great Britain, if only half-heartedly, to curb Mussolini. France, too, was frightened by the Duce's grandiose pretensions, for her colonial interests also stood imperiled. But since the Anglo-German naval agreement France has resolutely refused to exert any pressure on Mussolini, thus manifesting its displeasure at Great Britain. She has refused for the additional reason that Mussolini has been tacitly levying blackmail. If France and Great Britain, directly or through the League of Nations, launch any overt attempt to check Italy, she withdraws her opposition to the Nazis. In that event the Nazis take over Austria and Europe flames again. Whether millions of European youths now eighteen years of age will live out the normal span of their lives hangs now on what takes place upon a drear, malarial coast thousands of miles away, at a spot which most of them probably cannot locate on a map.

III

It has been thus in Europe for fifty years. First there was Africa, because that continent was nearer of access, and there France and Italy were at odds. Later there was Asia, because that continent offered higher rewards, and there Great Britain and Germany were at odds. France and Great Britain made common cause, one looking mainly to Africa and the other mainly to Asia. Germany and Italy made common cause, Germany looking to both Asia and Africa and Italy to Africa alone. Both sides pressed their ambitions until these came to conflict. Yet the rivalry between them and the goal on which inter-

national relations turned lay outside Europe. The disputes that led to war were European by derivation only.

They are European now only by derivation. The elimination of Germany and Russia as contenders and the divisions of their colonial possessions reduced the number of disputes, but the grounds for dispute remained. The subterranean maneuvers on the Continent itself, the shifting combinations of groups of nations against each other, and the armament races all have reference to the central conflict. They do not cause the conflict; they are caused by it.

Europe is now plainly in the first throes of another continental war, but to attribute this to the Treaty of Versailles and Hitler is oversimplification. Hitler and the Nazis are undoubtedly products of the treaty, and their emergence does restore the politics of balance of power in the most dangerous form. But that treaty was only the casting of accounts for the World War, and the war was only an episode in a larger and continuous movement. Say rather that it was the curtain-fall on the end of an act in the modern international drama. The years between 1919 and 1933 constituted the *entr'acte*. The next act is now playing itself out. But the *dramatis personae* and the argument of the piece remain unchanged. It may even be said that had the Treaty of Versailles been a "good" treaty, one infused with Wilsonian idealism (an attitude of mind and a set of ideas that had no relation to the conflict then being settled), the subsequent difference would have been one of manner and tempo, not of direction. Europe would still be on its Gadarene course. The influence of the Treaty of Versailles, vicious as it is, has been much exaggerated. Its spirit and content were limited and pre-determined by the war which it closed. A case even may

be made for the argument that had it been possible to draft a decent peace treaty, decent by the standards of a world ordered without collective violence, there would have been no occasion for a treaty, no war for a treaty to conclude.

Granted that there can be no peace in a continent ordered on the logic or morality of the Treaty of Versailles; granted that no international society can function with such abnormalities at its heart as the truncation of Austria, the Polish Corridor and the German-Austrian provinces in Italy; granted that no world economy can endure against the lunatic folly of the reparations clauses; granted that there can be no peace in Europe so long as a populous, vigorous and technically proficient nation is animated by the spirit of *Mein Kampf* and bases its outlook upon ideas and attitudes of National Socialism: yet no attempt to explain the menace of war in terms of the Treaty of Versailles and the resulting Hitlerism strikes at fundamentals. All the apparent insanities of the post-war years can be described as continental regroupings on an issue which extends beyond the Continent and back further in time than the Treaty of Versailles. They are effects rather than causes—the latest stage in the evolution of a long conflict.

If by some miracle, some stroke of diplomatic genius or access of social conscience the follies and injustices of the Treaty of Versailles could be redressed overnight, the danger of war would be lessened but not eliminated. Europe would merely be back where it was before 1914. The possession and status of Abyssinia, Tunis, Persia, Tibet and China would still be undetermined, and therefore subject to competitive national striving. France and Italy would continue to quarrel over Tunis and seek support from other European Powers, not because either wanted what the other

possessed in Europe, but because both wanted the same thing outside Europe. They would strive to divide Europe in order to be better fitted to attain certain ends in Africa or Asia. In the same way Germany would quarrel with Great Britain, France and Italy—first to procure colonies and then to procure more.

Europe cannot be organized on a basis of lasting peace until its relationship to the other continents is settled, for this is what Europe has been fighting about, threatening to fight about, or preparing to fight about since the middle of the nineteenth century. If there is to be peace, Europe must either confine its relationships with the other continents to the exchange of goods and ideas, or it must be able to reduce the other continents to subjection and then agree on some permanent division. The first it is not willing to do, nor would any revision of the Treaty of Versailles or redrawing of European national boundaries make any difference in this respect. In fact, because it is not willing to do so, it also refuses to redraw the national boundaries. Each nation wishes to have a better springboard at home from which to leap to the other continents.

Europe cannot or will not confine its relationship to the other continents to trade, and conquest and division of the outer world is impracticable. If Great Britain and Germany and Italy and France were able to arrive at some agreement concerning allocation of empires, and could

trust each other to abide by the agreement, the need to do so would never have arisen. The problem would be so different as to lie in another category. The fact stands that modern nationalistic Powers cannot come to any lasting agreement and do not trust each other, and it is of the essence of nationalism in an economy of world markets that they should not. (For reasons peculiar to themselves Soviet Russia and the United States are not discussed here in this connection; they introduce unique variations.) The only other possibility—that one power succeed in establishing exclusive mastery, or at least so high a degree of mastery as to be unchallengeable—also is impracticable. No Power could have come nearer doing so than Great Britain in the nineteenth century, and the result was only to align a jealous combination against herself. Soviet Russia might conceivably succeed in doing so, but then the world would no longer be organized on nationalistic lines, and the nature of the world political problem would be fundamentally different.

The present political crisis in the Western world cannot be understood if viewed from considerations of events in Europe in the last few years. The problem of Europe is not European. It is Asiatic and African. It is a problem of competitive nationalistic expansion, of empire. The relations of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy today are being determined in Abyssinia.

THE CLINIC

The Newspaperman's Credo

BY CHARLES F. WILLIS

THE average American newspaperman believes: That journalism is a Profession.

That a green eye shade is somehow beneficial to the eyes and the brain.

That foreign correspondents devote their time solely to dining and drinking — when not entertaining blondes.

That all schools of journalism are frauds.

That newspaper salaries are the lowest salaries paid to white men.

That newspapermen of the last generation were more dashing, devil-may-care lads than those of today.

That the five-day week is a publishers' plot to avoid raising salaries.

That editorial writers are elderly Tories who have passed their period of practical usefulness.

That all Sunday Editors are loafers.

That gin is a cheaper, and therefore a better, drink than whisky.

That news photographers are not so erudite as reporters.

That President Roosevelt loves newspapermen and opens his heart to them daily, entrusting state secrets to their ethical integrity.

That all successful fiction writers once were newspapermen.

That a press card wields some magic influence.

That night clubs, theaters, etc., are happy to entertain newspapermen gratis, expecting free publicity thereby.

That drinking as an Art has ceased to exist in most newspaper offices.

That literary editors and book reviewers are grafters.

That political writers always guess wrong.

That the *New York World* was the greatest newspaperman's paper; that Chapin and Swope were America's greatest editors; and that the Pulitzer brothers sold journalism down the river.

That a city editor who can answer two telephones at the same time is superior to the one-telephone kind; and that assistant city editors are always incompetent.

That Heywood Broun is a liberal.

That Washington correspondents have soft jobs, and Know the Lowdown on Everything.

That dramatic critics rarely perform an honest day's work.

That it is bad business to offend Jews or Catholics in news stories, on account of the department stores and the Pope.

That all mayors and city officials are thieves.

That the *New York Times* is an old man's home, but the best newspaper in America.

That financial editors know little of finance, or they would not be working for newspaper salaries.

That baseball is the only important American sport.

That the police are afraid of newspapermen.

That all copy boys are lazy and pimply.

That women reporters have a sex hunger which they are always eager to satisfy.

That copyreaders emasculate all the clever stories.

That society editors don't know Society People.

That war correspondents are romantic fellows, who wear khaki, field boots and Stetsons.

That Munsey was a tyro, Pulitzer a genius, Bennett a drunkard, Dana a scholar, Greeley a pioneer, and Marse Henry Watterson a gentleman, suh!

That newspapermen never meet Interesting People.

That journalists' wives are scheming spoil-sports and frumps.

That Walter Winchell is paid \$8000 per week.

That employees of a morning paper merit higher salaries than those on an afternoon sheet, because the former must labor at night.

That the Hearst service is a madhouse operated by madmen.

That New York is the Only Place for good newspapermen.

That the Associated Press is more ac-

curate, and therefore more apathetic than the United Press.

That a reporter's by-line on a news story has some intrinsic value.

That all publishers have adenoidal sons who will some day inherit the business.

That newspapermen can, if they desire, procure special rates from hotels, clubs, air lines—and even houses of ill fame.

That executions are ghastly spectacles, but can be viewed with equanimity after imbibing a quart of warm gin.

That cartoonists receive huge salaries.

That the Pulitzer prizes for journalism seldom go to deserving journalists.

That the *Springfield Republican* is the most scholarly of American dailies.

That the *Christian Science Monitor* has some psychic connection with the late Mrs. Eddy.

That all comic strips are ghosted.

That British journalists are more literate than their American brethren.

That women fashion editors are never *chic*.

That there ought to be a law against the radio broadcasting of news.

And that any guy who stays in the newspaper racket is a damn fool.



Divorce by Special Delivery

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

ONE of the most persistent lay misconceptions of the law is the wishful belief that all judicial documents, regardless of the devious ways in which they are obtained, are invariably worth their face value. Thus, several years ago, hundreds of wedded Americans sought to evade the archaic divorce requirements of their home states by vacationing in Paris and returning with impressive decrees done up in pretty

ribbons and red seals. It was suggested by competent lawyers that most of those who had trusted such foreign revamping of their civil condition to the point of remarrying, lived somewhere on the border line between adultery and bigamy. But these divorce excursions did not cease until the French Government itself decided to interfere.

The same foolhardy recourse to interna-

tional law in matrimonial affairs has been since directed toward Mexico. An increasing number of American homefolk consider themselves effectively restored to care-free nubility because they have purchased some elegant papers that say so plainly — in pure Castilian. As a matter of solid American law, however, the legal force of a Mexican decree is no greater in most cases than that of the latest Spanish novel.

It is a commonplace of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that a divorce obtained through fraud, or without strict attention to established rules of procedure, is utterly worthless, regardless of the high authority of the presiding magistrate. The trial court must have jurisdiction of the marriage; and the sued spouse is entitled to an opportunity to make a defense. But these prerequisites do not bother the courts of Juarez, where a brand-new civil status may be had by any American, with no more legal ado than is involved in buying a made-to-measure garment from a mail-order house. As recently as January, 1935, a firm of self-styled "Mexican law experts" informed a divorce-minded woman on this side of the border that "under the laws of Chihuahua, it is not necessary for the parties to appear"; the lady could dishonorably discharge her objectionable mate by simply remitting \$75 at once, and paying a \$50 balance upon delivery of the decree a few days later. In order to suggest that their services, all law aside, are fashionable affairs, *con mucho tono*, these enterprising solicitors boast that such notables as Norma Talmadge, Katherine Hepburn, and Richard Dix have all used Mexican facilities to end their matrimonial stalemates.

It is not surprising that American judges have declared such decrees void at every opportunity. A California court recently annulled one woman's second marriage on the ground that her imported certificate of

liberty was a "gross fraud upon the ideals and system of jurisprudence existing in this country." Mr. Justice Jennings Bailey, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, held in another case that divorces granted when neither party was in Mexico, "are invalid as to residents of the United States." In Utah, some months ago, a district judge enjoined a plaintiff from obtaining a decree in the southern republic. The same attitude is manifested by prosecuting authorities. Attorney General Cummings recently ordered an inquiry into what he called the "Mexican mail-order divorce racket," for the purpose of punishing any American lawyer engaged in it. Several "divorce brokers" with Mexican connections have been arrested in southern California for practicing law without licenses.

Nevertheless, the traffic continues. In July, 1934, the American Consul at Mexico City, in attaching his authentication to Mexican decrees, decided also to append a written note of warning to his co-nationals. In reply, Governor Quevedo of Chihuahua, dispatched two special representatives to Washington to "divert official disfavor" from the Juarez divorce factory, and thus preserve the \$45,000 a month contributed by Americans in domestic distress.

In some cases, the applicants prefer, as a precautionary measure, to cross the southern border for a few days, and call for their decrees in person. But the sad legal truth is that a declaration of single-ness brought about by excursion is not much better than one delivered by the postman. As I had occasion to show in a previous article (*THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, August, 1929), a decree may, under certain conditions, be ignored in the home state of the parties, even when granted by a neighboring American jurisdiction.

In Massachusetts, for instance, it is declared by statute that no legal effect shall

be given to dissolutions of marriage obtained by its inhabitants "in another state or country" upon grounds which arose in Massachusetts, or for causes that Massachusetts does not prescribe. Several other American commonwealths, including New York and Pennsylvania, have consistently refused to respect decrees issued in other states, even when the residential requirements of such states were fully obeyed, unless both spouses had submitted to the jurisdiction of the outside courts. This judicial non-recognition has been especially directed toward Reno, and applies with equal force against Arkansas, Florida, and other liberal states. It is obvious that if an American court is not always deemed competent to sever the nuptial ties of a citizen of a neighboring commonwealth, no such power can be assumed by foreign magistrates.

Neither does it follow that when both parties appear, personally or by attorney, before the Mexican court, the resulting judgment must be taken at face value. The chief strength of this belief comes from the fact that no court of last resort has yet ruled directly on the question. But the weight of judicial theory and dicta strongly points to a negative answer. It is a firmly established principle of American law that the home state has the exclusive power to determine the civil status of its citizens, and that no outside authority can legally intervene in the matrimonial relation. "The consent of the parties is impotent to dissolve it contrary to the law of the domicile," said the United States Supreme Court in *Andrews vs. Andrews*.

Of course, a person may change his place of residence by moving to another state or even to a foreign country. But this means much more than making a round trip across the international line

for the sole purpose of shedding a life partner. According to the highest American tribunal: "Temporary sojourn in a foreign country without *animus manendi* does not create domicile." In other words, there must be a prolonged actual residence, coupled with an intention in good faith to establish a new home. Similar rulings have been recently handed down by the federal courts of Mexico. Besides, the new civil code of the southern republic prescribes a minimum residence period of six months, a requirement seldom met by American petitioners. Obviously, no decree deemed worthless in Mexican law can acquire legality by transportation into the United States.

It follows that when new domestic ties are contracted on the strength of dubious divorces, the legal consequences may be very interesting. An instance in point is the case of W. H. Ochsner, who obtained an irregular decree from his first wife in 1909. She made no objections until after her husband's death in 1927, when she learned that he had left an estate of nine million dollars. It was shown that Ochsner had taken a second wife, and was living with his third at the time of his death. In the resulting legal contest, each of the women claimed to be the sole legitimate widow, and urged the spuriousness of the two other mates. When the first divorce was held void, the children of the subsequent marriages suffered the stigma of illegitimacy. A crew of about forty lawyers strove mightily in the courts of two states until the three sets of heirs agreed to a friendly division of the spoils.

Even more serious than the bastardizing of children is the possibility that their parents may be imprisoned for bigamy. As recently as March 13, 1935, a Los Angeles prosecutor ordered the arrest of one Dow L. Harlow, on the ground

that his mail-order document did not entitle him to a new wife. The officer declared that since his state was bound to protect its marriages, "there should be some teeth put to this policy."

So far, district attorneys have generally refused to issue criminal warrants at the request of either spouse, when both parties had connived to obtain Mexican decrees. This is because of the legal doctrine that no person should be permitted to complain of his own fraud. But there is no reason to believe that such an attitude will continue indefinitely, or that grand juries may not demand the investigation of all questionable remarriages. So it appears that the great majority of the individuals concerned will enjoy their refurbished civil standing only so long as the prosecuting authorities remain quiescent.

Of course, the blame for this ambiguous legal position of many Americans belongs least of all to the divorce petitioners themselves. The New Yorker, for instance, who

has been paying alimony in wedded separation for twenty-five years, cannot be accused of profligacy if he attempts, through a Mexican divorce, to give his extra-marital emotional life some color of legality. It should also be easy to understand why a deserted South Carolina wife may prefer the provisional freedom of an imported document, if her state condemns her to married celibacy until death do part her from her wayward partner. Equally excusable is the conduct of Californians when they refuse to consider marriage a penal institution in which they must linger an additional twelve months after its dissolution has been ordered by interlocutory judgment.

Hence, despite the dangers and embarrassments of a muddled civil status, it is easy to predict that the number of persons doubtfully divorced or precariously remarried will continue to increase, until such time as certain states decide to humanize their matrimonial laws.



Why We See Mirages

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

A REMARKABLE fact about mirage is that no generally recognized name for it existed in any European language until the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was only when Napoleon's soldiers invaded Egypt and were astonished at the sight of phantom lakes spread over the hot sands of the desert that the mathematician Monge, accompanying the expedition, published an explanation of the spectacle and gave it the name it now bears. The word was taken from the jargon of French sailors who had previously applied it to somewhat different

appearances observed from ships at sea.

More philosophers than one have pointed out the important function performed by terminology in crystallizing ideas. Mirage had not, of course, been completely ignored before the days of Monge. Allusions to the deceitful waters of the desert are strewn through old Oriental literature, including the Bible and the Koran. Even in Europe local examples of mirage—such as the *délibáb* of the Hungarian plains and the *fata morgana* of the Messina Straits—had enjoyed local celebrity for ages, and scientific accounts

of desert mirage had been published by two Germans—T. Gruber and J. G. Büsch.

Nevertheless it was the French savant who put mirage on the map, and his success in so doing, though doubtless partly the result of the historic events connected with his observations, was chiefly due to the fact that he provided a previously nameless thing with a name. A phenomenon that, though exceedingly common and widespread, had failed to become familiar to the world at large now began to attract universal attention. Within a generation mirage was so well known to the bulk of humanity, at least through descriptions, that its name was already a conventional metaphor for illusions in general.

The delusive appearance of water in the desert is due to refraction (not reflection, as some schoolbooks state, though the effect is almost the same as if actual reflection were involved) by a layer of strongly heated and hence rarefied air overlying the ground below the level of the observer's eye. The apparent water is a refracted image of the lower part of the sky, and an effect of rippling is often produced by a light breeze or by rising air currents. The effect is further enhanced by the refracted and inverted images of trees or other terrestrial objects, which seem to be mirrored in the water.

Mirage thus produced is called *inferior mirage*, or sometimes *desert mirage*, though it is by no means peculiar to deserts. You can see it any time over a hot stove and it is fairly easy to discover on calm summer days over hot roads and pavements. In all such cases it is necessary to have your eye not far above the level of the heated surface where the mirage appears; as, for example, when you stand at the right distance from the crest of a sloping roadway. *Road mirage* is one of many commonplace phenomena that

are seldom noticed by the casual observer and that, as a consequence, are described from time to time in newspapers and magazines as rare freaks of nature.

Desert mirage is very common over the hot plains of Mesopotamia, where it occasionally interfered with military operations during the world war. G. E. Hubbard, in his book *From the Gulf to Ararat*, records the following example:

Our men, after a particularly courageous attack across the open desert, which at the time was such a sea of mud that they had to advance at the walk, reached the Turkish trenches and put the Turks to flight. The enemy was now in the same predicament that the British had been in just before, and provided a splendid target for our artillery. A gunboat was lying in the river and the men in the tops were watching the proceedings, when they were surprised to see our guns suddenly stop firing, although the Turks were still within easy range. It transpired later that, to the eyes of the gunners on the desert level, the target had disappeared into the mirage.

This kind of mirage is a fairly familiar sight on the plains and deserts of the western United States, though in the semi-arid regions it has ceased to be common wherever land, formerly covered with scanty vegetation, has been brought under cultivation. Death Valley furnishes fine exhibitions of this mirage. Some of these were recently described by Frederick Simpich in the *National Geographic Magazine*. "When motorcars," he says, "raising a dust, approach through a distant low-hanging mirage, the illusion is that of a speedboat kicking up a spray of water."

Very different from the appearances just mentioned are those produced by the presence of a layer of abnormally dense air over a cold surface, such as water or ice. In this case, if the observer is within the dense lower layer, he may see an inverted

image in the sky of some distant low-lying object, such as a ship. With a more complex stratification of the atmosphere there may be two or more of these images in a vertical series; some inverted and some upright. All such manifestations are described as *superior mirage*.

Displays of this sort doubtless explain the tale of the Flying Dutchman and many other old legends of the sea, while some truthful reports of their occurrence read like fairy tales. Thus William Scoresby, Jr., the Arctic navigator, wrote of seeing his father's ship inverted in the sky. With his spy-glass he could make out the details of masts and hull, though the vessel was thirty-four miles away and nearly fifteen miles beyond the horizon.

A case is recorded of a ship that was expected to arrive at New York from England during the colonial period. On a Sunday afternoon, after a violent storm, she was observed floating in the air, every spar represented so clearly that there was no question of the identity of the vessel thus painted in the clouds; but that was the last ever seen of her. During the Crimean War the whole British fleet was once seen inverted at a considerable height in the heavens, and a picture of this phenomenon was published at the time in the *Illustrated London News*. A remarkable case of nocturnal mirage was seen in Paris in December, 1869, at four o'clock in the morning, when some of the lighted bridges and buildings of the city appeared suspended upside down in the sky.

Mirage has probably never played a more dramatic part in human affairs than it did in January, 1913, off the shore of McMurdo Sound in the Antarctic, where the surviving members of Scott's expedition were anxiously awaiting the return of their ship, the *Terra Nova*, which was to take them back to civilization.

"About noon on January 17th," writes H. G. Ponting, "I was sweeping the north with the glass when suddenly the masts of a ship came into the field of view. For a moment I could scarcely believe my eyes; but there could be no doubt about it. They were the masts of a barque, but presenting an extraordinary appearance, for they towered unnaturally high over the skyline. Then I saw that what I was looking at was but a mirage. The real ship was hull-down below the horizon, and only the masts were visible. Above them a wonderful mirage of the entire vessel, hull and all, appeared inverted; and over this first reflection there was a second image of the ship, upright. It was the upper image that I had seen first. It was a remarkable illusion; but the *Terra Nova* was undoubtedly there, about thirty miles away."

Lateral mirage, involving apparent lateral displacements of objects, is mostly seen when one looks close along the sun-heated face of a wall or cliff, and is not, as a rule, striking. This type of mirage has, however, been known to cause a vessel cruising along a mountainous coast to exhibit the strange spectacle of dividing into two identical craft which were seen to sail away in opposite directions.

When abnormal refraction increases the apparent elevation of distant objects the process is described as *looming*. Because we associate a certain apparent altitude with a certain distance this effect generally makes the objects seem nearer than they really are. Looming is most frequently seen over water and there are certain places where its occurrence occasionally arouses enough excitement to become the subject of press dispatches. The looming of the eastern shore of Lake Michigan as seen from Chicago has thus been reported.

Looming has been responsible for a good

deal of faulty cartography. The historic mistakes of Commander Wilkes in charting the location of the Antarctic coast have been ascribed by some geographers to the effects of abnormal refraction in causing him to misjudge the distance of land from his ships; though other authorities still insist that he mistook icefields for terra firma. Peary, in 1906, mistook the loom of the sea ice for a distant mountainous land northwest of Grant Land and named his supposed discovery "Crocker Land". On the other hand, Scott, Borchgrevink and other polar explorers have at times found looming a useful phenomenon which enabled them to locate both land and icefields beyond the normal range of vision.

Aspects of the outdoor landscape seen through the inhomogeneous and more or less bubbly glass of an ordinary window-pane will often show curious distortions such as are produced by the process of irregular refraction through air in certain states of the atmosphere. A distant ship, mountain, or what not may thus assume a weird form which changes with a shifting of the atmospheric strata through which it is seen. The sun or moon near the horizon is often thus strangely distorted.

When an extensive area of landscape or seascape is involved in such transforma-

tions the display as a whole is called *fata morgana*. The name is derived from Italian legendry, but the phenomenon is no more peculiar to the shores of Italy than is the "spectre of the Brocken" to a particular mountain in Germany. In both cases names originally of local application have become generic.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a Dominican friar, Antonio Minasi, published an exuberant description of the *fata morgana* as seen from Reggio on the Calabrian side of the Strait of Messina by an observer looking toward the opposite shore. He told of "various multiplied objects, such as numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles well delineated, regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces with balconies and windows, extended alleys of trees, delightful plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and horseback, and many other strange figures, all in their natural colors and proper action and passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea."

This description and the drawing that accompanied it became the common property of encyclopedists and writers of school-books, and thus it happens that a species of mirage of world-wide occurrence has come to be associated with a particular place where—to add to the paradox—it is very rarely seen.



The Noblest Ham of Them All

By ALLEN CHURCHILL

FOR sustained determination on his own part and sustained ridicule from press and public, the foremost ham actor of all time must have been James Owen O'Connor, who first favored New York with his art in April, 1888. The remarkable thing

about O'Connor was not his firm belief in himself as the world's greatest actor, or the fact that he belatedly began to act in his fortieth year, or even the coincidence that he was born on April 1st; it was the riotous enjoyment he gave his audiences.

That is, all audiences except the one at his New York debut, which was composed of Shakespeare enthusiasts who, ready to applaud a tragedian sprung from local soil, were entirely unprepared for the Hamlet who bounced from the wings five minutes late for his cue. Shoulders thrown back and stomach thrust far beyond his chest, O'Connor strode to the front of the stage and, after bestowing an ingratiating leer on the crowd, turned his back and shouted loudly for the prompter. For several minutes he communed excitedly with this shadowy person, and then, turning, began his first speech. He declaimed in a hot-potato voice, and accompanied his delivery with the most grotesque histrionics ever witnessed on a New York stage. Apparently possessed of boundless energy despite his scrawny appearance, he clawed the air, smote his brow, sighed, groaned, ranted, gave catarrhal snorts, grovelled on the floor, leapt skyward, and performed elephantine acrobatics. All this with intense solemnity.

The audience manifested its disapproval by subdued jeers and laughter, thereby exhibiting a restraint which no subsequent O'Connor audience sustained. And their tolerance enabled them to observe subtle points in his acting which were overlooked by the more uproarious crowds: that he behaved toward the women in the cast like a lecherous octogenarian and addressed the men with exaggerated abandon; that he chucked Horatio under the chin and dealt Ophelia a severe blow in the ribs with a flying elbow; that often he stopped in the middle of a speech to give his own explanation of it; and that once he stepped completely out of character to administer a kick to the actor who varied his portrayal of the King's corpse by fits of uncontrollable laughter.

Only the actor who played Polonius

approached the star in eccentricity. According to the *Times* reviewer, "he played at a sort of canter like a wily old fox and when he died he expressed his agony in a war whoop of notable dimensions." The same critic vowed that O'Connor was a worse actor than Count Johannes. Years before, Count Johannes, born plain George Jones, had capitalized his maladroitness acting and retired with a fortune. There is nothing in O'Connor's career, however, to indicate that he acted with tongue-in-cheek as did his predecessor.

O'Connor was born in New York in 1849 of a distinguished family—his father was a cousin of the noted lawyer, Charles O'Connor—and following the wishes of his mother studied for the priesthood at Georgetown University. But before his ordination he made a trip to Europe and returned, to the horror of his relatives, a Baptist preacher. Sometime during this interval he decided that he would be the world's greatest actor. In order to prove his point he soon left the ministry to find a job on the stage; but the parts that he deemed worthy of his genius were not to be had by beginners. In despair he turned to law, and studied at Columbia. In time he was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Brooklyn. Late in 1887 he inherited money, and right off assembled a stage company. With himself as its star he toured the West and upstate New York, and after several months of barnstorming considered himself ready for Broadway. He chose the Star Theater at Broadway and Thirteenth Street because Henry Irving had recently completed an engagement there. He opened on the night of April 9, 1888.

After his first performance the dramatic critics agreed unanimously that his acting was indescribably bad, and recommended to their editors that he be transferred to the news columns. On the following night

at his second performance — again *Hamlet* — there was much that was news. The theater was filled to overflowing with males of plebeian origin, out for a good time. They greeted O'Connor's lopsided entrance with jeers, catcalls, and hoots. As the play progressed they talked back to him. When Hamlet cried, "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt," a raucous gallery god inquired, "Why don't you try the Turkish bath?" And when O'Connor called to the simpering, elegant Osric, "But who comes here?" a strident voice replied, "Berry Wall!"

A barrage of eggs, ripe tomatoes, and other garbage accompanied this persiflage. Most of the missiles went wide of their elusive mark, but those that did strike his inky cloak were the signal for howls of approval. The only comparatively quiet period during the performance was shattered after the line, "Woe is me that I have seen this sight," by a fervent, universal shout of "Us, too!"

As the tumult increased the house manager ran through the aisles punching the most vociferous hecklers. O'Connor himself made several attempts to still the uproar by inveighing against the "fayntastic" merriment of the crowd. When these failed he tried to pass off the abuse lightly. Picking up a cabbage that had rolled to his feet he held it aloft and declaimed: "Shades of corned beef! Behold, folks, this edible tribute to the O in my name. Would that I knew its giver so that I might return it to him, for 'tis possible he likes its taste much better than I."

At the close of the play O'Connor rushed to his dressing room in a rage. But if he had taken a curtain call he would have heard the happy audience assuring him, "No grudge, old boy."

After the first two nights the program at the Star was changed nightly. In addition

to *Hamlet*, O'Connor gave *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richelieu*, *The Marble Heart*, and *Othello*. The matinee of the second week was a complimentary performance for the profession. For this occasion he chose *The Merchant of Venice* and adopted a belligerent attitude. He was determined to be heard, and stationed police in the gallery to ensure order. Nevertheless, his entrance as Shylock was the signal for howls and comments on the moth-eaten appearance of the beard he wore. O'Connor immediately stepped to the front of the stage. "Throw those devils out!" he commanded the police, and added, "I have a loaded musket backstage which I may be forced to use."

This threat secured a semblance of order until the trial scene. When Shylock was asked, "Why dost thou whet thy blade so keenly?" a voice answered from the balcony, "He's going to shave off them whiskers." From then on there was bedlam. The police added to the rumpus by persisting in their efforts to eject the hecklers. O'Connor was struck full in the chest by a bouquet of pieplant, and played the death scene in his unique version of the play galloping around in wide circles trying to avoid the missiles hurled at him. At last he collapsed dramatically in front center, leaving one leg vertical in the air. From that position he could see that most of the seats reserved for the profession had been vacated.

When his two weeks at the Star were ended, O'Connor tried to have his tenancy extended but the managers refused. They claimed, in general, that he was destroying the theater's prestige, and, specifically, that in their ecstasies of hilarity, his admirers were tearing the seats from their moorings. Finally he received and accepted an offer from the Academy of Music. For his appearances there he was billed as:

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR

The Man of the Hour

The Much Abused Man

The Much Ill-Wed Man

The Non-Confused Man

O'CONNOR

The Man of Pluck

The Man of Resource

The Man of Energy

The Man of Perseverance

The Man of Genius

His public followed him to the Academy and the engagement was a financial success. The members of the supporting cast, however, did not receive full pay, and four of them combined to sue The Man of the Hour. The most articulate of these, Emma Young, who played leading heavies, was a daughter of the redoubtable Brigham. O'Connor appeared at the trial attired in a tight blue jacket, striped trousers, pink cuffs, a white collar, a straw hat, and heavy winter gloves, although it was May. He twirled a gold-headed bamboo cane and under his arm carried a bundle of notes. He acted as his own lawyer and consulted his memoranda feverishly. From the beginning the case went badly for him; at every point made by the opposing counsel he groaned and in a sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Oh, base subterfuge!" The climax of the trial came when he ascended the witness stand and proceeded to cross-examine himself. Using a quavering falsetto for his questions and a stentorian bass for his replies, he asked:

Q. What is your name?

A. James Owen O'Connor.

Q. What is your occupation?

A. I am a counselor at law and tragedian, but I am financially embarrassed and sometimes am not myself, being maddened from the effects of the blows I receive on the head from turnips, potatoes and other vegetables hurled at me during my engagements.

Q. What is your opinion of the plaintiff?

A. She is a Mormon and an infidel.

Q. Is she an actress?

A. She is one of the hamfatters I paid for speaking the English language incorrectly.

At these insults the daughter of Brigham uttered a piercing protest and the judge ordered O'Connor to step down from the stand. He obeyed reluctantly, but sat quietly in a chair until the judge pronounced him guilty. Then, in a majestic oration, he branded the verdict a palpable miscarriage of justice. Nevertheless, he produced a bulging wallet and paid the plaintiffs on the spot.

O'Connor went from the Academy to Koster and Bial's Music Hall, where he performed a single act. To the tune of *The Huckleberry Picnic* he pranced to the front of the stage and, temporarily abandoning Shakespeare, attempted to deliver a lecture entitled "Is Civilization a Failure?" In order to go on record as having an opinion, he was forced to deliver the end of the discourse first, because the audience would never allow him to finish. Civilization was a dead failure, he began, and pandemonium followed at every performance. Rather than remain a target for the inevitable missiles, the tragedian stalked off the stage nightly, waving his arms. No amount of clamorous persuasion could bring him back.

O'Connor then toured the country giving a turgid Shakespearean monologue. His fame had preceded him and his contracts stipulated that house managers must "conciliate the press gang, and keep their damnable newsboys, bootblacks, and toughs away from me or I may shoot a few of the insects myself." To the press of every town he announced that he was the "peer tragedian of the habitable globe."

In San Francisco the garbage thrown at him soiled his costumes as well as his dignity, and he placed a wire screen across

the front of the stage for protection. At the first audience to see him behind the net he shouted: "Aha, you spirits of mischief, do your petty worst! A hearing I want and a hearing I shall get in spite of your jaundiced selves. *Vive la Net!*"

From a protective point of view the net was a success, and he acted behind it for four years. But financially it was ruinous. In New York only Koster and Bial's was open to him as the novelty of seeing vege-

tables rebound from the net wore off. In 1892, when his money was almost gone, he retired.

In private life he became so obstreperous that his relatives placed him in an insane asylum at Morris Plains, New Jersey. He escaped often and ingeniously, but was always recaptured nearby. He died in the asylum on March 31, 1894. Proudly, his family announced that an autopsy revealed his brain was unusually large.



How the American Changes His Name

BY HOWARD F. BARKER

CHANGES of name have never been prohibited in this country and are rarely questioned by the law. Indeed, slight modifications are not recognized as changes, provided the same sound is retained. Given a considerable amount of illiteracy, especially in colonial times, and a continual pressure on foreign names to make them more American, numerous alterations have ensued. Most of these changes were quite natural and proper and will be found to have affected all walks of life. But their cumulative effect is so great that we would be startled if everyone was compelled either to prove his present name or to change back to the original designation.

The two principal types of changes which have occurred may be designated as respelling and conversion. Respelling, illustrated by the shift from *Schwaab* to *Swope*, consists of a modification of spelling ordinarily accompanied by some change of pronunciation. Conversion, illustrated by a change from *Mraz* or *Moritz* to *Morris*, amounts to the adopting of a more familiar, similar-sounding designation. Besides these types of re-naming

there are various others of which translation is probably the most important. Translation, leading to the substitution of the name *Carpenter* for that of *Zimmermann*, or of *Hunter* for *Jaeger*, for example, endeavors to reproduce the original meaning.

Respelling has affected a large proportion of our names. It operates especially on the names which are reputedly hard to pronounce. It has given us *Hoover* for *Huber*, *Earhart* for *Ehrhard*, *Wanamaker* for *Wannemacher*, *Diffenderfer* for *Tiefendoerfer*; causes *Goodenough* to become *Goodnow*, and *Desborough* to yield to *Disbrow*; turns *McIntosh* into *Mackintosh*, and *Strachan* into *Strawn*. Through respelling the Irish *Colquhoun* becomes *Calhoun* or *Cohoun*; *Cockbourne* turns into *Coburn*; *Colclough* changes to *Coakley*; and *Quiddihy* becomes *Cudahy*. German-American nomenclature involves some queer sequences produced by respelling: *Albrecht* changed to *Albright* and thence to *Albrite*; *Bachmann* modified as *Baughman*, then as *Boughman*, and finally as *Bowman*. Also queer results: *Graybill* derived from *Krähenbühl*; *Slay-*

maker derived from *Schleiermacher*, which means *veil-maker*; and *Stonecypher* evolved from *Steinschleifer*, which means *stone-polisher*.

Conversion is not as readily illustrated as is respelling, because the individual instances differ. In the course of time a host of people have decided to call themselves by the same common name, be it *Smith*, *Johnson*, *Brown*, *Williams* or some other, but about the only common characteristic possessed by the names which they dropped was that each suggested in some manner, such as similarity in sound or a fancied connection, the familiar name taken. Among frequent and regular conversions is that of the Irish *Byrne* and *Beirne* to *Burns*. German *Schmids* by the thousand are among the present day *Smiths* because the forces for change were almost irresistible. A Swedish *Johansson* or *Janson* is almost inescapably drawn into the field of *Johnsons*. A German *Wilhelm*, a Dutch *Willemse*, a French *Guillaume*, has to resist very strongly becoming a *Williams*.

Translation is most practiced by the Irish and the Jews. *McGowan* may be interpreted as *Smith*; *Brehony* as *Judge*; *O'Dea* as *Godwin*; *Levisohn* may take the form of *Lewis*; and *Rabinowitz* of *Robinson*. On the whole, however, translation is an active factor for change only when little change in sound is necessary. Moreover, a literal interpretation of the significance of a name will not necessarily produce a more suitable name. The German appellation *Geiger*, for example, can be and has been translated as *Fiddler*, but most *Geigers* prefer to remain such. The German *Ruebsamen* has been translated as *Turnipseed*, but respelling as *Reubens* has generally been preferred. For some reason, a man born a *Fischbach* will let himself be called *Fishback*, which is a

nonsensical respelling, rather than translate to *Fishbrook*, which would be quite proper.

Translation of parts of names often occurs, but ordinarily under such conditions that little more than respelling is involved. German designations which begin with *Gruen-*, for example, are revised to begin with *Green-*, and those that end in *-macher* are made to end in *-maker*. Much of the translating of parts of names which might occur does not. *Weissmueller*, for example, rarely becomes *Wheatmiller* or *Whitemiller* on the basis of meaning, but more often takes the form of *Wisemuller*, which is nonsense to an etymologist. *Tiefenbach* could be fully translated as *Deepbrook*, or partially as *Deepbach* or *Tiefenbrook*, but it generally becomes *Definbaugh*, a respelling.

Besides respelling, conversion, and translation, there are two other processes for change which cannot be passed over even in this short commentary; abbreviation and ornamentation.

Abbreviation may be applied to names of no more than four letters, but most commonly is applied to those of over eight letters or three syllables. It tends to reduce *McLaughlin* to *Laughlin* or *Claflin*; *Brockelhurst* to *Brock* or *Hurst*; *Riemenschneider* to *Snyder*; *Seidenspinner* to *Seidens*, and so on. It removes the first syllable when *O'Sullivan* becomes *Sullivan*, the middle one when *Grunewald* changes to *Greenwald*, and the end one when *Rohrbacher* is cut to *Rohrbach*. Almost in contravention of reason, the most important abbreviation of all is the trimming of *Davies* to *Davis*, a slight saving which has influenced the designation of many thousands of our people.

Contrary to the principle of abbreviation, names occasionally become longer through what we may call ornamentation.

By this process *Smith* is changed to *Smythe*, *Johnson* to *Johnstone*, and *Grub* to *Grobe*. Cases like these of substituting a rather stylish name for a plainer, shorter one are not the limit of ornamentation. There is, for example, a very general tendency to add *-s*, making *Reynold* into *Reynolds*, and *Reichard* into *Richards*. Also a propensity to double final letters, for instance in the deriving of *Russell* from *Russel* and *Pickett* from *Picket*.

Add all these changes together and a remarkably large proportion of our people will be found to be affected. Allow further for the fact that ten per cent of our country's population are Negroes, not originally possessed of surnames and now generally known by the names of their former masters or by other names familiar in the South in the sixties, and it will become evident that the immigrant pattern of our nomenclature is disguised.



Home, Sweet Home Goes on the Road

BY RALPH BAKER

A MILLION Americans are today living on wheels. The automobile trailer has become a national institution; there are now two hundred and fifty thousand of them on the highways. Trailer manufacturers cannot meet the current demand, and one authority, after a survey of the situation, makes the prediction that within twenty years half the population of the United States will be living in these motorized homes. Even should this prophecy prove only one-fourth true, it suggests a profound change in our social and economic life. The immediate factor in the movement is discontent—a revolt against the depression.

A trailer car is primarily a home on wheels. It is a natural development of the tourist camps, with their cabins and tent spaces. It meets the American instinct to travel, an urge inherited from a background of covered wagons and *Mayflowers*. Take a look at a typical trailer camp: Under the big tree by the commissary is a sign painter, a single man who used to travel about in an old Ford. Next to him are the domiciles of two retired army men and their wives. Then come those of four

itinerant laborers, three of whom are working in the orange packing house during the season, and the fourth still looking for a job. Across the "street" is the de luxe trailer of the former vice-president of a national bank. Alongside is a barber, who will ply his trade in this town until the tourist season is over. A family of eight—six children—are next. On their homemade trailer two double beds that let downward along the sides at night provide sleeping accommodations for the children, three to a bed. The father is a carpenter, at the moment unemployed and helping the mother make baskets, an industry in which the four older children share. Over at the other side of the camp, a little apart from the thirty-odd cars and trailers that make up the little community, is another retired army man who furnishes the scandal for the rest. He is apparently a married man, but according to the oldest resident, who has been here nearly three months, he has had four wives in that period. For the most part these people are a friendly, care-free lot, fraternizing on terms of equality. The only really aloof one is a school-

teacher, on vacation and new to this sort of life.

Just as there are all classes of trailer owners, so are there all types of trailers. They range in price from less than one hundred dollars for a fair used one, to four thousand for a de luxe model. Those in the lower price bracket have all the necessities, including electric wiring for plugging into a camp circuit. The higher the price, the more luxuries are added. One of the costly ones will be equipped with radio, electric refrigeration and air conditioning, electric stove and appliances, wall beds with inner spring mattresses, telephone to the car ahead, sink, toilet, and bath.

The economic advantages of trailer car ownership are many. The original cost is within reach of nearly everyone who owns a car — and most Americans do. The camping fees, ranging from nothing up to two dollars or so a week, can be compared to the cost of one item, say gas, at home. Moreover, the trailer is not always in camp. Sometimes it is parked under a tree by the side of the road, on the shore of a beautiful national park lake, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, or in a friend's yard — the last, incidentally, being a common occurrence these days. Food is no higher on the road, since these trailer people enjoy home cooking at all times. One woman says, "That is the chief advantage of traveling this way. When we used to take an occasional trip, we either made a hasty meal over a camp fire or a camp cook stove, or looked around in a strange town for a restaurant that usually turned out to be an unsatisfactory one. Now, this is just like home, the dishes on the shelves, the food in the cupboard and ice-box, the stove at hand."

Auto trailers are found all over the country, following the seasons like migra-

tory fowl, but always, of course, in greater numbers in Florida and California. The scientifically built trailer, however, is not only a fair weather home. It can provide comfortable housing even in the coldest weather, but few care to undergo the rigors of winter when it is just as easy to be elsewhere.

Camps with accommodations especially for the trailers are springing up in many places these days. At present these are in connection chiefly with established tourist stop-overs, but in some places there are camps purely for the trailers. The forward-looking business men of Florida were the first to see the possibilities of the movement, and at Sarasota they laid out a complete trailer city with streets, lights, and sewage system. Other towns followed this pioneer example and today there are many such colonies, chiefly still in Florida.

In some of these camps no charge, or at most a very small one, is made for accommodations. In any of them, even those maintained by private owners on a profit taking basis, the fee for plugging into a light circuit, connection with running water, and for sewage facilities, seldom exceeds two dollars a week. Private camp owners depend on their commissaries to increase revenues; city-owned camps on the increased business of the merchants.

In general the trailer folk have a good deal to complain about in their camp accommodations. The facilities are not always adequate and there are not enough camps, but things are improving. "Every year we find trailer camps where there were none before, and the rates in all of them are gradually coming down," they say.

They are a gregarious class, and it is not unusual to find colonies of as many as five hundred in one camp. They move along in caravans, too, friendships formed

along the road assuming some permanence in this manner. These people rapidly develop a psychology peculiar to their mode of life. They don't worry a great deal about anything. Listen to the testimony of a retired banker. Several expensive sanitariums had failed to improve his health. "Then I bought this trailer and got well. It's because I left my troubles behind — cast off every thought of business and the old responsibilities. It's the healthiest life in the world; not that there's any more sunshine or sanitation or rest than in a sanitarium, but because there's no worry."

For the housewife the old enemy, domestic drudgery, has been eliminated, for it is practically impossible to do a day's work, or even a very large part of one, in taking care of the average trailer, one room in size. When it is remembered that she has the advantage of the same modern conveniences she had in her city residence, and that these things are within the reach of people of limited means, some of whom could not afford them before, it is small wonder that the typical reaction of the women is, "I don't think I'll ever be content to go back to a regular house. We still have our furniture, but I suppose it will always be where it is now — in storage."

Adopting this mode of life partly to escape the responsibilities that accompany permanence, it is natural to expect the rolling house dweller to have cast aside his civic sense, and generally this is the case. While some of them take an interest in local affairs largely as a matter of having something to do, the usual attitude is, "What the hell do I care about that? If I don't like the way they run this town I'll move on." In national politics, more of them are careful not to be disfranchised. On the whole, it is safe to surmise that as time goes on, the civic sense of these peo-

ple will deteriorate still further. It can hardly be otherwise in these days when the combined efforts of all interested parties are required to get even half of the electorate to the polls.

As a general rule, trailer tenants take little part in the social life of the townspeople. Here is a class who have achieved that much discussed condition — ample leisure time. It is interesting to see what they do with it. Strangely enough, there appears to be developing a reversion to those amusements of earlier and simpler days. They get together and sing songs; a gifted one plays the guitar; a good story teller holds them enthralled; the men pitch horseshoes or play baseball. Some of the camps have community halls, and that is what they like best of all. Here they can congregate at night to dance, sing, or use the equipment — games, piano, etc., provided. They go to the movies, of course, and the young people do the things that all young people do (the cars can be unhooked at will).

What of the children? So far it is principally individuals and childless couples that have taken to the road, while of such children as there are it is too early to make a prediction. Undoubtedly as the movement grows their presence will cause changes, both in themselves and in their environment. At present their schooling is hit and miss. While the trailer is settled they attend the local schools; when a move is made they transfer to others along the uncertain route. While now this constant changing tends to retard their progress and breed in them a lack of confidence, it may be that a new era will bring a more understanding acceptance of these wayfarers by the schools and a greater adaptability in the children. Meanwhile they manage to get along. In Mrs. Sutton's trailer the lights burn late, night after

night. "I'm coaching Johnny," she explains to a curious neighbor. "He's going to tell them in Phoenix that he belongs in the seventh grade instead of the sixth. He's lost considerable time, but that will bring him up to where he should be."

In order to appreciate the possibility of this movement assuming large proportions it is only necessary to consider the economic advantages. When it is possible to live comfortably for less than half of what the present manner costs, with the added advantage of mobility, it is not unreasonable to suppose that many families, though tied down to their jobs, will move out of houses into trailer cars parked on vacant

lots, in relatives' back yards, or whatever location is at hand. They are doing it now.

The number of those who can follow the road is now limited to laborers who go from crop to crop — potatoes in Colorado, oranges in California — artisans, salesmen, etc., whose callings may be profitably pursued thus, and to people with some income. However, if a truly large proportion of the population becomes mobile, employment will have to adjust itself.

It must be borne in mind, too, that although the travelling home can travel, it can also settle down, providing all the economies of the trailer car together with the advantages of a fixed residence.



The Truth About Antiseptics

By JEROME W. EPHRAIM

WHEN father pounds his thumb trying to hang a new picture; when little Willie cuts his finger with his new jackknife; when sister scrapes her shin getting out of the rumble seat — in such minor but ubiquitous emergencies the accepted procedure in every well-regulated home is to make a dash for the medicine cabinet. There are of course differences of opinion as to the proper antiseptic. In some households they reach for the mouthwash under the delusion, strongly fortified by radio announcers, that it is a powerful germicide. In others, parental preference leans to a patented mercury dye which, unlike iodine, does not sting yet produces a stain equally persistent, edifying and impressive. Aside from such variations, however, the technique is everywhere approximately identical: dab something on! It has become a ritual, an article of faith.

Occasionally some hardy soul effectually protests, and escapes with no treatment at

all — but only amid dire predictions of the calamities likely to befall him. Oddly enough these calamities seldom materialize. Stranger still, some of our most eminent bacteriologists now openly sympathize with the culprit and suggest that he may be better off than if he had meekly succumbed to the importunities of his relatives and mentors. However, this is not intended to suggest, or even remotely to imply, that minor injuries should be neglected. (Major or doubtful injuries should receive immediate medical attention.)

The skin is our protective armor. Once it is punctured, the way is open for infection, and infection can be serious if not fatal. So however ungracious it may be to question the well-intentioned activities of good Samaritans, we are obliged to inquire into what is the best possible practice in antiseptics. At this very moment, hundreds and perhaps thousands of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are binding up a

nation's wounds. With a bottle of antiseptic in one hand and a bit of gauze in the other, they feel serenely confident that they are doing their good deed for the day. But are they? Or are they actually doing more harm than good? In many cases, very likely.

This suggestion is almost certain to cause indignant replies. The writer is fully aware that it runs counter to many popular notions on the subject. Nevertheless, in the light of modern research (amply supported by reliable clinical observation), no other conclusion can be drawn. The truth of the matter is that the popular practice of this type of first aid, not to mention other attempts at disinfection, is largely based on false premises, and on a lack of understanding of what really takes place.

The fundamental fallacy is that something out of a bottle is or could be the answer to every antiseptic problem. It is not. "Something out of a bottle" may play only a subordinate role in scientific antiseptics. Often, notably in the case of iodine, it may be harmful. Not infrequently it can be dispensed with altogether. Even if not directly harmful it conveys a sense of false security which precludes or delays proper treatment.

A few fundamental facts must be borne in mind. First, the unbroken, normal skin has itself remarkable properties of self-disinfection. Soap and water, cleanliness — washing the dirt and bacteria away — are of fundamental importance. Attempting to kill bacteria present by disinfection is obviously a subordinate procedure. Only in some few instances, as prior to an operation, is skin disinfection necessary. Secondly, on the broken skin, as in the case of cuts and scratches, disinfection is secondary in importance to cleanliness. It is still a better procedure to clean dirt and bacteria away than simply attempt to kill

bacteria, and in the use of antiseptics several complicating factors arise. Iodine in strong concentration, and certain other antiseptics, may injure or destroy the leukocytes in the wound area. The leukocytes (white blood cells) are the protective soldiers. The same or other antiseptics injure the surrounding tissue cells. Thus the reparative mechanism of the body is disturbed.

It is apparent that the problem of antiseptics is more than that of simply killing bacteria. The actual killing power of any antiseptic is but part of the story. Of greater importance is cleanliness and non-interference with the defensive and reparative mechanism of the body. If the bactericidal action of an antiseptic was the only problem involved, sterilizing a wound over an open flame would be the most effective procedure.

Let us inquire into antiseptics themselves. Do they actually kill bacteria under conditions of use? Their performance in a test tube is inconclusive because many antiseptics lose a part or all of their power to kill bacteria in the presence of organic (animal and vegetable) matter. What antiseptics have objectionable side-actions that make their use undesirable? In other words, what antiseptics, while effective germicides, interfere with the protective and reparative mechanism of the body, and so perhaps do more harm than good?

Present studies are inconclusive as to what would be an ideal antiseptic for home use. No antiseptic is equally effective against all germs; ideally, an antiseptic should be fitted to the special circumstances involved and to the particular organisms it is desired to kill. In the case of wounds it is the staphylococci which are the most usual cause of infection, and unfortunately these particular invaders are especially hard to destroy. On the

basis of present evidence, it may be suggested that *after cleansing*, a two per cent solution of chloramine or one of the newer proprietary preparations manufactured by a so-called "ethical" house will be found useful. In the case of chloramine, it does not appear to be as effective as iodine in actual killing power, and its efficacy is reduced in the presence of organic matter, but it has the advantage of being non-irritating and non-injurious in this dilution, and so the *net* action of the antiseptic is of value. To get greater effect, it can be used time and again without irritation. If iodine is used, it should be well diluted: Fantus suggests a two per cent solution in 50 per cent alcohol. (Adding two parts of water to the official tincture will give an approximation of this.)

Consideration must further be given to the technique of cleansing and disinfection. Dr. E. Dunbar Newell, chairman of the section on railway surgery of the Southern Medical Association, states: "The cleansing of the wound with soap and water, which is always available, is the only treatment necessary in nine-tenths of the wounds seen by railroad surgeons or surgeons doing emergency work."

"I feel that soap and water cleansing of the wound and of the skin about the wound is the most important single factor in the treatment of wounds and in all wound dressings," adds Dr. C. R. Murray in his important monograph, *Treatment of Injury*.

Soap and water are good standbys. It is desirable that the soap be mild and the water free from contamination. Liquid soap may be easier than cake soap for use in a sensitive area.

If oil or other animal matter (including damaged tissue) has worked its way into the wound, an organic solvent such as carbon tetrachloride (a home cleaning-fluid)

will be useful in dissolving such foreign material. The antiseptics may then be applied. Certain investigators do not consider this step necessary, and in some cases even undesirable. However, it would seem that because of the treacherous nature of certain invaders, this additional precaution is desirable. It is well to know the full directions for proper use of the various antiseptics, as in some cases a dab might be all that is needed; in other cases frequent applications.

The last part of the procedure is the protection of the open wound from dirt and more bacteria (ever present). A *mild* antiseptic ointment may be applied which will have the effect of protecting the exposed areas, of continuing the antiseptic action (the lasting power of many antiseptics is low), and it will not interfere with the natural healing process of the wound itself. Many practitioners prefer a loose packing of gauze; a tight bandage will close off the necessary blood supply, and collodion will have the effect of sealing the wound with whatever bacteria was not removed. It is vital that the bacteria be kept from avenues reaching the blood stream itself. It is interesting that bleeding is also a part of the protective mechanism of the body. The flow is *outward* instead of into the blood stream.

The foregoing discussion has concerned itself with the use of antiseptics externally; little need be said about their use for oral hygiene. A quotation from T. Swann Harding's *The Popular Practice of Fraud* sums up the story of mouth washes:

The government once acted on such a product labeled: "A delightful, refreshing, and purifying mouth wash, healing, antiseptic, and prophylactic, keeps the gums firm, preventative treatment when pyorrhea is threatened," and demanded an honest label on it. The new legal label read: "A delightful, refreshing mouth wash."

These products, however, are usually not directly harmful. The principal objection is the false sense of security which a few swishings in the mouth might give.

Finally, home sanitation is primarily a matter of cleanliness. Here again it is easier to remove bacteria by washing them away, together with the debris in which they live, than it is to "disinfect" by sprinkling even the most powerful germicides. Yet home disinfectants have their uses. Two facts should be borne in mind. (1) High temperature, where it can be applied, is one of the most effective sterilizing agents known. Boiling is bad for clothes but it will disinfect them effectually; it will also sterilize instruments used for minor home "operations," such as manicuring. (2) Deodorants are not necessarily disinfectants.

The deodorizing devices once popular in cheap movie houses do not purify the air, or anything else. They merely mask one bad odor with another. A true disinfectant such as chlorinated lime will both kill germs and remove odors; it has its uses on the farm. A hypochlorite solution makes a useful dip for disinfection purposes, for milk cans, pots and pans, etc., after they have been cleaned. Such a product, however, is less effective in the presence of organic matter, and so for disinfecting tooth brushes, hair brushes, combs, etc., chloramine and formalin are recommended.

Again there is no all-purpose disinfectant against germs. These products are usually evaluated on a basis known as the "phenol coefficient" method. This is a yardstick by which disinfectants are compared with the disinfecting value of phenol (carbolic acid) against typhoid. Ruehle and Brewer of the Food and Drug Administration describe, in a Department of Agriculture circular, the three methods generally used, but essentially the results are an indica-

tion of the value of the antiseptic or disinfectant against typhoid. Coal tar products usually rate high in this test; cresol products less so. However, cresol disinfectants are perhaps effective against a greater variety of bacteria, and may be preferred on this basis.

Progress *has* been made in antiseptics. But many shifts of opinion have taken place since Lister's day. He believed the killing of bacteria the sole end in itself, and this feeling has been widely retained as a sort of superstition by laymen. Even reformers have become excited over the weaknesses of widely-touted antiseptics on the basis of germ-killing power alone, although as we have seen this is only part of the story. Still much criticism is a helpful corrective, and it is hoped an increasing number of people will lose some of their blind faith in the dab of any single cure-all.

Literature.—A useful classification of antiseptics will be found in *Materia Medica* by W. A. Bastedo, M.D. (Saunders, 1932). Valuable books on treatment of injuries are *Industrial Hygiene for Engineers and Managers* by McCord and Allen (Harper, 1931), and *Treatment of Injury* by C. R. Murray, M.D. (Harper, 1931). To the technically minded, *Methods of Testing Antiseptics and Disinfectants* by Ruehle and Brewer (U. S. Department of Agriculture Circular No. 198, 1931) may be of interest. Also "A Bacteriological Appraisal of Thirty-Four Commonly Used Antiseptics," by Allen, Moorehead and Edgerly, *American Journal of Surgery* 23:371 (February, 1934), "Self-Disinfecting Power of the Skin," by Arnold and Bart, *Journal of Hygiene*, 19:217 (January, 1934), and "Treatment of Sterile, Contaminated, and Infected Wounds," by E. Dunbar Newell, M.D., *Southern Medical Journal* 27:53 (January, 1934).

THE LIBRARY

H. G. Wells Potboils The New Deal

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

THE NEW AMERICA: THE NEW WORLD, by H. G. Wells. \$1.00. 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{8}$; 78 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

A JOURNALIST may write so that he who runs may read; but H. G. Wells, who is by all odds the most capable journalist in the world, reads so that he himself may write and run. His little survey of Rooseveltian economics has not enjoyed great acclaim in the United States; but Wells, the flawless journalist (he is not steeped in the cynicism infecting this avocation of the disappointed), probably had his fling here and forgot his fee long before the bookseller had stocked the book. For he is the master, falling upon fledgling idealist like a hawk, yet flying away afterwards like a lark.

It is this larkish quality which engages his enormous public; for Wells has been incomparably the first ideal-monger of his age. He once surveyed the world in six volumes, only to end with a song. He began rather immodestly with a two-volume *Outline of History*, the effort hardly serving as an appetizer. There was another two-volume essay, which he called *The Science of Life*. Warming to the task, he further provoked his appetite for facts by two more volumes: *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*. It is immensely significant that the last line of the sixth volume ended with an injunction — which was mainly directed at himself before he

soared with singing spirits to the heaven of experimental autobiography — to mankind. The impenetrable clouds (Wells wrote as a last line) that bound our life in every direction may hide innumerable trials and dangers, but there are no conclusive limitations even in their deepest shadows, and there are times and seasons, there are moods of exaltation — moments, as it were, of revelation — when the whole universe about us seems bright with the presence of as yet unimaginable things.

How different is this historian of the Twentieth Century, Herbert George Wells, from the obsessed historiographer of the Eighteenth, Edward Gibbon. Poor Gibbon had only got as far as *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* when he was dismayed to find his life's work behind him, and only himself remaining, a sad, prematurely-aged scholar. The varying coefficients of each man's historical expansion lie not so much in the men as in the centuries. For Gibbon lived in a time when Rousseau had discovered sociology (it led to quiet week-ends in the country), and Voltaire had put God into a little temple at Ferney, and George Washington had allotted the two hemispheres to their respective politics, never to be fused by the passing of time.

Wells was not lucky enough to have encountered such stability; and he remains a journalist, never to be an historiographer. It is just as well to be born into a time

when no man can, nor is expected to, call the turn. That he approves in some degree of contemporary American ventures — the current obfuscations in the direction of economic determinism — does not imply that these are wisely directed, nor does it relate contrariwise. It means, unaffectedly, that Mr. Polly, Mr. Britling, Mr. William Clissold, Mr. Wells, is continuing, in his composite literary corpus, to have one hell of a fine, flush, interesting time. And this, in short, is the aim of all first-rate journalists.

Wells did not experience full pleasure on his last visit to the United States. He who has visited the great with unfailing punctuality — whether chewing the rag with Lenin or passing compliments with Mussolini — enjoyed the company of President Roosevelt, the only thing he did enjoy about the New Deal; which is of great significance. For Wells is a journalist who has a full time only when on a good story, and he cannot be blamed for finding a story hardly worth this little potboiling book of his. Things conspired, he writes, to give an unfavorable impression of all that had been done in the past year. He had come to America in the first Rooseveltian year, when the patterns were newly cut, the coin still bright from the stamp; when there was meat for a man who enjoys the shapes of things to come (whether they ever come or not is nothing worth a journalist's occupation), and he had shouted with his pleasure at "the inspiring quality of the early radio messages with which President Roosevelt had inaugurated the New Deal." The masses, which he appraises from time to time, were quite ready for one; but this present little book, recording his failure to be impressed by his second visit, finds the greatest of all sociological suckers declining to fall for the New Deal Sociology for the masses. Small though the work is, it speaks volumes in

Wells's refusal to be glowing about us.

In the early days Wells envisioned remarkable things for the pseudo-scientific man. He had begun his first writing with scientific romances of a jejune nature, passably based upon contemporary research. Just as Edison made practical the discoveries of original thinkers, Wells made them available for practical literary purposes. With artistry (and the best prose he ever set down), he peopled the firmament with wondrous machine men and prophetic argosies. Despite his tendency to believe in a rosy eventuality, he never conceived (until thirty years later) that flying machines would bring Tennyson's brotherhood of man to — say — Abyssinia. His novels looked upon the human race as a fighting one, the climax of one story being pitched above Niagara Falls, when yellow men and white men fought for world domination in lighter-than-air-machines. (Contemporary mechanics, by the way, at that time favored the balloon for fighting men.) How unerring his instinct for the immediate future is best illustrated by his procedure in these romances.

The Middle-Class caught Wells — or he caught its fancy — at the exact point when it became a vogue to feel that man was rapidly on the way to a perfected state. Mr. Polly was really Wells feeling his way through the currents of early Twentieth Century idealism: his thoughts were reduced to the L.C.D. of the reading public's thoughts, his protagonist interested in Wells's mild and liberal benevolences. Wells succeeded in character-drawing in these novels of his middle years. He best understood this type of human being all along, no evidence in his work anywhere showing that he has understood the really distraught, the actually shining, characters — as great novelists intuitively understand them.

This trait explains best his grip upon the public; explains, too, his remarkable insight into such Americans as Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller. His book on the happiness (etc.) of mankind is remarkably quick in its essays upon American vitality, American squeamishness. Understanding us so well, it was not surprising that he enjoyed his visit to America in the first Roosevelt year. He expected new fields, new romances in a country which was reported to be solving the unsolved riddle of human justice, human society. "The deliberate readjustment of the social mechanism" is the thing he likes best to write about, whether in pamphlet, novel or compendium of knowledge. (He had, some fifteen years before, gone as eagerly to Russia. Being a liberal, its early crudities had revolted him, for he observed inefficiency in the Bolshevik civil service, saw imperfections in Lenin's deliberate readjustments.) Coming to the White House in 1934, and impressed with the first flush of Rooseveltian pronunciamientos, he became the reporter who, sent to cover a revival service, ends by taking a big drink and hitting the sawdust trail himself.

Wells is a liberal. If liberalism had been discredited in Europe, then Wells was utterly sincere in his longing for Roosevelt's solution of problems yet unsolved by the European bayoneteers. His first visit to Roosevelt made him glow as never before. (Even in the great war he had clung to liberalism, Mr. Britling seeing the Utopian through those shocking days, winding up with a belief in a Divine Being who would soon put an end to injustices which laboratory workers were doing their damndest to remedy themselves.) He later had written a two-volume work, *The World of William Clissold*, giving his own literary personality a New Deal, even though the old fire-horse turned out for

the fires of prophecy soon afterwards in *The Shape of Things to Come*. He was set to believe in Roosevelt; and even now, bitterly disappointed that America has turned out to be a small potboiler instead of a two-volume hit, he will still hail Franklin Roosevelt as "a very strange and great man, a recipient and resonator of all that is most soundly progressive in Anglo-Saxon thought."

We have let Wells down, make no mistake about it; but he will not blame our leader for it. As for his ever doing a two-volume work on America: he can only achieve that provided the Rooseveltian changes "are drawn together into a greater unity than they now possess, unless a coherent vision of the New America and the new world that is latent in the knowledge and invention of today can be given to the miseducated and perplexed masses waiting for leadership throughout the world. . . ." Wells in 1935 warns us that we will "end in downfall and disaster" otherwise, and become permanently a mere potboiler among the nations.

In the childhood of our author, America was called the New World. He will still regard Americans as citizens of that world provided they will only be more closely allied with Europe, become more cooperative in plans for disarmament, grow more kin in political relationship to England. Just how this may be affected is really not in the province of a book by H. G. Wells. A journalist is not expected to think deeply into causes back of a failure of a nation to achieve its aim. Wells arrives, looks over the situation, and files his story, moving on to the next continent, the next interview, the next book. If the Republicans have failed to give Roosevelt a firm, yet sympathetic opposition, if business men have stood dumb after six years of glorious yodelling with Coolidge, then it is not the

part of Wells to analyze this hostility, this dumbness. He simply reports the fact, scolds us, warns us, and moves happily onward to the next ruler. (He has not seen Stalin, Hitler or Mussolini in more than a year.) He will be going the rounds now, and it will be sometime before he contacts us again. If, in that time, America can solve her problems of production and distribution, her difficulties in surviving the upsets in a fast-changing world, then we can be assured that we shall have a finer book about us next time, a more solid one, with larger references to various scientific experiments on rats and cats and men.

In the meantime, we must admit to the genius of Wells as a journalist. There is not the slightest doubt that, had the Rooseveltian economics been on the successful side, the man would have hailed with his shrewdness the coming of a new political idea. He has never failed to sense the direction of a main current in human history, in scientific research, in mechanical endeavor. If his little book about the New Deal is a potboiler, then it is because we have been boiling the pot ourselves.



The New Fiction

BY FRANCES C. LAMONT ROBBINS

Lucy Gayheart by Willa Cather (Knopf, \$2.) has recently appeared, the first novel in some years by this careful writer. It is short, and in places very lovely. By no means the equal of some of Miss Cather's earlier books, it is quite in tune with the mood of tender and delicate retrospection which has been growing on her. For the scene, she has left heroic New Mexico and faint, picturesque New France and returned to the Nebraska of thirty years ago.

This is a time and place which she loves. Her central figure is such a girl as she has created before, in greater detail and to greater emotional extent. It has interested her, hitherto, to carry her immigrant girls through the conflict of Old World ideals and New World vulgarity to a triumphant self-realization based upon the traditional feminine virtues. In *Lucy Gayheart*, she sets down, in a sustained mood of pitying tenderness, the story of a short life, an incident only, and of a fulfilment purely mystical.

Lucy Gayheart is the daughter of a mild German watchmaker, band leader and half-hearted farmer, who would rather play the flute than hoe the corn. Lucy is in love with life and with the natural world about her. The longing for identification with life and beauty is strong in her. When, in being, and later in memory, she walks down the street of her little town, clean window panes sparkle and birds sing, syringa smells sweeter and people sitting on porches feel pleased about things. Pure in heart, Lucy sees God, and the reflection of her vision shines from her eyes upon those who know and touch her. Music is Lucy's second life: movement and sound put into lovely order. Already a successful student, she goes to Chicago where she becomes the assistant accompanist of Clement Sebastian, a great singer. Her rich spirit and high-hearted innocence are charms to attract and solace a disillusioned man, and armor to protect. In love without passion, Lucy's life is made complete and, after a parting which is the foreshadowing of tragedy, she returns to her village. When the immutable loss comes, Lucy's silver bells are stilled. Sweetness remains, but the gay heart's gaiety is gone. There is only death left for Lucy, not a pitiful child gesture in imitation of tragedy, but death as love's perfect consummation.

Poetic symbolism is at the heart of all the Cather novels. The flaw in Alexander's bridge paralleled the flaw in his character; the Professor's new house illustrated the confusing intrusion of new standards upon old faiths. And in *Lucy Gayheart*, the black ice over which Lucy loved to skate, lying over still waters that run deep, becomes the thin ice of life over which the soaring spirit skims. When truly the ice of the River Platte breaks under Lucy's swift feet, it is because she chose that it should break, letting the waters of love lost close over her.

Order and simplicity have always been Miss Cather's great virtues of style. Her work is another proof that order is prose's first law. She believes that writing is meant, first of all, to be understood, and that creative talent, burning and turbulent though it may be, is strong or weak in effect in proportion to the clarity of the sentences in which it expresses itself. Miss Cather is blessedly unaffected by fashions in writing. She has always followed her own bent; written of things she knows, and told the truth as she sees it. So, because her vision of truth encompasses human nature, which has its strengths as well as its weaknesses, she is not afraid of embroidering what is called sentiment into her novels. In *Lucy Gayheart*, she is as sentimental as the Schubert songs which Lucy played and Sebastian sang. She knows that a girl could love a middle-aged artist, she being life and he resignation, and that he could love her, and that their love could be made real without a seduction scene. In a vulgar generation, she has remained dignified and courteous in speech. She can suggest perversion without recourse to the psychoanalyst's jargon, and can describe meanness and cruelty without the use of invective. She understands the value of selection and knows that a line will often tell as much as a page. But, although it has been part of her ex-

pressed theory that style should be subservient to content, the fact is that it is by their beauty of style that her recent novels have captured their audience. This is particularly true of *Lucy Gayheart*.

Miss Cather's sympathies have sometimes been with the enthusiasm of youth, sometimes with the courage of middle-age. Here they are poised between the two. Youth's dream and maturity's memories blend in this book, and I think it is this particular fusion of dream and memory which accounts for the novel's lack of vitality. Miss Cather, especially since the publication of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, has been classed by reviewers with the escapists. If escape means escape from vitality, she belongs with them. Vitality is of the moment — inhale, exhale, throw a brick, eat your dinner and curse the cook. But Miss Cather seeks no escape from truth when she dwells on memory and dreams. Nothing was truer than dreams; nothing is truer than memory. The instant of life which lies between dream and memory is probably only a very noisy lie; and when it finds its way into books, it is rather more of an escape, for most of us, than any amount of remembering and dreaming.

Pier 17 by Walter Havighurst (Macmillan, \$2.) is quite good enough to be set down beside Miss Cather's book. I put it with *Paths of Glory* as the two novels of the summer most memorable for emotional impact; and both are by new novelists. *Pier 17* is like many contemporary novels in that it deals with a single event, covering a few days in time, presenting characters divorced from background simply as they come into view, move across a tormented, chaotic stage, and disappear. Nevertheless the characters are individual, their brief appearances imply a long past peopled with other characters and set in other scenes; and each, during his short hour on

the stage, shows what he is. The story opens with the arrival in Seattle harbor of the steamship *Pamono* with cargo from Shanghai. The seamen's strike is on. It runs its bloody, futile way through the story, drawing in officers and men, policemen, agitators, stool pigeons, and at the end each man has shown himself the plaything of a confused day, the traveler upon a journey that is too great for him.

The theme of the book, presented with irony and pity, through scenes of violence and of quiet grace, is the theme of the innocent bystander, the man who suffers in a stranger's fight into which he has been drawn by traditions that he questions, feverish curiosity, stupid anger. "It used to be," says Captain Lanning to his first mate, "you worked a ship for the owner, saw him between voyages, shook his hand." If there was something on his side "you could understand it," and the men could understand it, "plain enough": but now you work for "statistics—a bookkeeping system, most likely." It doesn't make sense to Captain Lanning that word should go out from a bookkeeping system that wages are cut twenty per cent. He knows he doesn't belong on the bookkeeping side of this relationship, from which "the sense and the manhood have gone out." And yet he dies, naturally enough, hit by a brickbat thrown by one of his own fore-castle hands who had called him, affectionately, "the Old Man" the day before, and now thinks he's one of the "bookkeepers." The dying scribbler, a sailor run away from college, sensitive and weak, dies reaching for anything that feels like life—a girl's soft cheek, a yelling crowd, backs to the wall and faces to the cops. "It's my union, too," he screams. But it is only his chance to fight and shout before he dies. The able seaman with a family to support, dead set against the strike which is easier for his

footloose fellows, is the third innocent bystander. Strike-breaking and an immediate shipwreck, with no pay for him, and his union card gone, send him, stupid and angry, spanner in hand, down into a tug's glory hole to beat in other strikebreakers' heads. Heart for a cause, these men have none. Fate and not conviction strikes down these innocent bystanders.

The complete and dispassionate objectivity of Mr. Havighurst's method is especially effective in view of the amount of vehemence and unhandy fury that go into most novels which deal with labor troubles. I am afraid Mr. Havighurst would get nowhere as a propagandist. To a propagandist, whatever his cause, things must "make sense." They don't make sense to Captain Lanning, or to Noonan, dreaming of justice without violence, or to Anderson, scabbing because "we gotta live, too, don't we?" or to Taffy, trying to write a letter home and finding nothing to say, or to Olsen, "lost in a picket line with no seaswell lifting under him and no ship's bell setting the watch." They seem, indeed, to make sense only to the girl reporter, who, having blithely betrayed an honest cause to failure and an honest fool to death, is going to get a raise and a free trip to China. *Pier 17* is a fine book, eloquent, vigorous and original. And as for the feel of ships and sailors that it gives, I haven't read anything like it since Conrad.

The Furies by James Hanley (Macmillan, \$2.50) represents, in this month's fiction, the English school of writing—if its Irish author will allow me to say so. It is long, solid, careful, character drawing, unsentimental, humorous and true to life. And yet there is a wonderful Irish quality in its excited and sometimes inconsequential violence, its comedy of little things, and only an Irishman could have written the lovely pages from an old man's memory

of youth. The Fury family, from Ireland, has been long settled in an English shipping city. Mrs. Fury is a female "terrible-tempered Mr. Bangs"; Mr. Fury, who has given up the sea for the railroad yards, longs vainly to get back; Grandfather, a helpless paralytic, saying no word but provoking many, while he dreams about his boyhood; three sons, a daughter and a maiden aunt make up the family. This working class household, dominated by the remarkable Mrs. Fury, lives before the reader's eyes through a few turbulent weeks, the domestic drama played against the background of a city lowering under the cloud of a general strike. Ugly passions, individual and collective, crash back and forth through the drab, orderly, nagging family scene, and Mrs. Fury's ambitions, which have spun the plot, alienated the children, and hung like a weight about the husband's neck, recoil upon her stalwart head. The novel is marked by several brilliant scenes, notably that of a police charge against rioters; and by a deeply understanding presentation of the intangible, complicated tie which binds two people, long married, into a rough but firm union. It is interesting throughout, if somewhat confusing at times, because of the author's imperfect control of his time sequences. I find, however, that the very short sentences break the flow of thought in a novel which is essentially a study of character rather than a record of action.

Deep, Dark River by Robert Rylee (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50) is a dramatic story of the deep South, race prejudice being its theme. Mose, a negro preacher, is framed and sent to prison for life. He has killed another negro in self-defense. Killing a negro did not matter, but Mose has presumed on those rights which no white man is bound to respect. He had married a prostitute, and when he finds her with

Birney, the white overseer for Rutherford, the great man of the neighborhood, he remonstrates. Mary Winsum, a woman lawyer, defends Mose, and interests Rutherford in his behalf. But before Rutherford can act he is murdered by his own degenerate sons, Birney's partners in skullduggery. In prison, Mose settles down to preach to his fellow prisoners, and takes no interest in his fate. And just here seems to me the fatal weak spot in negro character and mentality. Their patience and freedom from bitterness can scarcely be over-praised. Turning to prayer and song in the day of bondage, they endeared themselves to white masters and to slave-trading abolitionists. But that easy acceptance of inferiority, that fidelity where faithfulness was, often, undeserved, are they Christian virtues or admission of fundamental limitations? They defeated the good intentions of Mose's friends. The novel avoids both the pitfalls which have beset and are besetting the Southern novelist. It is not important, but it is sane, temperate, civilized and literate, a creditable addition to the River School of Fiction, now deluging us like delta lands at flood time.

Fortune and Men's Eyes by George Cronyn (Covici-Friede, \$2.50) deals with an American family of today as it reveals itself to a psychoanalyst engaged in preparing a treatise on "Variations from Normalcy in the Average Male." In the family are three sons, representing, in opinion and way of life, the right, the left and the center. Their father has been a wayward, free-thinking parson, their mother a tortured neurotic, finding release at last in suicide. "Keeping up with the Joneses," and worrying about "what the neighbors will think," have conditioned life for the three boys. They are drifters, the "acted-upon" men whom Wyndham Lewis calls

so typical of America today. Even the youngest son, who finds his way into Greenwich Village communism, follows a well-worn path. The novel is competent rather than distinguished. Its scheme makes corner-cutting in the matter of characterization too easy. In a psychoanalyst's note-book a good many things which the novelist ordinarily must prove can be set down as so. Consequently the scenes in the book are better than the characters, and the characters which are not submitted to analysis — the father and mother, schoolteacher and hired man — are far more alive than those which are analyzed, showing that it really is possible for the well of human personality to be pumped dry.

The First Bus Out by Eugene Löhrke (Appleton-Century, \$2.) is a variation on the *Outward Bound* theme, but without the shapely plot, weird atmosphere or sentimentality of that play. Into the dingy waiting room of a bus station, deep in early morning murk, come many travelers — an Italian gangster, a tramp, a pinkish expatriate, a drunken cook, a golfing lawyer, a singer, a tyrannical mother. Each asks for a ticket to a different destination — Syracuse, Bronxville, Salzburg — and each is told that his is the first bus out. Only a tired scientist, troubled by the scarcely capturable memory of great fatigue, a lonely study and a gun, suspects that travelers and bus are not of this world. The trip begins and goes on through fog, carrying each passenger to his heart's desire, whether it be murder and incest in Sicily, a reluctant lover in the Tyrol, a comfortable jail for the winter, a daughter in Greenwich to boss, or a little dog to love. The plot has no resolution, and one understands that in death, as in life, each soul goes on seeking an unattainable satisfaction. The scheme provides an opportu-

nity to tell several separate, dramatic stories, and to philosophize on timely and timeless themes. The greatest pleasure I found in the book was given by Mr. Löhrke's fastidious and happy use of language.

Light reading for the hammock may be found in *Widow's Might* by Harford Powell (Greenberg, \$2.), a comedy of the new poor; *The Bazalgettes* (Harper, \$2.50), a deft pastiche in the Victorian manner by an anonymous author; and *The Farmer in the Dell* by Phil Stong (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.), the adventures of an Iowan among the denizens of Hollywood, who turn out to be just folks, after all.



The New Poetry

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

GUEST BOOK, by Witter Bynner. \$1.50.
7¼ x 5¼; 82 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

CHOSEN POEMS, by Harriet Monroe. \$3.
8¾ x 5¼; 299 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

POEMS 1914-1934, by Herbert Read. \$2.50.
8½ x 5¼; 167 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company*.

LOW CEILING, by Lincoln Kirstein. \$2.
7½ x 5; 99 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company*. — *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

FIRST SYMPHONY, by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer. \$2.50. 9¾ x 6¼; 102 pp.
Boston: *Houghton Mifflin Company*.

THERE is a current belief that the sonnet has become outmoded and that no modern poet will employ the antiquated form. It is a false rumor, probably circulated by the few remaining devotees to free verse. Far from having been discarded, the pattern is more popular today in America than ever before. Among the most spectacular recent examples are Edna St. Vin-

cent Millay's embittered epitaphs on the race of man, Elinor Wylie's impassioned series *One Person*, Lola Ridge's mystical sequence in her *Dance of Fire*, Jesse Stuart's more than seven hundred catch-as-catch-can sonnets of Kentucky mountain life in *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow*, and Merrill Moore's selections (notably *Six Sides to a Man*) from his twenty-five thousand hybrid or American adaptations of the key with which Shakespeare presumably unlocked his heart — all published within the past few years. And now Witter Bynner, who has experimented in every form of modern verse, offers some seventy-odd sonnets in portraiture. The volume which contains them is called *Guest Book*, and the reader is led to believe that the author, who has been known for his impartial hospitality, is about to Tell All. If he expects anything of the sort the reader will be disappointed.

Mr. Bynner effectually protects and disguises his guests by retreating into poetisms, softening the edge of his malice, and watching his rhymes a little too warily. His tributes are somewhat too metaphorical to register sharply and his caricatures not quite cruel enough to evoke a pleasurable *Schadenfreude*, that altogether human delight in the pain of others. There is dexterity here in the depiction of such types as "Borrower," "Charioteer," "Choir Boy," "Teacher," "Scion," "Pianist" and others — dexterity and dispatch. The volume is, as the jacket implies, amusing guest room bedside-reading. But the publisher deserves to lose the reader's faith when he claims "This is a sophisticated modern *Spoon River Anthology*!" There should be a law — and Mr. Masters should invoke it.

Miss Monroe, without question, is the best editor of verse in America today. She has kept the veteran *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* alive since 1912, through booms and

depressions, an unparalleled record displaying almost a quarter century of industry, courage, and discrimination. Her essays are alert and penetrating; many of the editorials published during the controversial days of "the Renaissance" are as fresh and keen today as twenty years ago.

Her *Chosen Poems* is an imposing volume of one page less than three hundred. Whatever their failings — and dullness is one of them — no one can accuse Miss Monroe of lack of variety. There is no style she has not attempted. "The Hotel" is diluted Walt Whitman, "A Farewell" is Sara Teasdale twice sentimentalized, "Carolina Woodcuts" is a blurred imitation of Amy Lowell, "New-Born" belongs to the birds-that-peep-in-their-sleep *Ladies Home Journal* school, "Radio" ("I caught a fella last night in the South Pacific") is Berton Bralley in blank verse, "Our Canal" is journalistic claptrap. Is that too harsh a disposal? Here is the finale of the last-named:

O lazy laughing Panama!
O flutter of ribbon 'twixt the seas!
Pirate and king your colors wore
And stained with blood your golden keys.
Now what strange guest, on what mad
quest,
Lifts up your trophy to the breeze!

What, one wonders, could make Miss Monroe retain such doggerel? Obviously she thinks it worth keeping, for she not only presents it (vintage of 1913), but prints it proudly near the beginning of her book. Has she no critical friend willing to risk her displeasure? Was there no one to persuade her to cut the manuscript a half, a third, even a quarter? Such an operation would have been a great help to Miss Monroe's soundness as a poet, especially since it would have begun by removing the final hundred pages devoted to four incredibly amateurish plays in verse. And Miss Monroe is no amateur.

Herbert Read, like Miss Monroe, is known for his critical work, *Phases of English Poetry* and *Form in Modern Poetry* being models of unbiased analysis. Mr. Read's poetry is both less and more himself than his prose — more because of a heightening (and sometimes, unfortunately, an inflation) of his taste and temperament, less because there is nothing in his verse to indicate the authentic Herbert Read. His *Collected Poems* covers twenty years of original writing, yet the book seems little more than a mirror of recent poetic fashions, a cross between a retrospective anthology and a volume of humorless parodies. The opening "Eclogues" are leftovers from the Imagist ice box; the "War Poems" are bloodless and mannered, as might be expected of a poet who can, in 1935, append this note, "It is not my business as a poet to condemn war —" this in the face of the records left by such indubitable poets as Wilfred Owen, Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, Isaac Rosenberg, and Robert Graves. "Satirical Verses," "Lyrical Poems" and "Longer Poems" are equally undistinguished. There are occasional interesting intellectual exercises, but the lyrical note is thin and, contrasted with such a savage wit as Auden, the satire is feeble. Yet in describing the work the publisher uses such terms as "vigorous," "prodigal," "intense," "passion," "embracing vision," "dynamic." It is an impressive jacket, but for what book, I wonder, was it intended?

Lincoln Kirstein, as poet, has much in common with Herbert Read. His verse is the product of a fastidious and sensitive mind — too sensitive, in fact, for his style is anything but his own. There is nothing in *Low Ceiling*, no feeling or experience, which the author has not derived from the printed page. By this I do not mean to accuse Mr. Kirstein of lacking feeling or ex-

perience, but his expression of events and emotions is certainly not his; it is an approximation of Spender, MacLeish, and all the other modern poets whom the author admires to the point of not quite successful imitation.

First Symphony deals, so the cover assures us, with "the first symphony of all — the symphony of life." Mr. Pulsifer believes in life and his book is dedicated to Hermann Hagedorn, "who has been loyal to life." This, too, is a sequence of sonnets, eighty-one in all. It proves (*vide* the Notes) that sonnets can be made out of hints from Radcliffe's *Fishing from the Earliest Times*, Aristotle's *Poetics*, George Foot Moore's *History of Religion*, and Julian Street's *Where Paris Dines*. Unfortunately, it proves nothing else.



Briefer Mention

MOODS PHILOSOPHICAL AND EMOTIONAL, CADENCED AND DECLAIMED, by Theodore Dreiser. \$3. 5¾ x 8; 423 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

"The inmost core of his (Dreiser's) genius," says the preface, "is soft and in constant fusion and flame, the very genesis of poetry." This may be true of Dreiser's inmost core. The outer manifestation of it in such sentimental free verse as "I am a scaly pickerel," "Little flowers of love and wonder," and "Oh to walk a lonely cold road with one's lonely cold soul" — such lines reveal the novelist as author of some of the feeblest drivel of his day. Last season Dreiser wrote an introduction to Miss Shulamith Ish-Kishor's novel; this season Miss Ish-Kishor writes an introduction to Dreiser's book of — er — poems. Nothing could be fairer than that.

THE KING OF THE GREAT CLOCK TOWER, by William Butler Yeats. \$1.50. 5½ x 8¼; 46 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

The forty-six pages of this book include the scraps and filings from the workshop of Yeats, and include a play, a few lyrics as well as some supernatural songs, and commentary on all. The commentary is the most interesting part of the booklet, which will have to be read by every admirer of one of the two greatest poets writing in English today.

ROAN STALLION, TAMAR, AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers. 95 cents. 4¾ x 6⅝; 295 pp. New York. *The Modern Library*.

Roan Stallion was preceded by *Tamar*, which appeared ten years ago. A year after its reissue Jeffers became a sensation. His picturesque retreat was invaded by countless researchers as well as by the merely curious; his unprecedented vigor, his loose but sternly controlled lines, his preoccupation with the incest theme were made the subject of countless studies and theses. Controversy still rages about him, and the publication of his new work this fall will increase it. Meanwhile, *The Modern Library* has reprinted two of his best known books in one compact volume, throwing in, for good measure, fifteen poems from *A Miscellany of American Poetry*, not printed heretofore.



Check List of the New Books

(SECTION II)

MISCELLANEOUS

JOURNAL UP THE STRAITS.

By Hermann Melville. *The Colophon*
\$9 6 x 9¼; 182 pp. New York

Here is an important addition to the published works of Hermann Melville: an informal journal of his wanderings through Syria, Jerusalem, Greece, Italy and Egypt. Although parts of the book are sketchy and impressionistic, and might well have been the casual jottings of most any observant traveler, others could only have emanated from the restless, brooding, disillusioned nature that was his. The passages devoted to his stay in Jerusalem, the comments on the pyramids, or the bitter reflections on the stupidity of Christian missionaries—these betray the unmistakable genius of Melville, the man. *Journal Up the Straits* covers the years 1856-57—a very vital period in the artist's career. Only recently, thanks to the patient efforts of Raymond Weaver, the editor, and his student-collaborator, has the task of deciphering the difficult handwriting of the text been completed. Every effort has been made, in transcribing the manuscript,

to preserve as much as possible Melville's peculiarities of spelling and punctuation. The book is exquisitely printed, and the edition is limited. A valuable item for the discriminating collector.



THE SUPREME LAW.

By Maurice Maeterlinck. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
\$2 5¼ x 7¼; 160 pp. New York

Maurice Maeterlinck, the John Philip Sousa of the platitude, advances upon Einstein and his fellow relativists with trombones *fortissimo*, and demolishes their carefully concocted theories of space, time and matter in a little volume called *The Supreme Law*. It seems as if he did not want to write a big book because that would make his opponents seem too important. It is a typical Maeterlinck performance. Just as the superficiality of his popular nature studies is exposed when compared with the patient researches of Fabré, so in this essay he rhapsodizes about God and Newton in terms that reveal he regards himself, or wants to be regarded, as

profoundly scientific. The "supreme law" of his title is the ancient axiom of the physicists: "Matter attracts matter in direct ratio to the mass, and inversely to the square of the distance." Clinging tenaciously to this principle, he preaches and speculates, patronizingly pats Einstein on the head, and concludes with the profound observation: "If . . . God has not yet drawn aside the infinite that veils His countenance, in proportion as He hides Himself we discover that He is great." This is the author of *The Bluebird* at his miasmic best.



I WAS HITLER'S PRISONER.

By Stefan Lorant. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2.75 5¼ x 8¼; 318 pp. New York

Arrested by the Nazis because of alleged political hostility to the government, Herr Lorant, editor of the *Münchener Illustrierte Presse*, kept a detailed record of his life in prison. Upon his release at the end of six months, he managed to smuggle out the innumerable scraps of paper upon which it was written, and now the record — suitably revised and dramatized to meet the requirements of a publisher — is offered to the public as another atrocity story about the Hitler regime. Inasmuch as there already exists a considerable library of Russian and German prison memoirs — all excellent propaganda — this book offers nothing to get excited about. The sophisticated reader will do well to take Herr Lorant's dramatic journal with a grain of salt. After all, disgraceful prison conditions are not peculiar to dictatorships, as anybody knows who is familiar with the dark histories of some of our own penitentiaries. And as for the author's complaints against the Third Reich — happily he is a Hungarian and can return to his own country where, doubtless, he will not be persecuted. James Cleugh is responsible for the translation.



PAYING THROUGH THE TEETH.

By Bissell B. Palmer. The Vanguard Press
\$2 5¼ x 7¾; 297 pp. New York

This is not, as the title might suggest, just another book about the importance of teeth as a factor in health and disease. Rather is it an intelligent exposure of unscrupulous advertisers of tooth pastes, mouth-washes, bleaches, lotions, and other products whose claims are partly or wholly unfounded. Dr. Palmer is a former presi-

dent of the American College of Dentists, and is now secretary of the Research Council of the New York Academy of Dentistry. His conclusions are based on scientific data which have been gathered by members of the Academy who have no financial interests involved. What we need most at the present time, he believes, is a single federal law protecting the consumer from fraudulent advertisements, not only in the mail but on the air and in the newspapers as well. The Federal Pure Food and Drugs Act pertains only to the product itself; it does not protect the consumer against dishonest advertising. Therefore, according to Dr. Palmer, the act should be revised. An illuminating little book. It contains illustrations and an index.



TEMPEST OVER MEXICO.

By Rosa King. Little, Brown & Co.
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 319 pp. Boston

Mrs. King's Bella Vista was a Mexican *Grand Hotel* where, at Cuernavaca in the days of Porfirio Diaz, the *haute monde* of that romantic land foregathered. Mrs. King knew most of the revolutionary leaders, including Madero, whose character she respected, but whose stupidity in snubbing Zapata, as well as Huerta, she considers responsible for his death. She reveres Zapata for his selfless devotion and integrity, though she fled in terror before his troops in the devastation of Cuernavaca. She gives a fine portrait of Huerta, characterized dispassionately as "that murderer who was good to me." Perhaps because she had a more personal acquaintance with him, Huerta is the central figure of her book. There is in him some of the savagery, the tragedy and the dignity of Macbeth. Mrs. King, after the Revolution, found she could no longer regard herself as an alien in Mexico. Ruined in health and fortune but content, she says: "I am going to live in Cuernavaca where I belong."



THE FRUSTRATION OF SCIENCE.

Foreword by Frederick Soddy. W. W. Norton
\$2 5 x 7¼; 144 pp. New York

Here are a group of distinguished scientists — all English — who have wandered from the sanctuary of pure science, if only timidly, to go out into the world of hunger, war, fascism and communism, to see what science has done and

can do in the universal confusion. The title of the book they write indicates the attitude they present. They find the efforts of science hampered, the products of science destroyed by industrial and governmental agencies whose only purpose seems to be the maintenance of profits in a profit-seeking civilization. The point is emphasized that science depends for its existence on governmental and industrial support, a support that under existing conditions is given not for what it may mean to science or to progress, but for the dividends it will bring or the war machines it will create. What do our scientists conclude from their analysis? One says: "If science is to help humanity, it must find a new master." Another states without qualification: "I believe that the only way is complete Socialism."



ALBERT AND THE BELGIANS.

By *Charles d'Ydewalle.* *William Morrow & Co.*
\$3 5¼ x 8¾; 281 pp. *New York*

The announcement that a biography is by an intimate friend and admirer of the subject tends to arouse suspicion. The value of the close view is ordinarily outweighed by distortions due to hero-worship. This biography of the King of the Belgians, however, is no mere rhapsody. While on all occasions d'Ydewalle imputes Albert's decisions to his moral rectitude, the book is otherwise, and principally, a smooth piece of reporting of incidents. The author's commendable self-control in not intruding his own personality and not glorifying himself as a friend of royalty, gives the reader confidence in the sincerity of his effort to place Albert before the world as he really was. It is strange that not more has been written about the motives which led Albert to make the practically personal decision which changed the entire course of the World War, ruined his own country and eventually defeated Germany. The present historian does not attempt to analyze the forces behind the decision but simply takes for granted that to a man of Albert's rectitude no other course was possible. This, of course, is bilge. There is some unique material, not previously published, in the book. The story of Albert's secret visit to the Kaiser not long before war was declared, is extremely interesting, but leaves one with the impression that much transpired in that interview which never will be known. The passages

in the biography dealing with the rise of the nationalistic and socialistic parties in Belgium are excellent condensations, giving a clear picture of the complex social life of the little country, where French, Dutch and German influences have all left their mark upon the Flemish character.



THE FRONTIERS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By *William McDougal.* *D. Appleton-Century*
\$2 5 x 8; 235 pp. *New York*

This book, written by a psychologist of world eminence, takes us on an exploratory journey through the outskirts of psychology. His discussion is always interesting, provocative and stimulating, but at times distressingly biased. The thesis of the book is the consideration of concepts and phenomena in physics, biology, history and the social sciences, which, because they depend on mental bases for their elucidation and development, are as much the concern of psychology as of their mother science. There are for instance a number of chapters on such problems of modern physics as space, energy, time, causality and indeterminism, which the physicists have by themselves not yet been able to solve. In his discussion of historical and social subjects one finds the author making the naïve statement, for a college professor, that the abolition of slavery in the United States was a moral issue. Dr. McDougal believes that man has made great progress in his moral attitudes. He cites the cruel slavery of Athens, the atrocities and injustices of ancient Rome as examples of what we have left behind.



DIET AND LIKE IT.

By *Mabel E. Baldwin.* *D. Appleton-Century*
\$2.50 5¼ x 8; 230 pp. *New York*

This is a sensible and useful volume on a subject about which much nonsense has been written. The bulk of the book is made up of menus for reducing diets which have been carefully and accurately calculated. An unusual variety is allowed the patient: for example, a choice from among fifteen different dinners. The menus aim not only to effect a loss of weight but also to establish permanent habits of appetite and variety of food intake to make possible the maintenance of a lower weight.

THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

THE WEST SPEAKS UP

SIR: For fear that this letter may give the impression that it is written by some one hoping to exploit labor, I will say that on the coal lease I now hold from the United States Government, I do ninety per cent of the mining, hauling, and selling of the coal myself. Having no work during the spring months, I put in the time shearing sheep by hand, this job paying better than any other — outside of political jobs — if you work hard enough and move from one job to the next fast enough. Tried moving a little too fast on May 20th with the one and one-half ton truck on a jump from Cowdrey, Colorado, to Gillette, Wyoming. Met with an unexpected slippery place in the road and turned over, spraining my left shoulder so that consequently I have had some time to write this letter after obtaining your magazine from a news dealer at a discount after it went out of date. Used to buy it when fresh at the full price, but that was before Uncle Sam began taking \$1.25 out of every \$3 I earned, to turn this country into a political paradise.

In case you use this letter, publication of my name might make me some trouble as I have the Government men to deal with. Suggest it be signed thus: "The Again Forgotten Man."

Wish to express my sincere appreciation of Joseph Agor's wonderfully clear account of the bootleg coal industry. I hope that it is true that about one hundred thousand people are obtaining sustenance from it, as the article states. As for the land-owning companies' complaint, I can't see that they have any: it stands demonstrated that they laid down on the job until they were replaced by people who were willing to work and capable — which is and always will be nature's way, and nature is going to have her way regardless of New Dealers and Brain Trusts. The plight of investors in these companies does not worry me much — they can lay around Florida till their remaining equities have disappeared for all I care; but these thousands of miners, breakers and truckers who have shown the industry, the

initiative and the guts to put across this \$40,000,000 in produce, handicapped as they are, and who are paying themselves a living wage — unless our President sees fit to boost the price of groceries again this year — get my rousing cheers, bless them. They have shown the way out of the depression.

To be fair, the companies might collect five or ten cents royalty per ton which would yield a return of a good many hundred dollars per acre if the veins are as thick as I have been told. The royalty can be computed easily, as coal weighs fifty pounds per cubic foot and value of the land in the hands of its present owners seems to be zero, minus.

And as for the recommendations of Secretary of Labor Perkins' commission for more political regulation of the coal industry, I am reminded of her colleague who recently informed Congress that if he and his six thousand N. R. A. tax-eating nuisances were not kept on the pay rolls, there would be incalculable damage done to the country by strikes in the four major industries. I do not know whether our congressmen have recovered from the scare or not, but have read that Mr. Richberg went on a strike himself recently. So far can detect no ill effects to the country and would not worry too much if our Secretary of Labor followed his example.

The only thing that has been overproduced in this country is the crop of politicians. Could they not be placed in rows, and nine out of every ten rows plowed under?

THE AGAIN FORGOTTEN MAN

Wyoming



THE SACRED CONSTITUTION

SIR: What we need in this country is a Foundation To Keep The Record Straight. Someone ought to keep track of the promises of politicians, the prophecies of prognosticators, the ideology

of the reformers. As a case in point, consider the Anti-Saloon League's attitude toward the Constitution. During Prohibition, whenever the Wets made a move at Repeal, the Drys rushed squealing to the defense of that sacred instrument, which, said they, was the heirloom of American liberty, the untouchable shrine of freedom. Even to suggest changing it one iota was to shake the very foundations of our government and commit a direct rape upon decency, honor, and virtue. The Constitution was inviolate. At the time, this reasoning smelled pretty badly when one recalled that the Constitution had been amended some eighteen times without dire results, and that Prohibition itself was born as a result of the eighteenth change. But logic not being then in fashion, such matters were easily overlooked. Hundreds of thousands of the citizenry were absolutely convinced that the Anti-Saloon League and its horrid minions were actually defending our primary liberties when they cried out against legislating any further amendment to the Constitution.

But now that the dirty work has been done, now that the Repeal Amendment is on the books, now that the Drys no longer have to sneak down in the cellar to drink their corn whisky, what is this new squawk heard the length and breadth of the land? Why, my peers, it is just the Prohibitionist insisting that the Constitution must be changed to purge it of that cursed Repeal Amendment. The shoe, at present, is on the other foot; and the Uplifter makes no bones about reversing his position neatly and calling for legislation which, two years ago, he was denouncing as profane, invidious, against Holy Writ, and distinctly unAmerican.

Well, what is the answer? If the Constitution is still sacred, raping it again won't undo the first attack. If it is not sacred but is open to legitimate amendment, then it was also open to legitimate amendment in 1933 when the Drys were bellowing the loudest. Can anyone make sense out of this or explain the diverse reasoning behind it?

No. Accordingly, let's have a permanent Foundation to keep track of these matters. I haven't the time to be continually writing to magazines pointing them out.

HARRY KLEDGE

Tulsa, Oklahoma

LIMITATIONS TO LIABILITY

SIR: In principle, I necessarily approve of Hugh Russell Fraser's article, "The State Can Do No Wrong," in your July issue. Having for two decades urged legislation designed to break down the traditional immunity of the state in tort, my attitude could not be otherwise. Yet the long campaign has taught me that it is a political mistake to seek to do too much reforming at one leap, and that slow evolution is likely to be more effective and permanent than a totalitarian demand that the state make itself as liable in tort, as is a private corporation.

In the first place, the state does many things that no private corporation could ever do, and the expansiveness of its functions without a limitation of the bases of liability might entail unknown and incalculable burdens. To permit the concept of tort to remain unqualified might, in view of the disposition to dip into the public treasury, open too wide the door to claims against the government, resulting first in judicial dissatisfaction, second in a possible repeal. Such reforms must be entered upon with full realization of the psychological and political background, so that unless considered limitations are set to the liability, not only is the adoption of the principle indefinitely postponed but, as in the case of prohibition, repeal is risked. Friends of the reform, therefore, may do it injury by asking too radical a departure from the historical conceptions and from conservative administration of the public purse.

It is only by demonstrating to Congress that the proponents of this reform have fully in view not only the right of the individual but the interests of the Treasury and an effective administration of justice, that political support for what to many is a revolutionary measure can be obtained. Public opinion should be enlisted in support of the bill.

PROFESSOR EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Yale University



MORALITY FOR SALOONS

SIR: Can you make any use of the enclosed bulletin, issued by the office of D. Frederick Burnett, Alcoholic Beverage Commissioner for the State of New Jersey? I thought it might be worth publishing for its value as humor.

VAN WIE INGHAM

New Brunswick

BULLETIN NUMBER 75

May 24, 1935

*1. Rules Concerning Licensees and the Use of
Licensed Premises — Rule #9 — Contracep-
tives and Contraceptive Devices Forbidden*

Dear Sir: My attention has been called respecting a concern of New Brunswick, N. J., which is in business in placing so-called slot machines or vending machines in saloons in different parts of the state, of the character herein-after outlined. We now have one of these machines at police headquarters which we have taken from the possession of a saloon operating in this city.

A quarter placed in this machine discharges two disease protectors or hygiene protectors. While it is a well-known fact that you can purchase this article from any drugstore, I consider that it is not lawful or proper for any saloon keeper to have such a machine as this on display in his place of business.

Enclosed you will find a photograph of this machine and a sample taken from the same. Will you kindly give me a ruling in regards to the presence of such machine in saloons.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH GUTOWSKI, *Chief of Police*

May 26, 1935

Joseph Gutowski, Chief of Police,
Perth Amboy, N. J.

Dear Sir: I have your valued report.

This vending machine violates Section 13 (1) of the Control Act which forbids the transaction of any other mercantile business in connection with a consumption license and flaunts decency. *There is no reason why the tavernkeeper should pander to brazened sex instincts and there is every reason why sex in the raw should be dissociated from saloons.*

Hence the following rule is hereby promulgated, effective immediately:

9. No licensee, except bona fide pharmacies to the extent that they may be duly authorized by law to handle such merchandise, shall allow, permit, or suffer the sale or distribution of any contraceptive or contraceptive device, either chemical or mechanical, or possess, allow, permit or suffer any mechanical device designed or used for such sale or distribution upon or about the licensed premises.

Very truly yours,

D. FREDERICK BURNETT, *Commissioner*



BEHIND THE HEADLINES

SIR: I see by the papers where the American newspaperman, ever a push-over of the first magnitude, has taken it on the chin again. I allude to the reports of the recent record-breaking trans-atlantic crossings of the *Normandie*. When this vessel left France on her maiden voyage, the French Line gravely announced that she would not attempt to break any records on the crossing; the gentlemen of the press gravely reported the announcement, swallowing it hook, line, and sinker. Each day — until it was obvious even to the Eskimos of Baffin Land that the *Normandie* couldn't possibly avoid breaking all transatlantic records unless she paid a visit to Madagascar for a cargo of banana oil — the duly accredited representatives of the press aboard the liner radioed staunch denials of any attempt to lower the record, repudiating the very thought as grotesque. It was only when, on the last day, one intrepid newsman pushed aside his decanter of Biscuit de Boucher '58 and staggered to the bridge in time to glimpse the Ambrose lightship scuttling by, that the power of the press bowed to the indubitable and admitted that, inasmuch as every record had been smashed to smithereens, perhaps the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique had, after all, harbored some faint idea that the new ship, upon which they had just lavished fifty million dollars, would conceivably get from Europe to America in something under seven days. This hoax on the newspaper reading public was repeated on the *Normandie's* return voyage.

This thing interested me and so I went back through all the records carefully. I found just what I had expected. Every record breaking trip made across the Atlantic has been preceded by columns of news reports carefully stressing the fact that the liner in question will not, under any conditions, attempt to break the record. This was true in the case of the *Bremen*, the *Europa*, the *Mauretania*, and all other former record-holders.

Now everybody knows that a new ocean liner on her maiden voyage *must* break the transatlantic record if she is to take business away from other lines. Everyone knows that the millions of dollars that have gone into her construction, the years of time that have been spent in fitting her for that first crossing, the thousands of dollars spent on publicity to swing the eyes of the world upon her initial voyage, all this has been done with but one idea in view — the blue

ribbon of the Atlantic which flies from the mast of the speediest ship afloat. Then why, if everyone knows that the ship is making every possible effort to break the crossing record, do the newspapers insist day after day that no such attempt is being made?

The answer is simple. The steamship company, while absolutely intent on smashing all records, is not taking any chances of being left, as the saying goes, holding the bag. Suppose the North German Lloyd had announced that the *Bremen* would break the crossing record and then, due to engine trouble, fog, or an accident, the *Bremen* had limped into port a day behind the Baltimore Mail Line's best record? The resulting adverse publicity would have made the liner about as much of a transatlantic drawing card as the Staten Island ferry; the public hates a loser; nobody wants a lemon. Therefore the shipping lines never make any predictions; and quite sensible they are, too. They merely tell the newspapermen, along with the very first beaker of Chambertin, exactly what they are to write: the captain, the manager of the company, even the president of the republic, all solemnly swear that no attempt will be made to break a record which means thousands of dollars in added revenue. And the scribes gravely radio the huey to their papers which, in turn, pontifically print it on page one as news.

It is not entirely improbable that the amount of valuable steamship advertising carried by the newspapers has a great deal to do with this willful distortion of the facts. But an innocent observer would think that in a country which boasts (through the columns of the papers themselves) so many journals of splendid independence, that one, at least, would have the temerity to print some such statement as this next year: "The *Queen Mary* will sail today on her maiden voyage to America. At the offices of the Cunard Line it was said that no attempt would be made to break the transatlantic record at present held by the *Normandie*. It is obvious, however, that the *Queen* will smash the record if it is the last thing she ever does. Everything is in readiness: her estimated speed is etc., etc."

Such a statement may appear in print; but I will bet a 54,000 h.p. Diesel engine against a second-hand life preserver that I never live to read it.

SAMUEL H. COLLINS

Indianapolis



HOOSIERS IN DIXIE

SIR: Mr. Stevens, in the July issue of *THE MERCURY*, offers a lucid explanation of why the Indiana workers have not revolted. The Hoosier literary yen is too strong for them, he says. But I wonder why the same case has not been made out for those placid souls south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Being a Southerner myself, I have observed the effect of bucolic philosophy upon my fellow citizens. Sagas about Robert E. Lee, the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, the Mocking Bird, Uncle Joe, B'r'er Rabbit, have cut as wide a swathe in the Southern mentality as have Tarkington's paeans in the Midwest. No matter how rampant a Southerner may become about economics and the general scheme of things, he tapers to a whisper when Stonewall Jackson's name is mentioned. Or when a sportsman discusses Jeb Stuart's taste in horseflesh.

The only conclusion I can draw is that rural homilies are the same the country over. The North shows no evidence of possessing such rural reactions. Is it because the North admits no native traditions, or because the Yankee is not involved in such internecine troubles? Somehow, I think it is merely because the North, being more mature, doesn't give a damn.

Mobile, Ala.

ASHBY WILLIAMS



LUXURIES ARE CHEAP

SIR: There is a current tendency on the part of the American populace to bark at the high prices of food, electricity, gas, coal, telephones, etc., as well as increasing rents.

But I note that no one has protested the cost of entering a movie theater, or of buying candy or sodas, or of purchasing go-to-hell clothes for men, women and children. Apparently these expensive items are considered to be within the reach of almost everyone, including those on public relief. Why?

My guess is that Americans, following tradition, never protest paying for something that pleases them. Nor do they really object to high prices for necessities. Movies, candy, sodas, go-to-hell clothes are now considered necessities.

JOHN RANSOM FLEMING

Dallas, Tex.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDER BAKSHY was born and educated in Russia. He emigrated to England a few years before the World War and in 1916 his first book, *The Path of the Modern Russian Stage and Other Essays*, was published in London. Since 1927 he has lived in New York, contributing articles on the theater, Russian art and literature to various magazines.

RALPH BAKER, a native of Illinois, has been a soldier, laborer, newspaper reporter, teacher and writer. Now living in California, he is the author of numerous articles on scientific mechanical and general subjects.

HOWARD F. BARKER, a resident of Washington, D. C., reports that his interest in surnames was first aroused during the World War when he noted the confusion existing in records of the navy's enlisted personnel. Later he reorganized some of the files of the Veterans' Bureau, finding many problems in family nomenclature. He has been a contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY in the past.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON was born in Charleston, West Virginia. Graduated from Smith College in 1922, she later spent two years of study in Oxford and London. Her first novel, *Shadows Waiting*, was published in 1927; her second, *The Burning Fountain*, in 1929. In 1933, she married Herbert Agar in London. *The Very Picture of Grief* is Miss Chilton's first short story.

ALLEN CHURCHILL, who hails from Flushing, L. I., and is twenty-three years old, for some time read manuscripts for New York publishers and play producers. More recently he joined the staff of *The Stage*.

LOUIS GINSBERG has taught English for the last fifteen years at the Central High School in Paterson, N. J. In addition to contributing

verse to various magazines, he has had published a volume of poems, *The Attic of the Past*.

SEAN LINNEHAN confesses that he is no veteran of the World War, having been born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1908. His first short story in this issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is therefore the more remarkable for the author's vivid description of modern warfare. Mr. Linnehan, following a public school education, essayed various tasks at various times, from bellhop to actor. For the past three years he has devoted his efforts to writing.

ARTHUR MACHEN is the well-known English author, critic and essayist. Born in 1863, he has since his youth been a constant writer and contributor of magazine articles in this country and abroad. His latest volume, *The Green Round*, was published in 1933.

MARGARET MARKS is a native New Yorker, whose poems have appeared in a number of magazines. She has recently turned her hand to the composition of dramatic dialogues.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS, whose volumes, *Spoon River Anthology* and *Lincoln — the Man*, have brought him widespread literary renown, is a resident of New York. His essay, *Histories of the American Mind*, appeared in the July issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

CHARLES NORMAN is a New York newspaperman, and the author of *Poems* and *The Bright World*. His verse has appeared in magazines both in this country and abroad.

NATHANIEL PEFFER is a writer on international topics, especially those concerning the Far East, where he has lived for many years. He is the author of *The White Man's Dilemma*; *China: The Collapse of a Civilization*, and *Must*

We Fight in Asia? The latter was published this spring. Mr. Pepper conducts a course at Columbia University on Far Eastern affairs.



H. W. SEAMAN, born in England, has been a journalist in his native country, in Canada and in the United States. During his travels, he has gathered a wealth of material concerning the conduct of his fellow countrymen at home and abroad. At present he is a contributor to the *Sunday Chronicle* in London, as well as other publications.



THOMAS STEEP has for many years been a newspaper correspondent in the Far East and a writer on Oriental affairs. Now a resident of New York, he is the author of numerous articles concerning the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Siam, India, China and Japan, written in an effort to explain sympathetically the native attitude toward the white man.



JESSE STUART, one of America's most promising younger poets, has but recently turned his hand to fiction, establishing an immediate success. Born and reared in the Kentucky mountains, he prefers to remain there, content with the ways of his forefathers. His recent volume of verse, *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow*, contained more than 700 sonnets of mountain life, as viewed through his own observant eyes.

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN, supervisor of the library at the United States Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., also operates an official information service. He is best known for his efforts to popularize meteorology, and is the author of two books, *Our Weather* and *The Realm of the Air*.



RALPH THOMPSON was born in Orange, N. J., in 1904, and holds degrees from Dartmouth College and Columbia University. At present he is associate editor of *Current History*.



ANTHONY M. TURANO, a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, practices law in Reno, Nevada, from which vantage point he is well qualified to speak on the subject of divorce decrees and their reception in American courts.



CHARLES F. WILLIS is a newspaperman of eighteen years' experience, both in this country and abroad. During this time he has gathered data on the journalist's mind, which he presents in his article on the newspaper credo. Mr. Willis is at present news editor of an Eastern metropolitan daily.



LIONEL WIGGAM is a Chicagoan whose verse has frequently appeared in American magazines. His forthcoming volume of poems will be entitled *Landscape with Figures*.



THE ESSAY CONTEST

In response to many requests from undergraduates that THE AMERICAN MERCURY's prize competition be held open until after the beginning of the college year, the editors have decided to change the closing date from August 31 to November 30. Manuscripts will be received up until midnight of that day. Contestants who have already submitted essays are invited to make other entries if they so desire. The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. The best essay received prior to December 1, 1935, on any subject related to the present

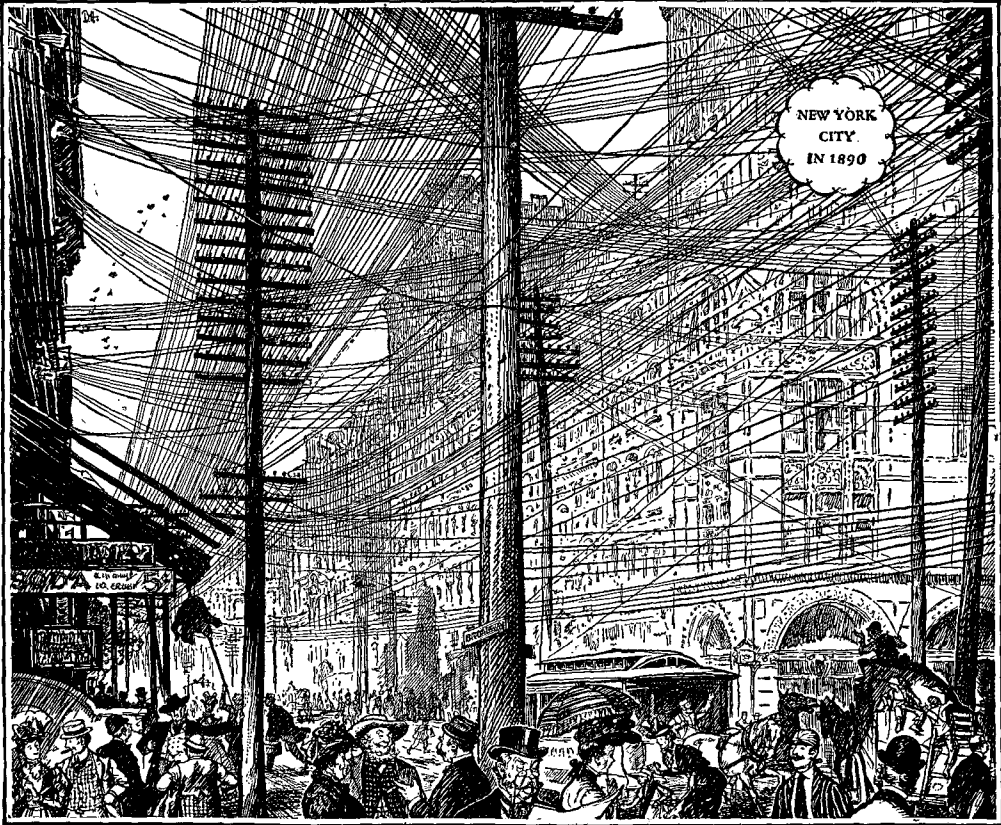
troubles of the country, will win its author \$500. No paper received after midnight, November 30, will be considered.

2. No essay may be more than 2500 words in length.

3. All undergraduates of American colleges and universities are eligible to compete.

4. MSS. should be addressed to Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

5. The judges, whose decision will be final, are H. L. Mencken, Laurence Stallings, and Paul Palmer.



Years of Progress

HAVE BROUGHT MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN TELEPHONE SERVICE

BACK in the early days of the telephone, practically all wires were carried overhead on poles or on house-tops. Some of the tallest poles carried as many as thirty cross-arms and three hundred wires.

If the old system were in use today the streets of our larger cities would scarcely have room enough for their canopy of wires. Traffic would be impeded, telephone service subjected to the whims of nature.

Better ways had to be found and the Bell System

found those ways. As many as 1800 pairs of wires are now carried in a cable no larger than a baseball bat. Ninety-four per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is in cable; sixty-five per cent of it is beneath the ground.

This has meant a series of conquests of space, and insured greater clarity and dependability for every telephone user. But it is only one of many kinds of im-

provements that have been made.

The present generation does not remember the old days of the telephone.

Service is now so efficient that you accept it as a matter of course. It seems as if it must always have been so. Yet it would be far different today if it were not for the Bell System plan of centralized research, manufacture and administration—with localized operation.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

SECTION III

MISCELLANEOUS

PARISH CHURCHES OF ENGLAND.

By J. Charles Cox. Charles Scribner's
\$2.75 5¾ x 8¾; 118 pp. New York

Parish churches, according to this writer, form England's most characteristic contribution to Gothic Art. Many of them are rich with the gifts of English craftsmanship, and all of them, from the large town fabrics to the hamlet miniatures, possess a definite personality of their own. Mr. Cox discusses the evolution of the parish church through ten centuries, and, in simple, non-technical language, describes briefly certain local varieties in design, fittings, and planning. "The well-recognized strains of individualism and conservatism in the English character are strongly represented in the growth of these churches," writes the author. "The former in the vigour and versatility of their design, the latter in their frequent retention of old work side by side with the new." Although the present volume was first published twenty years ago, it still stands as an invaluable handbook on the subject. There are one hundred and forty excellent photographic illustrations, a short foreword by Dean Inge, and an index.



GOVERNMENT CAREER SERVICE.

By Leonard D. White. University of Chicago Press
\$1.50 5½ x 8¾; 99 pp. Chicago

Believing that our present administrative system is not constructed to develop administrative ability, or even to capitalize the measure of ability it attracts, Mr. White has assembled this little volume of lectures with a view to interesting the reading public in certain feasible plans for the reconstruction of our public service, "in the light of the new world which is rapidly taking shape." The first step, he believes, is to establish a career corps in the upper ranks of the service. This will remove the traditional evil of political patronage and at the same time offer opportunities for creative work to men of ability. Separate chapters are devoted to the author's plans for maintaining a corps of this kind, and a final chapter is set aside for a consideration

of the numerous advantages to be derived from intelligent public service, such as now exists in most of the European countries. There is an index.



REHOUSING URBAN AMERICA.

By Henry Wright. Columbia University Press
\$7.50 8¾ x 11½; 168 pp. New York

"The idea of this book," says Mr. Wright, "has been to provide a comprehensive digest of the elements of good community planning and housing technique related to a hypothesis of future large-scale city rehabilitation, which calls for a fairly compact and carefully related community organization rather than the loosely organized sprawling suburban expansion of the last few decades." Today, America's housing plant is the weakest unit in her national economic structure; some kind of large-scale rehabilitation is inevitable, for at present scarcely half of our existing dwellings possess the minimum of sanitary conveniences, while fully a third of our urban residences, and most of our farm houses, were built long before modern household comforts were even thought of. Mr. Wright has spent many years compiling the data presented in this manual; most of it is founded on theories and practices which have been tested in actual use. There are numerous tables, diagrams and illustrations, together with a brief foreword by Lewis Mumford and an index.

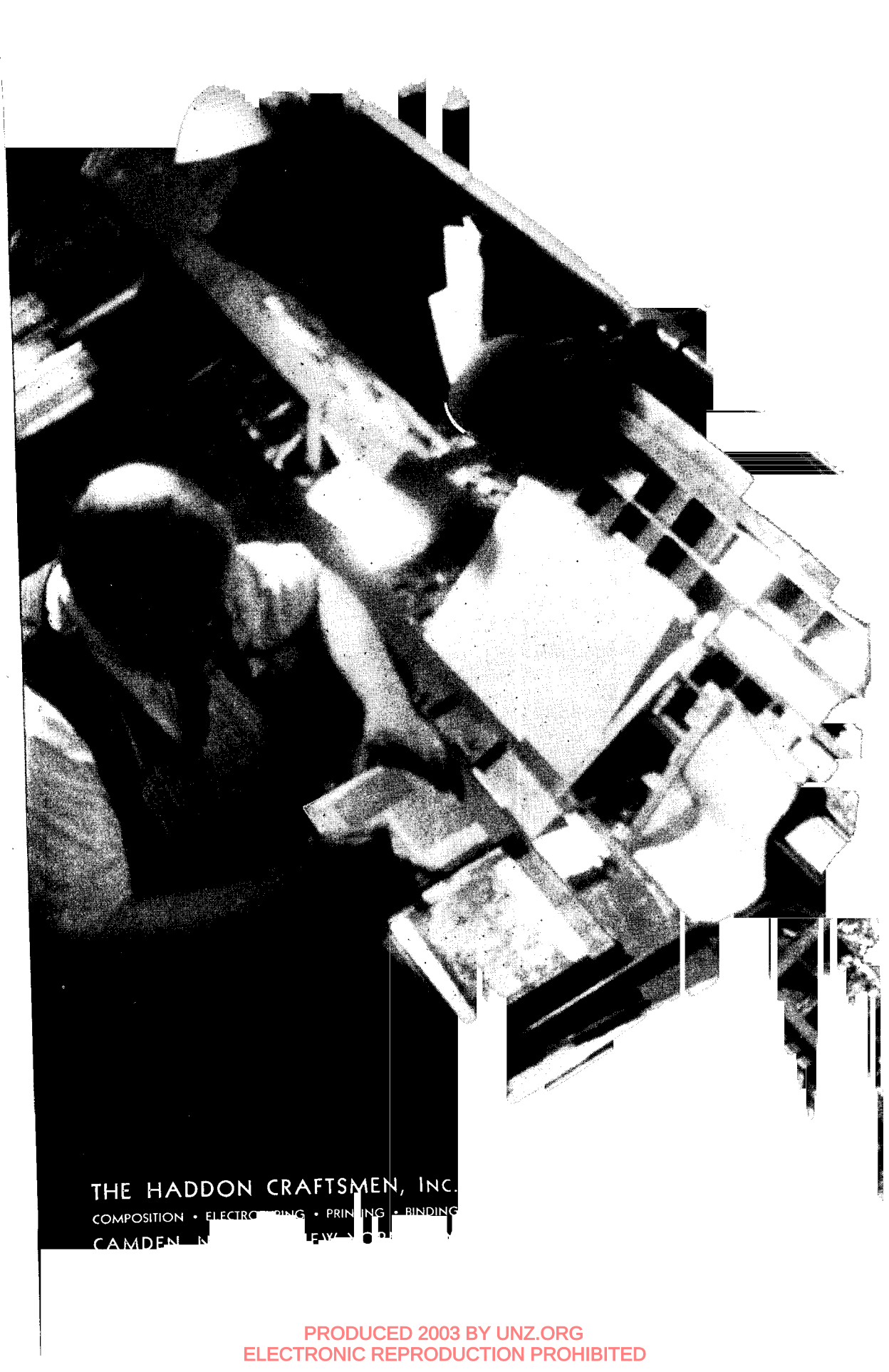


AFTER CORONADO.

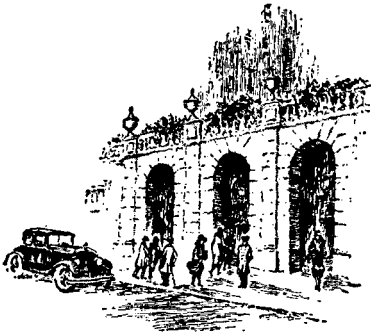
By Alfred B. Thomas. University of Oklahoma
\$3.50 6½ x 9½; 307 pp. Norman, Okla.

Eighty years before the Mayflower reached the New England coast, Spain was making a thrust northward from Mexico in an attempt to explore and possess the entire continent, the boundaries of which were subjects of speculation. *After Coronado* is a recovery of buried records of the Spanish explorations northward and eastward from New Mexico during the late seventeenth

(Continued on page xii)



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page x)

and early eighteenth centuries. The problems facing the leaders of the expeditions were tremendous, inherent in the arid plains, the remoteness of the high command in Mexico City, the complexities of Indian tribal politics, and the French influence pushing westward from the Mississippi. Dr. Thomas' book is a valuable contribution to the sum of knowledge concerning an obscure period in the history of the West.



WOMEN IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMERICA.

By *Mary Sumner Benson*. Columbia University Press

\$4

6 x 9; 343 pp.

New York

The purpose of this work is to show the position of women in eighteenth century America, both in theory and fact. Separate chapters deal with early European sources of American opinion, European theory from 1700 to 1775, European influence at the close of the Revolution, the early development of American theory, women in early American literature, law, politics, and religion. "Viewing the period as a whole," writes Dr. Benson, "one can see distinct gains in the education provided for women, though it was far from being equal for the two sexes. European ideals and methods still predominated, somewhat modified by American conditions. In legal and economic affairs woman's position had improved, but fear of radicalism was restricting new developments. Despite occasional suggestions of the fuller life which the next century and a quarter were to open to them, American women were still in a state of dependence." A sober, thorough, and carefully assembled volume which should serve as a reliable reference book. There is a bibliography containing a brief discussion of the work of earlier writers in this field, and an index.

A CHALLENGE TO SECONDARY EDUCATION.

Edited by *Samuel Everett*. D. Appleton-Century Co.

\$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/4; 353 pp.

New York

This book contains twelve plans for the improvement of the American high school curriculum and its administration, formulated by recognized leaders of education throughout this country. Six of the plans are already in operation. Each includes a curriculum for junior

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

and senior high school as well as a statement of the social and educational theory upon which the plan has been based. In a brief foreword, Henry Harap, who is chairman of the executive committee for the Society for Curriculum Study, expresses the belief that "the secondary school is destined to change fundamentally in the next decade. The enrollment," he goes on to say, "will continue to increase; the number of post-graduate students will rise; vocational courses will be merged with general courses; the domination of the college will decline; the curriculum will be radically revised; and the secondary school will establish its educational independence." Surprisingly enough, all twelve plans are in full accord with existing principles of democracy. They differ, chiefly, in their approach to the sociological aspects of education, which in the past, according to the editor, have been sadly overlooked.



THE CANTERBURY TALES.

By Geoffrey Chaucer. Translated by Frank Ernest Hill.

\$3 583 pp. post 8 vo. Longmans, Green

A few years ago Frank Ernest Hill translated six of the Canterbury Tales and six of the Chaucerian lyrics. The present volume, almost five times the size of its predecessor, contains all the metrical tales with the bawdy ones unexpurgated, a complete rendering in modern English verse. It is a skilful and completely successful undertaking. Hill is a scholar, sensitive to every nuance of the Middle English diction. What is more, he is a poet. As a result he has accomplished a work which will be standard, being highly readable — even exciting — and authoritative.



NO MORE WAR!

Edited by Storm Jameson. E. P. Dutton & Co.
\$2 5 1/4 x 7 7/8; 343 pp. New York

This is the usual anti-war book, written by a group of distinguished authorities on other subjects. Viscount Cecil, who contributes an introduction, really knows what he is talking about, but is allotted little space.



Checks Coming in Regularly

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Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

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LAGRIME DELL'AMANTE.

By Claudio Monteverde. Columbia (Nos. 68295-97D)

\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records

New York, N. Y.

Columbia has this month rendered a real service to music-lovers by making available these Italian records of one of Monteverde's most impressive works. *Lagrime dell'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata* (*Tears of a lover at the tomb of his beloved*), is a cycle of six madrigals, richly imagined and magnificently realized. Record enthusiasts who have hesitated to investigate music that is pre-Bach will find this work a highly attractive introduction to the works of the great Italian classicists, for it is much more modern in conception than the average work of Palestrina, di Lasso or Vittoria. Further, of course, it is secular music rather than liturgical. The performance by the Cantori Bolognesi (under the direction of Marino Cremesini), is first rate, and the recording is excellent.



SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR (No. 36).

By W. A. Mozart. R. C. A.-Victor (Nos. 11802-4)

\$5 6 parts; 3 12-inch records

NUTCRACKER SUITE.

By P. I. Tchaikowsky. R. C. A.-Victor (Nos. 8662-4)

\$6.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records

Camden, N. J.

To the list of Mozart symphonies on discs is this month added another, leaving only about thirty-five of the composer's works unrecorded in this form. The present rendition by Fritz Busch and the British Broadcasting Corporation's Orchestra is a good job of straightforward musicianship, but it does not compare with some of the superlative recordings of Beecham, Harty or Walter of other works in the same genre. The recording is very good. Victor's other orchestral set on this list is a re-recording, by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, of Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. An earlier record of this work by the same forces was one of the first wonders of electrical recording; and this set has all of the familiar virtuosity plus an even greater naturalness of tone. A somewhat reduced orchestra has been used, however, which is bound to be disquieting to anyone whose ear preserves a standard based on a symphony orchestra of conventional size.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CONCERTO (E flat, No. 1).

By Franz Liszt. Columbia (Nos. 68121-68122D)

\$3 4 parts; 2 12-inch records

Another recording of this particular piano concerto achieves an interest only through the personality of the solo performer, Walter Gieseking. This artist is not frequently called upon to perform music of this type, but on occasions he indulges himself, with results that are invariably exciting, and satisfying as well. The music is played by Mr. Gieseking out of an aggressive dominating mood which restores something like vitality to its battered frame, but there is no lack of consideration for its nominally expressive moments. The accompaniment by Sir Henry Wood and the London Philharmonic Orchestra is very capable, though the last movement seems to have been rushed more than a little to compress it into the space available. Both the piano and the orchestra have been very well reproduced.



QUINTET IN E FLAT (Opus 44).

By Robert Schumann.

R. C. A.-Victor (Nos. 8685-8688)

\$8 8 parts; 4 12-inch records

SUITE IN D MINOR.

By G. F. Händel. R. C. A.-Victor (No. 8693)

\$2 2 parts; 1 12-inch record

Artur Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet contribute little in this recording except a louder treatment of the Schumann quintet, which already exists on records in several versions. This is not to say that the performance is not excellent; but the interpretation of such a work is so standardized that anyone of a half-dozen fine pianists would produce results varying but slightly. Wholly an admirable recording. The Händel suite is a prime example of the composer's keyboard style, and eminently well-suited to the abilities of the performer, Edwin Fischer. Persons who admired Fischer's earlier recordings of Händel will find this in the same class of excellence. The piano is splendidly reproduced.



LA CRÉATION DU MONDE.

By Darius Milhaud.

Columbia (Nos. 68094-68095 D)

\$3 4 parts; 2 12-inch records

It must be difficult for Columbia, with both a Master-works series and a Modern Music Series, to decide in which class such a work as this should be included. For it really is not one or the other. With its jazziness, *La Création du Monde* is a remarkable work to have been written a dozen years ago, ante-*Rhapsody in Blue*, which resembles it not a little; yet its interest extends but slightly beyond that historical curiosity. Now, however, its jazz is as dated as a Ted Lewis record of that era, and there is too little music in it to provide life on any other basis. But as a museum piece, it has its worth to collectors of *curiosa musica*. The composer conducts an unidentified orchestra.



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